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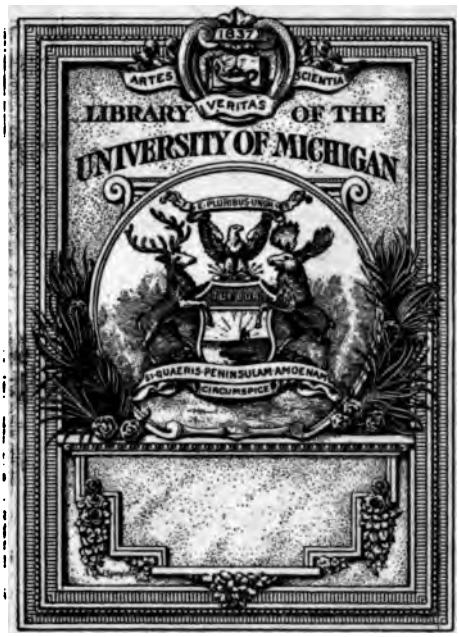
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THE

WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT

THE WORKS OF

Jonathan Swift

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL LETTERS, TRACTS, AND POEMS

NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED

WITH NOTES AND A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Second Edition

IN NINETEEN VOLUMES

VOL. XIII.

LONDON
BICKERS & SON, LEICESTER SQUARE
1883

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OF

VOLUME THIRTEENTH.

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MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE.

BY MR. POPE, DR. ARBUTHNOT, MR. GAY,
&c. &c.

COLLECTED BY

DR. SWIFT AND MR. POPE.

1727.

PREFACE.

THE causes which inclined Pope and Swift, or rather Pope with the concurrence of Swift, to publish, in an authenticated shape, the various small pieces contained in the following miscellanies, are stated by him in the following preface, which Dr. Johnson justly terms querulous and apologetic. Swift, who had withdrawn into another sphere of action, and of hostility, could not be supposed to feel great interest in the desultory warfare sustained by his friend against the effrontery of Curl, and the crowd of obscure authors whom his satire or his success had irritated. It is also certain, that he abandoned to Pope any advantages which might be derived from the sale of these miscellanies, of which the bard of Twickenham accordingly availed himself.

In reading the preface, it is impossible to suppress a wish that Pope, in the pre-eminence of his talents, had despised the petty malice of his enemies, and disdained to imitate them in the poor stratagems by which they sought to undermine his impregnable reputation.

PREFACE.

Twickenham, May 27, 1727.

THE papers that compose the first of these volumes were printed about sixteen years ago, to which there are now added two or three small tracts; and the verses are transferred into a volume apart, with the addition of such others as we since have written. The second (and perhaps a third) will consist of several small treatises in prose, in which a friend or two is concerned with us.

Having both of us been extremely ill treated by some booksellers, (especially one Edmund Curl,) it was our opinion that the best method we could take for justifying ourselves, would be to publish whatever loose papers, in prose and verse, we have formerly written; not only such as have already stolen into the world, (very much to our regret, and perhaps very little to our credit,) but such as in any probability hereafter may run the same fate; having been obtained from us by the importunity, and divulged by the indiscretion of friends, although restrained by promises, which few of them are ever known to observe, and often think they make us a compliment in breaking.

But the consequences have been still worse: we

have been entitled, and have had our names prefixed at length, to whole volumes of mean productions, equally offensive to good manners and good sense, which we never saw nor heard of till they appeared in print.

For a forgery in setting a false name to a writing, which may prejudice another's fortune, the law punishes the offender with the loss of his ears; but has inflicted no adequate penalty for such as prejudice another's reputation in doing the same thing in print; though all and every individual book, so sold under a false name, are manifestly so many several and multiplied forgeries.

Indeed we hoped, that the good nature, or at least the good judgment of the world, would have cleared us from the imputation of such things, as had been thus charged upon us by the malice of enemies, the want of judgment of friends, the unconcern of indifferent persons, and the confident assertions of booksellers.*

We are ashamed to find so ill a taste prevail, as to make it a necessary work to do this justice to ourselves. It is very possible for any author to write below himself: either his subject not proving so fruitful, or fitted for him, as he at first imagined; or his health, his humour, or the present disposition of his mind, unqualifying him at that juncture: how-

* Curl had the effrontery to print, in his occasional miscellanies whatever manuscript pieces the voice of the public ascribed to literary characters of eminence, although some of them were never intended for the public eye. In one of his collections he inserted a profane and indecent parody on the first psalm, with the name of Pope prefixed to it. There is too much reason to suppose the piece genuine; but this neither diminishes the infamy, nor apologizes for the impudence of the bookseller, in giving to the public what the author, on his better reflection, probably repented of having ever written.

ever, if he possessed any distinguishing marks of style, or peculiarity of thinking, there would remain in his least successful writings some few tokens, whereby persons of taste might discover him.

But, since it hath otherwise fallen out, we think we have sufficiently paid for our want of prudence, and determine for the future to be less communicative: or, rather, having done with such amusements, we are resolved to give up what we cannot fairly disown, to the severity of critics, the malice of personal enemies, and the indulgence of friends.

We are sorry for the satire interspersed in some of these pieces upon a few people, from whom the highest provocations have been received, and who, by their conduct since, have shewn, that they have not yet forgiven us the wrong they did. It is a very unlucky circumstance to be obliged to retaliate the injuries of such authors, whose works are so soon forgotten, that we are in danger already of appearing the first aggressors. It is to be lamented, that Virgil let pass a line, which told posterity he had two enemies called Bavius and Mævius. The wisest way is not once to name them, but (as the madman advised the gentleman, who told him he wore a sword to kill his enemies) to let them alone and they will die of themselves. And according to this rule we have acted throughout all those writings which we designed for the press: but in these, the publication whereof was not owing to our folly, but that of others, the omission of the names was not in our power. At the worst, we can only give them that liberty now for something, which they have so many years exercised for nothing, of railing and scribbling against us. And it is some commendation, that we have not done it all this while, but avoided publicly to characterize any person without long experience. *Nonum prematur in annum* is a good rule for all

writers of characters; because it may happen to those who vent praise or censure too precipitately, as it did to an eminent English poet, who celebrated a young nobleman for erecting Dryden's monument upon a promise which his lordship forgot till it was done by another.

In regard to two persons only, we wish our raillery, though ever so tender, or resentment, though ever so just, had not been indulged. We speak of Sir John Vanbrugh, who was a man of wit, and of honour; and of Mr. Addison, whose name deserves all respect from every lover of learning.*

We cannot deny (and perhaps most writers of our kind have been in the same circumstances) that in several parts of our lives, and according to the dispositions we were in, we have written some things which we may wish never to have thought on. Some sallies of levity ought to be imputed to youth, (supposed in charity, as it was in truth, to be the time in which we wrote them;) others to the gaiety of our minds at certain junctures common to all men. The publishing of these, which we cannot disown, and without our consent, is, I think, a greater injury, than that of ascribing to us the most stupid productions, which we can wholly deny.

This has been usually practised in other countries after a man's decease; which in a great measure accounts for that manifest inequality found in the works of the best authors; the collectors only considering, that so many more sheets raise the price of the book; and the greatest fame a writer is in possession of, the more of such trash he may bear to have tacked to him. Thus it is apparently the

* This is an apology for the satire called Van's House, and for the celebrated Lines on Addison, which first appeared as the "Fragment of a Satire," published in these Miscellanies.

editor's interest to insert what the author's judgment had rejected; and care is always taken to intersperse these additions in such a manner, that scarce any book of consequence can be bought, without purchasing something unworthy of the author along with it.

But in our own country it is still worse: those very booksellers, who have supported themselves upon an author's fame while he lived, have done their utmost after his death to lessen it by such practices; even a man's last will is not secure from being exposed in print; whereby his most particular regards, and even his dying tendernesses, are laid open. It has been humorously said, that some have fished the very jakes for papers left there by men of wit: but it is no jest to affirm, that the cabinets of the sick, and the closets of the dead, have been broke open and ransacked to publish our private letters, and divulge to all mankind the most secret sentiments and intercourse of friendship.* Nay, these fellows are arrived to that height of impudence, that, when the author has publicly disowned a spurious piece, they have disputed his own name with him in printed advertisements; which has been practised to Mr. Congreve and Mr. Prior.

We are therefore compelled, in respect to truth, to submit to a very great hardship; to own such pieces as in our stricter judgments we would have suppressed for ever: we are obliged to confess, that this whole collection, in a manner, consists of what we not only thought unlikely to reach the future,

---

* Johnson justly remarks, that, in this overstrained and clamorous complaint, violations of property are said to be committed for the sake of letters and manuscripts, which are rarely attempted to obtain treasures of much greater commercial value.

but unworthy even of the present age; not our studies, but our follies; not our works, but our idlenesses.

Some comfort, however, it is, that all of them are innocent, and most of them, slight as they are, had yet a moral tendency; either to soften the virulence of parties against each other; or to laugh out of countenance some vice or folly of the time; or to discredit the impositions of quacks and false pretenders to science; or to humble the arrogance of the ill-natured and envious; in a word, to lessen the vanity, and promote the good humour, of mankind.

Such as they are, we must in truth confess, they are ours, and others should in justice believe, they are all that are ours. If anything else has been printed, in which we really had any hand, it is either intolerably imperfect, or loaded with spurious additions; sometimes even with insertions of men's names which we never meant, and for whom we have an esteem and respect. Even those pieces, in which we are least injured, have never before been printed from the true copies, or with any tolerable degree of correctness. We declare, that this collection contains every piece, which in the idlest humour we have written; not only such as came under our review or correction, but many others, which, however unfinished, are not now in our power to suppress. Whatsoever was in our own possession at the publishing hereof, or of which no copy was gone abroad, we have actually destroyed, to prevent all possibility of the like treatment.

These volumes likewise will contain all the papers, wherein we have casually had any share; particularly those written in conjunction with our friends, Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Gay; and lastly, all this sort composed singly by either of those hands. The reader is therefore desired to do the

same justice to these our friends, as to us; and to be assured that all the things called our Miscellanies (except the works of Alexander Pope, published by B. Lintot, in quarto and folio, in 1717; those of Mr. Gay, by J. Tonson, in quarto, in 1720; and as many of these Miscellanies as have been formerly printed by Benj. Tooke) are absolutely spurious, and without our consent imposed upon the public.

JONATH. SWIFT.
ALEX. POPE.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

A FOURTH VOLUME.—1729.

—o—

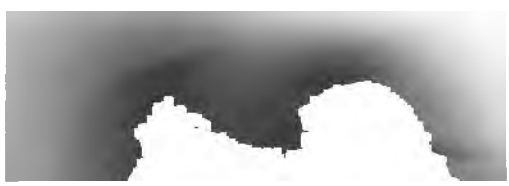
Of the following volume we need only say, that it contains the remainder of those Miscellaneous Pieces, which were in some sort promised in the Preface to the former volumes, or which have been written since. The Verses are paged separately, that they may be added to that volume, which wholly consists of Verse, and the Treatise of the Bathos placed in their stead in this. The reader may be assured no other edition is either genuine or complete, and that they are all the things of this kind which will ever be printed by the same hands. There are in this volume, as in the former, one or two small pieces by other hands.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIFTH AND SIXTH VOLUMES.—1736.

As most of this Author's Writings have been already published in "The Drapier's Letters," "Gulliver's Travels," and the four volumes of "Miscellanies," printed for Messieurs Motte and Gulliver, it would have been injurious to the English buyer, as well as proprietor, to have reprinted here the Dublin edition of his Works. We are therefore only to assure both that these two volumes consist of such pieces as are NOT in the fore-mentioned volumes, but excepting three Tatlers, contain everything in the Dublin edition besides.



MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR,

THE ART

OF

SINKING IN POETRY.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1727.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE pieces which have been published under the name of Martinus Scriblerus, are fragments of an extensive plan, contrived, but only partly executed, by Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, Lord Oxford, and others, members of a literary society, which they call the Scriblerus Club. The general purpose was, to make the life and works of a pedantic and Quixotic scholar, the vehicle of satire against those extravagant pursuits, on which learning, talent, and perseverance, are often wasted, with as little advantage to sound literature, as to the student himself. The first book of the Memoirs (to which Sterne has been incalculably indebted) is employed in ridiculing the absurd passion for antiquities in Cornelius Scriblerus, and the metaphysical studies of his son. It was written chiefly by Arbuthnot, whose extensive research into antiquities, upon more liberal and enlarged motives, had possessed him with the various knowledge, necessary to equip the bigotted antiquary. The task of satirizing court intrigues, and the arts of statesmen, would probably have devolved upon the Dean, and Pope might have ridiculed in prose, the pursuits of those who

> See Nature in some narrow partial shape,
> And let the author of the whole escape;

but which were reserved for the inimitable numbers of the fourth Book of the Dunciad. The death of Queen Anne, however, which disconcerted more important schemes, scattered this club of philosophical satirists. The Memoirs of Scriblerus remained half-finished among Arbuthnot's papers, who could not suppress a characteristic wish, that they had been found in the custody of the Earl of Oxford, to afford speculation to his prosecutors.*

---

* *London, 7th Sept.* 1714. Arbuthnot to Pope.—"This blow has so roused Scriblerus, that he has recovered his senses, and thinks and talks like other

The first Book of the Memoirs remained long in the unfinished state, and at length appeared as a fragment, in 1740. His character, however, had been previously introduced to the public, in the Miscellanies which contained Martinus Scriblerus ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ. The Memoirs of Scriblerus have, in the division made of the joint literary labours of this gifted brotherhood, been assigned to Pope's works, although they were chiefly the work of Arbuthnot, while the Art of Sinking in Poetry, as printed in the Miscellanies, has been made common property by the editors of Pope and Swift, though belonging properly to the former alone. This arrangement I have followed, though I am by no means satisfied of its propriety.

The following speculations of different commentators, concerning the plan adopted by the Scriblerus Club, are interesting.

"Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift, in conjunction, formed the project of a satire on the abuses of human learning; and, to make it the better received, proposed to execute it in the manner of Cervantes, (the original author of this species of satire,) under a continued narrative of feigned adventures. They had observed that those abuses still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest authors could say to discredit them; they concluded, therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their disgrace; and ridicule was here in its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning, and truth in no danger to suffer by the premature use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of our author and his friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities of the other, put a final period to their design, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of The First Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.

"*Moral Satire** never lost more than in the defeat of this project; in the execution of which, each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent; besides constant employment for those they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in everything which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they all had in equal mea-

---

men. His lucubrations lie neglected among old newspapers, cases, petitions, and abundance of unanswerable letters. I wish to God they had been among the papers of a noble lord sealed up. Then might Scriblerus have passed for the Pretender, and it would have been an excellent and most laborious work for the Flying Post, or some such author, to have allegorized all his adventures into a plot, and found out something mysterious, like the Key to the Lock."

* In the earlier editions this was *polite letters.*

sure, and in a measure so large, that no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom Nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or in whom Art had brought it to higher perfection."—Bp. WARBURTON.

"The *Memoirs of Scriblerus* extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of Queen Anne, and denominated themselves the *Scriblerus Club.* Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious life of an infatuated scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warburton laments its miscarriage, as an event very disastrous to polite letters. If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised, that they are not known; nor can the satire be understood but by the learned; he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away; he cures diseases that were never felt. For this reason this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read it has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier, by remembering it. The design cannot boast of much originality; for, besides its general resemblance to Don Quixote, there will be found in it particular imitations of the History of Mr. Ouffle. Swift carried so much of it into Ireland as supplied him with hints for his travels; and with these the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed."—Dr. JOHNSON.

"The life of the solemn and absurd pedant, Dr. Scriblerus, of which Johnson speaks too contemptuously, and says it is taken from the History of Ouffle, is the only true and genuine imitation we have in our language of the serious and pompous manner of Cervantes; for it is not easy to say why Fielding should call his Joseph Andrews, excellent as it is, an imitation of his manner. Don Quixote is in truth the most original and unrivalled work of modern times. The great art of Cervantes consists in having painted his mad hero with such a number of amiable qualities, as to make it impossible for us totally to despise him. This light and shade in drawing characters shew the master. It is thus Addison has represented his Sir Roger, and Shakespeare his Falstaff. How great must be the native force of Cervantes's humour, when it can be relished by readers, even unacquainted with Spanish manners, with the institution of chivalry, and with the many passages of old romances and Italian poems, to which it perpetually alludes! There are three or four celebrated works that bear a

great resemblance, and have a turn of satire similar to that of these Memoirs; The Barbon of Balsac; The Life of Montmaur, by Menage and others; the Chef d'Oeuvre d'un Inconnu of Mathanase; and La Charlatanerie des Savans of Menken.

"Whatever may be determined of other parts of these Memoirs, yet the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, tenth, and twelfth chapters, appear to be the production of Arbuthnot; as they contain allusions to many remote and uncommon parts of learning and science, with which we cannot imagine Pope to have been much acquainted, and which lay out of the reach and course of his reading. The rich vein of humour, which, like a vein of mercury, runs through these Memoirs, is much heightened and increased by the great variety of learning which they contain. It is a fact in literary history worth observing, and which deserves to be more attended to than I think it usually is, that the chief of those who have excelled in exquisite works of art and humour, have at the same time been men of extensive learning. We may instance in Lucian, Cervantes, Quevedo, Rabelais, Arbuthnot, Fielding, and Butler above all; for no work in our language contains more learning than Hudibras."—Dr. WARTON.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE MEMOIRS OF SCRIBLERUS.

IN the reign of Queen Anne (which, notwithstanding those happy times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember) thou mayest possibly, gentle reader, have seen a certain venerable person who frequented the outside of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey: all this contributed to spread a solemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His wig was black and smooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as straight as the hair of a river god rising from the water. His cloak so completely covered his whole person, and whether or no he had any other clothes (much less any linen) under it, I shall not say; but his sword appeared a

full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike anything of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never saw a Jesuit, took him for one, and others believed him some High Priest of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixed with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of charity, at the same time that his body seemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank: and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one, except the queen or her first minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the queen's ministry; who, either out of jealousy or envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuscript dropt from under his cloak, which my servant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The book was of so wonderful

a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly conceived was some great philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him, in the Latin tongue, that his manuscript was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with fixed attention, and opening the clasps of the parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprise) in English as follows:

"Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend: for either the Stars and my Art are deceitful, or the destined time is come which is to manifest MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS to the world, and thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What thou seest in me is a body exhausted by the labours of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature, not indeed an unkind, but a very coy mistress; watchful nights, anxious days, slender meals, and endless labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her through her labyrinths and meanders. My first vital air I drew in this island, (a soil fruitful of philosophers;) but my complexion is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as the Poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes.* I have, through my whole life, passed under several disguises and unknown names, to screen myself from the envy and malice which mankind express against those who are possessed of the *arcanum magnum.* But at present I am forced to take sanctuary in the British Court, to avoid the revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has pursued me almost through the whole terraqueous globe. Being about four years ago in

the city of Madrid, in quest of natural knowledge, I was informed of a lady who was marked with a pomegranate upon the inside of her right thigh, which blossomed, and, as it were, seemed to ripen in the due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to view this wonderful phenomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion increase as the season advanced, till, in the month of July, I could no longer contain. I bribed her duenna, was admitted to the bath, saw her undressed, and the wonder displayed. This was soon after discovered by the husband, who, finding some letters I had written to the duenna, containing expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected me of a crime most alien from the purity of my thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends, have been pursued, dogged, and waylaid, through several nations, and even now scarce think myself secure within the sacred walls of this palace. It has been my good fortune to have seen all the grand phenomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now by means of some British ship, (whose colours no Spaniard dare approach,*) I impatiently expect a safe passage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To thee, my friend, whom Fate has marked for my

* This, like other passages in the Latin, is to be understood ironically. The Opposition, and indeed the people at large, were clamorous for a war with Spain, and urged, to augment the general discontent, the aggressions alleged to have been committed on the British flag, by the Spanish guarda-costas, on the coasts of South America, and in the West Indies. The fable that the ears of one Captain Jenkins, commander of a merchant vessel, had been cropt by the order of the captain of a Spanish guarda-costa, excited the most general indignation, and is alluded to by Pope elsewhere:

"——— the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the king."

Historiographer, I leave these my Commentaries, and others of my works. No more—be faithful and impartial."

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving me also farther lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately snatched away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the queen's ministry.

Though I was thus to my eternal grief deprived of his conversation, he has for some years continued his correspondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others straggling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his strictures on the Dunciad; since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote, or perhaps undiscovered region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of science, and to give the history of his life, and of his extensive merits, to mankind; in which I dare promise the reader, that whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

—o—

ALTHOUGH the plan of the Memoirs of Scriblerus was abandoned as a mode of conveying general satire, Pope, it would seem, kept that fictitious character in view, as a means of exposing the dunces, with whom he did not disdain to carry on personal war. The following satire, which to us conveys little more than a sarcastic exposure of the common-places of poetry, was, I fear, rather dictated by the desire to ridicule individual authors, than to point out the errors of the parties mentioned. Yet it is a work which detects with such address, and ridicules with so much pleasantry, the usual resources of mere versifiers, that it may be considered as the Index Expurgatorius of English poetry, and has had, unquestionably, no small share in exploding the errors of taste and diction which it exposes. The quotations are partly selected from contemporary poetry, partly written by Pope himself. It may be remarked, that even the infantine simplicity of Philips, the bombast of Lee, and the cant of L'Estrange, together with all the other foibles of the scribblers of the day, would have been unequal to supply Pope's magazine of quotations, without the ponderous, persevering, and laborious dulness of Sir Richard Blackmore. There was a simple and blind faith with which that voluminous author wrought, by repeated touches, an idea, perhaps in the outline not ill-conceived, into utter absurdity; there was so much industry and exertion necessary to produce the specimens he has afforded of the bathos, as rendered them an inexhaustible source of ridicule.

The name of Scriblerus was prefixed to this essay, although many parts of it are written in a style more light than was altogether congenial to the original conception of his character. But it was then, I suppose, questionable, whether the original memoirs would ever appear at all: and at least very probable, that the general plan would never be completed, so that absolute uniformity became a matter of no great consequence. Scriblerus might, therefore, be considered as a general patron of absurdity in every or any branch of literature.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ.

—o—

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

IT hath been long (my dear countrymen) the subject of my concern and surprise, that whereas numberless poets, critics, and orators, have compiled and digested the art of ancient poesy, there hath not risen among us one person so public-spirited as to perform the like for the modern; although it is universally known, that our everyway industrious moderns, both in the weight of their writings, and in the velocity of their judgments, do so infinitely excel the said ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or sublime, no track has been yet chalked out to arrive at our *βάθος*, or profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, make use of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Where-

fore considering, with no small grief, how many promising geniuses of this age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous, but necessary task, to lead them as it were by the hand, and step by step, the gentle down-hill way to the bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra* of true modern poesy! When you consider (my dear countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populousness of our lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our trade, and the plenty of our manufacture; there are two reflections, which administer great occasion of surprise; the one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require, that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we have now an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level the highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded, by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore, to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered rules of our art into regular institutes, from the example and practice of the deep geniuses of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors, the master of Alexander, and the secretary of the renowned Zenobia:* and in this my under-

* Longinus.

taking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great critics; since their laws, though they might be good, have ever been slackly executed; and their precepts, however strict, obeyed only by fits, and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus; who taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt, and stones, upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars) though it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice that we have to complain of; for, though it is evident that we never made the least attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cartloads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this treatise.

For we shall see, in the course of this work, that our greatest adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the bathos itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the ancients were equally necessary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the light of their own genius to attempt new models, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approached us in those particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto cælo* from us.

CHAPTER II.

THAT THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND, IS THE NATURAL TASTE OF MAN, AND IN PARTICULAR OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE taste of the bathos is implanted by nature itself in the soul of man; till, perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to relish the sublime. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in such productions, and in such images, as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed how fast the general taste is returning to this first simplicity and innocence; and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind which diverts and instructs the greatest number, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry; we shall find those who have a taste of the sublime to be very few; but the profund strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. It is a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto, whom after all it is almost impossible to please; and it is still more chimerical to write for posterity, of whose taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed, our wise authors have a present end,

Et prodesse volunt, et delectare poetæ.

Their true design is profit or gain; in order to acquire which, it is necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader: from whence it follows demonstrably, that their productions must be suited to the present taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that

though we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high relish in poetry, but are in this one taste less nice than our ancestors. If an art is to be estimated by its success, I appeal to experience, whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good poets as bad ones?

Nevertheless, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great geniuses of rank or fortune from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those princes, who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAPTER III.

THE NECESSITY OF THE BATHOS PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

FURTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injustice if all such authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical maxim; that poetry is a natural or morbid secretion from the brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature, past childhood, but at one time or other has had some poetical evacuation, and, no question, was much the

better for it in his health; so true is the saying, *nascimur poetæ.* Therefore is the desire of writing properly termed *pruritus*, the "titillation of the generative faculty of the brain," and the person is said to conceive; now, such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving, for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome, and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned for want of this laudable vent of unruly passions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the state. We find by experience, that the same humours which vent themselves in summer in ballads and sonnets, are condensed by the winter's cold into pamphlets and speeches for and against the ministry: nay, I know not, but many times a piece of poetry may be the most innocent composition of a minister himself.

It is therefore manifest, that mediocrity ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary as a maxim, upon the single authority of Horace.* Why should the golden mean, and quintessence of all virtues, be deemed so offensive in this art? or coolness or mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a man, and so detestable in a poet?

However, far be it from me to compare these writers with those great spirits, who are born with a *vivacité de pesanteur*, or, (as an English author calls

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* ————Mediocribus esse poetis
Non dii, non homines, &c.——POPE.

it,) an "alacrity of sinking;" * and who by strength of nature alone can excel. All I mean, is, to evince the necessity of rules to these lesser geniuses, as well as the usefulness of them to the greater.

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CHAPTER IV.

THAT THERE IS AN ART OF THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND.

WE come now to prove, that there is an art of sinking in poetry. Is there not an architecture of vaults and cellars, as well as of lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making ditches, as in raising mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? and will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving-engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his descent, and furnishing him with more ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we search the authors of antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true profund, as in the true sublime. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this; namely, that it was entirely the gift of nature. I grant, that to excel in the bathos a genius is requisite; yet the rules of art must be allowed so far useful, as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth

* Spoken by Falstaff of himself in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor."—H.

of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man, who is among the lowest of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmosphere, to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task, unless he calls in art to his assistance. It is with the bathos as with small beer,* which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our rules confined and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The sublime of nature is the sky, the sun, moon, stars, &c. The profund of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious; it being certain that anything, of which we know the true use, cannot be invaluable: which affords a solution, why common sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors.

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CHAPTER V.

OF THE TRUE GENIUS FOR THE PROFUND, AND BY WHAT IT IS CONSTITUTED.

And I will venture to lay it down as the first maxim, and corner-stone of this our art, that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest,

* The same simile is repeated in the Dunciad.—Dr. Warton.

and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent foe to wit, and destroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of *common sense.** His business must be to contract the true *goût de travers;* and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to consider himself as a grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals; and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by head or tail, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end; which is to glare by strong oppositions of colours, and surprise by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.—HOR.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himself. And since the great art of poetry is to mix truth with fiction,† in order to join the credible with the surprising, our author shall produce the credible, by painting nature in her lowest simplicity; and the surprising, by contradicting common opinion. In the very same manner he will affect the marvellous; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a jack-pudding; a maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is con-

* This is too strongly expressed: directly, and without palliation and disguise, to recommend absurdity, is false writing, and unnatural to a great degree; so also is the beginning of the tenth chapter.—Dr. WARTON.

† Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet.—HOR.

versant in modern plays, may make a most noble collection of this kind, and at the same time form a complete body of modern ethics and morality.

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors, than that the world hath long been weary of natural things. How much the contrary are formed to please, is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of harlequins and magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheelbarrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be; how are they struck with transport and delight! which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and anti-natural way of thinking, to such a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely below it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lutestring, or a child's mantle:—

> The skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have room;
> Spun thin, and wove in nature's finest loom,
> The new-born world in their soft lap embraced,
> And all around their starry mantle cast.*

If he looks upon a tempest, he shall have an image of a tumbled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner:—

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* Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42.

The ocean, joy'd to see the tempest fled,
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed.*

The triumphs and acclamation of the angels at the creation of the universe, present to his imagination "the rejoicings on the lord mayor's day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating their Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers, and sky-rockets.

Glorious illuminations, made on high
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order placed,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwellings graced.
Through all the enlighten'd air swift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad cherubs threw;
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry showers and glittering rain.
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung.†

If a man, who is violently fond of wit, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the love of the bathos, should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous protestant deacon invoke a saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence:—

Look down, blest saint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of providence
In which we stray.‡———

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* Prince Arthur, p. 14. † P. 50.

N.B.—In order to do justice to these great poets, our citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct editions of their works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in duodecimo, 1714, the fourth edition revised.—POPE.

‡ Ambrose Philips on the death of Queen Mary.—WARBURT.

Neither will he, if a goodly simile come in his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus :—

> Thus have I seen in Araby the blest,
> A phœnix couch'd upon her funeral nest.*

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius prompted by this laudable zeal is not able to lessen, hear how the most sublime of all beings is represented in the following images :—

First he is a PAINTER.

> Sometimes the Lord of nature in the air
> Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvass, where
> His pencil, dipt in heavenly colour bright,
> Paints his fair rainbow, charming to the sight.†

Now he is a CHEMIST.

> Th' Almighty Chemist does his work prepare,
> Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
> Digests his lightning, and distils his rain.‡

Now he is a WRESTLER.

> Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
> And with such mighty force my body shook,
> That the strong grasp my members sorely bruised,
> Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loosed.§

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* Anon.—WARTON.

† Blackmore, opt. edit. duod. 1716, p. 172.

The gravity of the solemn pedant Scriblerus is not at all kept up in this piece. His criticisms are not any more in character than the Travels of Gulliver, erroneously asserted to be part of the plan intended to be pursued by Pope, Arbuthnot, and Swift. No man ever attempted so many epic poems as Blackmore; and few have written so many verses, except perhaps Lopez de Vega, who is said to have produced in all, 21,316 verses.—Dr. WARTON.

‡ Blackmore, Ps. civ. p. 263. § P. 75.

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

For clouds the sunbeams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours which arise
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies.*

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them God was guarantee.†

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees against me writes.
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate.‡

In the following lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

Who the rich metal beats, and then with care
Unfolds the golden leaves to gild the fields of air.§

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* Blackmore, p. 170.

None of these images are more absurd than where Dryden says, in the 281st stanza of his Annus Mirabilis, that the Almighty having looked down for some time on the fire of London, at last claps an extinguisher upon it:

> "An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
> In firmamental waters dipt above:
> Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
> And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove."

But another passage in Dryden is carried to a still greater length of profaneness and absurdity in his Hind and Panther; who speaks thus of the Creator:—

> "The divine Blacksmith in th' abyss of light,
> Yawning and lolling, with a careless beat,
> Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
> But he work'd hard to hammer out our souls,
> He blew the bellows, and stirr'd up the coals;
> Long time he thought, and could not on a sudden
> Knead up with unskimm'd milk this reasoning pudding."
>
> DR. WARTON.

† Blackmore, p. 70. ‡ P. 61. § P. 181.

Then a FULLER.

———— Th' exhaling reeks, that secret rise,
Borne on rebounding sunbeams through the skies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heavenly fleece.*

A MERCER, or PACKER.

Didst thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the bales of Æther to unfold;
Say, which cœrulean pile was by thy hand unroll'd?†

A BUTLER.

He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,
Which the black clouds his floating bottles fill.‡

And a BAKER.

God in the wilderness his table spread,
And in his airy ovens baked their bread.§

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* Blackmore, p. 18. † Psal. p. 174. ‡ P. 131.

It is remarkable that Swift highly commends Blackmore in more than one place; from whom Dr. Johnson strangely asserts that Pope might have learnt the art of reasoning in verse, exemplified in the Poem on Creation; but Ambrose Philips related that Blackmore, as he proceeded in his poem, communicated it from time to time to a club of wits, his associates, and that every man contributed as he could, either improvement or correction; so that there are perhaps nowhere in the book thirty lines together that now stand as they were originally written.—Dr. WARTON.

§ Blackmore, Song of Moses, p. 218.

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CHAPTER VI.

OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF GENIUSES IN THE PROFUND, AND THE MARKS AND CHARACTERS OF EACH.

I DOUBT not, but the reader, by this cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our assertion, that the bathos is an art, and that the genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances, (the father of the bathos, and indeed the Homer of it,) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters, who would never hit a nose or an eye, have with felicity copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring: and seldom are we without geniuses for still-life, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

A universal genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six epic poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after nature or the ancients. It is affirmed by Quintilian,* that the same genius which made Germanicus so great a general, would, with equal application, have made him an excellent heroic poet. In

* In a fine passage of the tenth book: "Germanicum Augustum ab institutis studiis deflexit cura terrarum; parumque diis visum est esse eum maximum poetarum."—Dr. WARTON.

like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between arts and sciences, I doubt not, but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bagpiper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the bathos.

I shall range these confined and less copious geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.*

1. The Flying Fishes: these are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S., A. H.,† C. G.‡

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* This was the chapter which gave so much offence, and excited such loud clamours against our author by his introduction of these initial letters, which he in vain asserted were placed at random, and meant no particular writers; which was not believed. These initial letters cannot now be authentically filled up.—Dr. WARTON.

† Aaron Hill, whom Pope seems to have feared as well as respected, complained that he was designated under the letters, A. H., "Although," says Pope in reply, "every letter in the alphabet was put in the same manner, and in truth (*except some few*) those letters were set at random to occasion what they did occasion; the suspicion of bad and jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, the most of whose names I did not know." There is obvious casuistry in this declaration. Pope doubtless mingled among these initials, enough of random letters, to entitle him, under the exception marked in italics, to make such a general declaration, if he should think it necessary; and on the other hand, took care that the reference of the greater number should be prominent, and easily ascribed to the authors they were intended to designate. The Rev. D. D., a General C.,

‡ Charles Gildon.—BOWLES.

2. The Swallows are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T.,* W. P., Lord H.†

3. The Ostriches are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very fast. D. F., L. E.,‡ the Hon. E. H.§

4. The Parrots are they that repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their own. W. B., W. S., C. C.,‖ the reverend D. D.

5. The Didappers are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then, where you least expected them. L. W.,¶ G. D.,** Esq., the Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The Porpoises are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D.,†† C. G.,‡‡ I. O.§§

7. The Frogs are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration; they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great

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and the Right Hon. E. of S., may be imaginary persons, but there is no doubt that almost all the rest are found exactly to correspond with the initials of living authors, towards whom Pope is known to have entertained contempt, resentment, or a mixture of both. The industry of Mr. Bowles has assigned the greater part of them to their right owners.

* Tibbald.—BOWLES.
† Lord Harvey.—BOWLES.
‡ Laurence Eusden.—BOWLES.
§ Hon. Edw. Howard, called in the Dunciad, "High-born Howard."—BOWLES.
‖ Colley Cibber.—BOWLES.
¶ Leonard Welsted.—BOWLES.
** George Ducket.—BOWLES.
†† John Dennis.—BOWLES.
‡‡ Charles Gildon.—BOWLES.
§§ John Oldmixon.—BOWLES.

noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W.,* I. M.,† Esq., T. D.,‡ gent.

8. The Eels are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W.,§ L. T.,‖ P. M.,¶ General C.

9. The Tortoises are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P.,** W. B.,†† L. E., The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief characteristics of the bathos, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE PROFUND, WHEN IT CONSISTS IN THE THOUGHT.

We have already laid down the principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the lowest objects; to which it may be added, that vulgar conversation will greatly contribute. There is no question, but the garret or the printer's boy may often be discerned in the compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

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* Edward Ward.—Bowles. † James Moore.—Bowles.
‡ Thomas Ducket.—Bowles. § Leonard Welsted.—Bowles.
‖ Tibbald.—Bowles. ¶ Peter Motteux.—Bowles.
** Ambrose Philips.—Bowles. †† William Broome.—Bowles.

The physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For, certain it is (though some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes,) that where there is not a triticalness or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect bathos by the most elaborate low expression: it can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But it is the thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath waters:—

> She drinks! she drinks! behold the matchless dame!
> To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame!
> Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
> And the same stream at once both cools and burns.*

What can be more easy and unaffected, than the diction of these verses? It is the turn of thought alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and surprise us. And when the same lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in justice it ought) goes still deeper:—

> Venus beheld her, 'midst her crowd of slaves,
> And thought herself just risen from the waves.†

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herself from the lady!

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* Anonymous. † Idem.

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frightened stag in a full chase, who, saith the poet—

> Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more;
> And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.*

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is profundity itself.

> None but himself can be his parallel.†

Unless it may seem borrowed from the thought of that master of a show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters of the picture of his elephant,

> This is the greatest elephant in the world, except himself.

However, our next instance is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant:—

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* Dr. Ridley is said to have told Mr. Steevens, Mr. Spence informed him, that these lines originally stood in Pope's Windsor Forest. Mr. Spence, on the other hand, affirmed to Dr. Warton, that they were quoted from his unpublished juvenile epic, called Alcander. Amid this contradictory evidence, we may be excused believing that Pope had written them "for the nonce," to fill the place which they occupy in this very treatise.

† Theobald, Double Falsehood.

It is a little remarkable, that this line of Theobald, which is thought to be the masterpiece of absurdity, is evidently copied from a line of Seneca, in the Hercules Furens:—

> "—— Quæris Alcidæ parem,
> Nemo est nisi Ipse"——
>
> Dr. WARTON.

I cannot help asking whether the circumstance of this line's being borrowed from Seneca, makes the idea less nonsensical? The fact only proves, that poor Theobald got his absurdity at second-hand.

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say, sure thou art he!
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his eyes are his mother's; and lastly, they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author, describing a poet that shines forth amid a circle of critics:—

Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And amid monsters rises into day.

What a peculiarity is here of invention! The author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations: in vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in its way, as mere natural animals: much more might it be pleaded, that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monsters: there were only the centaur and the maid, that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring geniuses, what he found not monsters he made so.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE PROFUND, CONSISTING OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES; AND OF AMPLIFICATION AND PERIPHRASE IN GENERAL.

WHAT in a great measure distinguishes other writers from ours, is their choosing and separating such circumstances in a description, as ennoble or elevate the subject.

The circumstances which are most natural are obvious, therefore not astonishing or peculiar: but those that are far-fetched or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprise prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but, above all, preserve a laudable prolixity; presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For, choice and distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently the worst consequence of all to our author.

Job says, in short, he washed his feet in butter; a circumstance some poets would have softened, or passed over: now hear how this butter is spread out by the great genius:

> With teats distented with their milky store,
> Such numerous lowing herds before my door,
> Their painful burden to unload did meet,
> That we with butter might have washed our feet.*

How cautious and particular! "He had," says our author, "so many herds, which herds thrived so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and

* Blackmore, Job, p. 133.

that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have washed his feet in it."

The ensuing description of Hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances :

> In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
> Whose livid waves involve despairing souls ;
> The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,
> Some deeply red, and others faintly blue.*

Could the most minute Dutch painter have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!

> His eyeballs burn, he wounds the smoking plain,
> And knots of scarlet ribbon deck his mane.†

Of certain Cudgel-players.

> They brandish high in air their threat'ning staves,
> Their hands a woven guard of ozier saves,
> In which they fix their hazel weapon's end.‡

Who would not think the poet had past his whole life at wakes in such laudable diversions? since he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make, a cudgel!

Periphrase§ is another great aid to prolixity ;

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* Prince Arthur, p. 89. † Anonymous.

‡ Prince Arthur, p. 197.

§ It is to be lamented that our author himself has furnished too many examples of improper Periphrase and Amplification in his translations of Homer. Of a Tripod set on the fire he says, (Odyssey, b. viii.)

> "The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
> The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze."

Of a person wearied :

> "———— Lost in lassitude be all the man ;
> Deprived of voice, of motion, and of breath ;
> The soul scarce waking in the arms of death."

Of shutting a door (b. i.) :

being a diffused circumlocutory manner of expressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couched, as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is that the author can possibly mean; and a strange surprise, when he finds it.

The poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure:

> A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
> And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.*

Here is a waving sea of heads, which, by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find it means a great crowd.

How pretty and how genteel is the following!

> Nature's confectioner——
> Whose suckets are moist alchemy:

> "The bolt obedient to the silken cord,
> To the strong staple's inmost depth restored,
> Secured the valve."

Of a sword (b. viii.):

> "—— Whose blade of brass displays
> A ruddy gleam; whose hilt a silver blaze;
> Whose ivory sheath, inwrought with curious pride,
> Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side."

These, and a number of other lines that might be added, are instances of the false-florid and over-laboured ornament, directly contrary to the simplicity and energy of Homer. At the same time it ought to be observed, that he was betrayed into this turgid, forced, and figurative language, by the difficulty of translating Homer into rhyme; for he never falls into this fault in his other works, which are remarkable for purity and brevity of style. "C'est une belle chose, (says Corneille, with his amiable frankness, in one of his prefaces,) que de faire vers puissans et majestueux; cette pompe ravit d'ordinaire les esprits, et pour le moins les éblouit: mais il faut que les sujets en fassent naitre les occasions." Clitandre, p. 108.—Dr. WARTON.

* Job, p. 78.

The still of his refining mould
Minting the garden into gold.*

What is this but a bee gathering honey?

Little syren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.†——

Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman, that sung finely?

We may define amplification to be making the most of a thought: it is the spinning-wheel of the bathos, which draws out and spreads it into the finest thread. There are amplifiers, who can extend half-a-dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which, the tale of many a vast romance, and the substance of many a fair volume, might be reduced to the size of a primer.

In the book of Job are these words, "Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day-spring to know his place?" How is this extended by the most celebrated amplifier of our age?

Canst thou set forth the ethereal mines on high,
Which the refulgent ore of light supply?
Is the celestial furnace to thee known,
In which I melt the golden metal down?
Treasures, from whence I deal out light as fast,
As all my stars and lavish suns can waste.‡

The same author has amplified a passage in the civth Psalm: "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He touches the hills, and they smoke."

The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:

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* Cleveland. † Ambrose Philips to Cuzzona. ‡ Job, p. 108.

The woods, with terror wing'd, outfly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.*

You here see the hills not trembling, but shaking off woods from their backs, to run the faster; after this you are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent pursy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

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CHAPTER IX.

OF IMITATION, AND THE MANNER OF IMITATING.

THAT the true authors of the profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their own way, is not to be questioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth, whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilvy, E. Ward of John Taylor, and Eusden of Blackmore? Therefore, when we sit down to write,† let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question: "How would Sir Richard have said this? do I express myself as simply as Ambrose Philips? or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Welsted?"‡

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* Job, p. 267.

† An admirable Parody on the Fourteenth Section of Longinus, when he advises the writer to ask himself, whilst he is composing any work, "How would Homer, Plato, or Demosthenes, have expressed themselves on this subject?"—Dr. WARTON.

‡ Welsted was a man not absolutely devoid of fancy and

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our proficient should also read the works of those famous poets, who have excelled in the sublime: yet is not this a paradox. As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold; so may our author read Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, when he finds anything lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious circumstance or periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those figures, the use of which we shall shew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of Ætna in the third Æneid?

> ———Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
> Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
> Turbine fumentem piceo, et candente favilla,
> Attollitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit: *

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poetical expression. But his poems were of that middling description, which may indeed easily find defenders, because they contain nothing very absurd, but which hardly can gain readers, since they exhibit as little that is attractive.

* These two words, after he had said "Attollitque globos flammarum," are perhaps the only two in Virgil that may be called bombast and supertragical, ὑπερτραγικα, says Longinus, but παρατραγωδα.

Perhaps we have not in our language a more striking example of a true turgid expression and genuine fustian and bombast, than in the following lines of Nat Lee's Alexander the Great, who is introduced saying,

> "When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
> Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;

Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our British poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a fit of the colic :—

Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled stores with inbred storms of wind
Blown up to rage; and roaring out complain,
As torn with inward gripes, and tort'ring pain :
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful vomit round,
And with their melted bowels spread the ground.*

Horace, in search of the sublime, struck his head against the stars;† but Empedocles, to fathom the profund, threw himself into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had also been there from this description?

When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighten'd on the shore;
When the Immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading God!"

Is it to be conceived that Dr. Warburton affirmed, in a long note on the first Epistle of Horace, b. ii., that "these six lines contain not only the most sublime, but the most judicious imagery that poetry could conceive or paint?" I thought that a note which contained so outrageous a paradox, and so totally inconsistent with true taste and solid judgment, ought not to be retained.—Dr. WARTON.

* Prince Arthur, p. 75.

† "Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

And so did the writer of the following lines, in a well-known Tragedy.

"Should the fierce North, upon his frozen wings,
Bear him aloft above the wandering clouds,
And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariot,
Thence should my fury drag him down to tortures."

Imitation is of two sorts; the first is, when we force to our own purposes the thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the imperfections or blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a play professedly writ in the style of Shakespeare, wherein the resemblance lay in one single line.

And so good morrow t'ye, good master lieutenant.*

And sundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, *nevertheless* was constantly *nathless*,† *embroidered* was *broidered*, *hermits* were *eremites*, *disdained 'sdeigned*, *shady umbrageous*, *enterprize emprize*, *pagan paynim*, *pinions pennons*, *sweet dulcet*, *orchards orchats*, *bridge-work pontifical*; nay, *her* was *hir*, and *their* was *thir*, through the whole poems. And in very deed, there is no other way, by which the true modern poet could read to any purpose the works of such men as Milton and Shakespeare.

It may be expected, that, like other critics, I should next speak of the passions; but as the main end and

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* The line is from Rowe's tragedy of Lady Jane Gray. There is a peculiar absurdity in the play, the whole dramatic language of Bishop Gardiner, being cast upon an antique mould, in imitation of the old dramatists, while the other characters speak the flowery fluttering sort of blank verse peculiar to Rowe and his period. The same incongruity may be remarked in Jane Shore, where Gloucester's dialect is approximated as nearly the language of Shakespeare, as the adoption of quaint and antiquated expressions, and the oath "by the holy Paul," could render it, whereas Hastings and all the others talk like courtiers of Louis XIV.

† He alluded particularly to Philips's Cyder, of which he often expressed a strong disapprobation, and particularly on account of these antiquated words. He often quoted the following line as not English:

"Administer their tepid genial airs."—Cyder, b. ii.

principal effect of the bathos is to produce tranquillity of mind, (and sure it is a better design to promote sleep than madness,) we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the emollients and opiates of poesy; of the cool, and the manner of producing it; or of the methods used by our authors in managing the passions. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the cool, as the use of wit in expressing passion; the true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper similes on such occasions; this we may term the pathetic epigrammatical, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent transports.

But, as it is sometimes needful to excite the passions of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed, that to move anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move love, of bawdry; to beget favour and friendship of gross flattery; and to produce fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the state. As for shame, it is a silly passion, of which as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

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CHAPTER X.

OF TROPES AND FIGURES: AND FIRST OF THE VARIEGATING, CONFOUNDING, AND REVERSING FIGURES.

BUT we proceed to the figures. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the abuse of speech. They ought to lay down as a principle, to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures must be so turned, as to manifest that intricate and wonderful cast of head, which distinguishes all writers of this kind: or (as I may say) to refer exactly the mould, in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible, to enumerate all such figures,* but we shall content ourselves to

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* Another figure which greatly contributes to the Bathos might here be added, which Longinus, in his third section, calls the Parenthyrsus; a kind of violence and emotion, ill-timed and out of season, and disproportioned to the subject; into which good writers, nay Horace himself, is said to have fallen. When he says, that "even as the most superb and useful monuments of human skill and regal magnificence, the making new ports, the draining of marshes, the altering the course of rivers, the building moles, and other vast and expensive works, alter and decay; so do words and current expressions:

> 'Debemur morti nos nostraque—
> ——Mortalia facta peribunt,
> Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax.'

"The objects by which this decay of words is illustrated, are too large and important for the occasion."—HOR. Art of Poetry, 63, 68. See Blondell's Comparison of Horace and Pindar.—Dr. WARTON.

range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the bathos, under three classes.—

I. The variegating, confounding, or reversing tropes and figures.

II. The magnifying, and

III. The diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman names: but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother tongue.

Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A master of this will say,
"Mow the beard,
Shave the grass,
Pin the plank,
Nail my sleeve."

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind as to the eye, when we behold Harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a caldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the bathos is,

THE METONYMY,

the inversion of causes for effects, of inventors for inventions, &c.

Laced in her Cosins * new appear'd the bride,
A Bubble-boy † and Tompion ‡ at her side,
And with an air divine her Colmar § plied:

* Stays. † Tweezer case. ‡ Watch. § Fan.

Then O! she cries, what slaves I round me see!
Here a bright Red-coat, there a smart * Toupee.†

The SYNECDOCHE,

which consists in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes *pretty-face* and *pigs-eyes*, and sometimes *snotty-nose* and *draggle-tail.* Or of accidents for persons; as a lawyer is called *split-cause*, a tailor, *prick-louse*, &c. Or of things belonging to a man for the man himself; as *a sword-man, a gown-man, a t-m-t-d-man; a white-staff, a turn-key*, &c.

The APOSIOPESIS,

an excellent figure for the ignorant, as, "what shall I say?" when one has nothing to say: or, "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

The METAPHOR.‡

The first rule is to draw it from the lowest things;

---

* A sort of periwig: all words in use at this present year 1727.—POPE.

† These five lines are quoted from his own youthful poems; as indeed are most of those marked *Anonymous*. See also note on p. 47–48.—Dr. WARTON.

‡ It were to be wished that all the critical opinions of Dr. Johnson were as solid and judicious as are his admirable observations in the Life of Cowley, on mixt Metaphors, false Wit, and what (after Dryden) he calls "Metaphysical Poetry." After a certain period, in every country and in every language, men grow weary of the natural, and search after the singular.—Dr. WARTON.

which is a certain way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the thunder of heaven, say,

> The lords above are hungry and talk big.*

Or if you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus,

> Though he (as said) may riches gorge, the spoil
> Painful in massy vomit shall recoil:
> Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
> Like his own ordure, cast with scorn away.†

The second, that whenever you start a metaphor, you must be sure to run it down, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a state negotiation, follow it in this manner:—

> The stones and all the elements with thee
> Shall ratify a strict confederacy;
> Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
> And for a firm alliance with thee treat;
> The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
> Shall send a scaly embassy for peace;
> His plighted faith the crocodile shall keep,
> And seeing thee for joy sincerely weep.‡

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing war against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war.

> Envoys and agents, who by my command
> Reside in Palestina's land,
> To whom commissions I have given
> To manage there the interests of Heaven:
> Ye holy heralds, who proclaim
> Or war or peace, in mine your master's name,

---

* Lee's Alexander. † Blackmore, Job, p. 91, 93.
‡ Job, p. 22.

Ye pioneers of Heaven, prepare a road,
Make it plain, direct, and broad;
For I in person will my people head;
———For the divine deliverer
Will on his march in majesty appear,
And needs the aid of no confed'rate pow'r.*

Under the article of the Confounding we rank,

1. The MIXTURE OF FIGURES,†

which raises so many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is, when it gives an idea just opposite to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist, painting the spring, talks of a snow of blossoms, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of winter. Of this sort is the following:—

The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
Whose livid flashes sick'ning sun-beams drown.‡

What a noble confusion! clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sun-beams, gaping, pouring, sickening, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

Thy head shall rise though buried in the dust,
And 'midst the stars his glittering turrets thrust.§

---

* Blackmore, Isaiah, c. xl.

† In Concannen's Supplement to the Profund, letter the second, which is a counterpart of this tenth chapter, and treats of Figures, are some more shrewd remarks and more pertinent examples than might be expected from such a writer, and are enough to make us think he had some more able assistant. Concannen was at that time an intimate friend of Warburton: and it has been suggested, was assisted by him in writing these remarks: but of this there is no positive proof.—Dr. WARTON.

‡ Prince Arthur, p. 37. § Job, p. 107.

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

> Upon the shore; as frequent as the sand,
> To meet the prince, the glad Demetians stand.*

Quære, Where these Demetians stood? and of what size they were? Add also to the jargon such as the following:—

> Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
> And desolation lie for ever waste.†

> Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,
> And seems converted to a stone in stone.‡

But for variegation, nothing is more useful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or Pun,§

where a word, like the tongue of a jack-daw, speaks twice as much by being split; as this of Mr. Dennis:—

> Bullets, that wound, like Parthians as they fly:||

or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted,

---

* Prince Arthur, p. 157. † Job, p. 89.

‡ T. Cook, Poems.—W.

§ An happy reading of Atterbury vindicates Milton from degrading his style by a very vile pun often quoted:

> "And brought into this world, a world of woe.

Atterbury would point it thus:

> "And brought into this world, (a world of woe)"

in a parenthesis, and putting the repeated word in opposition to the former.—Dr. WARTON.

|| Poems, 1693, p. 13. This grievous bad piece would have met little mercy from Dennis himself, had he found it in the works of another poet. To make it worse, if possible, the two meanings of the word *fly* are confounded.

———Behold the virgin lie
Naked, and only cover'd by the sky.*

To which thou may'st add,

To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW,†

whereby contraries and oppositions are balanced in such a way, as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these on a lady, who made herself appear out of size, by hiding a young princess under her clothes :—

While the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape.‡

On the maids of honour in mourning.

Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.§

——His eyes so bright
Let in the object and let out the light.‖

The Gods look pale to see us look so red.¶

————————The Fairies and their queen,
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.**

All nature felt a reverential shock,
The sea stood still to see the mountains rock.††

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* Welsted, Acon and Lavinia.—P.

† It were to be wished our author himself had not been so very fond of this figure; of all others, if too often repeated, the most tiresome and disgusting.—Dr. WARTON.

‡ Waller.

‖ Quarles.

§ Steele, on Queen Mary.

¶ Lee, Alexander.

** Philips's Pastorals.

†† Blackmore, Job, p. 176.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGURES CONTINUED: OF THE MAGNIFYING AND DIMINISHING FIGURES.

A GENUINE writer of the profund will take care never to magnify any object without clouding it at the same time; his thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remembered, that darkness is an essential quality of the profund, or if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be, as Milton expresses it,

No light, but rather darkness visible.

The chief figure of this sort is,

The HYPERBOLE, or impossible.*

For instance, of a Lion.

He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wondrous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him.†

Of a Lady at Dinner.

The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

---

* Into which even the great Corneille has sometimes fallen, and that too even in his Cinna; much more when he copies the extravagancies of Guillam de Castro, in his Cid. The Spanish writers abound in these absurdities; and indeed there are many such in Rotrou and in Ronsard.—Dr. WARTON.

† Vet. Aut.

Of the same.

——The obscureness of her birth
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.*

Of a Bull-baiting.

Up to the stars the sprawling mastiffs fly,
And add new monsters † to the frighted sky.

Of a Scene of Misery.

Behold a scene of misery and woe!
Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,
Ev'n though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe his hundred eyes.‡——

And that modest request of two absent lovers:—

Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.

2. The PERIPHRASIS, which the moderns call the *circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of magnifying may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect:—

I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even humble seems a term too high.§

---

* Theobald, Double Falsehood. † Blackmore, p. 21.
‡ Anonymous. § Anonymous.

III. The last class remains; of the diminishing. 1. the ANTICLIMAX, and figures where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprise.

On the Extent of the British Arms.

Under the Tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.*

On a Warrior.

And thou, Dalhousy, the great god of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar.†

On the Valour of the English.

Nor Art nor Nature has the force
To stop its ready course,
Nor Alps nor Pyreneans keep it out
——Nor fortified redoubt.‡

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprisingly imperfect, or is presented with something low, or quite ridiculous: a surprise resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of antique statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up finds Homer without a head and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy member. Such are these lines of a Leviathan at sea:—

---

* Anonymous. † Anonymous.
‡ Dennis on Namur.

His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,
And with its slime incorporates the flood,
'Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting stream,
Does like one pot of boiling ointment seem.
Where'er he swims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary——with age, or gray with sudden fear.*

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing.

Now the resisted flames and fiery store,
By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear long iron bars removed,
And to and fro huge heaps of cinders shoved.†

2. The VULGAR

is also a species of the diminishing: by this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand:—

The mighty Stuffa threw a massy spear,
Which, with its errand pleased, sung through the air.‡

A man raging with grief to a mastiff dog.

I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle throw.§

And clouds big with water to a woman in great necessity:—

Distended with the waters in 'em pent,
The clouds hang deep in air, but hang unrent.

---

* Blackmore, Job, p. 197.
† Prince Arthur, p. 157.
‡ Prince Arthur.
§ Job, p. 41.

3. The Infantine.

This is, when a poet grows so very simple, as to think and talk like a child. I shall take my examples from the greatest master in this way. Hear how he fondles like a mere stammerer :—

> Little charm of placid mien,
> Miniature of Beauty's Queen,
> Hither, British muse of mine,
> Hither, all ye Grecian Nine,
> With the lovely Graces three,
> And your pretty nursling see.
>
> When the meadows next are seen,
> Sweet enamel, white and green :
>
> When again the lambkins play,
> Pretty sportlings full of May :
> Then the neck so white and round,
> (Little neck with brilliants bound.)
>
> And thy gentleness of mind,
> (Gentle from a gentle kind,) &c.
>
> Happy thrice, and thrice again,
> Happiest he of happy men, &c.*

and the rest of those excellent lullabies of his composition.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat?

> Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my sheep.†

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death :—

---

* Ambrose Philips on Miss Cuzzona.
† Philips's Pastorals.

That ever she could die! O most unkind!
To die, and leave poor Colinet behind!
And yet,——why blame I her?*

With no less simplicity does he suppose that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths:—

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevell'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own.†

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances.

Ah silly I, more silly than my sheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.)‡

To the grave senate she could counsel give,
(Which with astonishment they did receive.)§

He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls from the grandeur of his majesty.‖

Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping dew——you sip and sing.¶

Where you easily perceive the nothingness of every second verse.

The noise returning with returning light.

What did it?

Dispersed the silence, and dispell'd the night.**

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* Philips's Pastorals. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.
§ Philips on Q. Marc. ‖ Ibid.
¶ T. Cook, on a Grasshopper. ** Anonymous.

The glories of proud London to survey,
The sun himself shall rise——by break of day.*

5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors:—

Th' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,†
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Cheer my lone solitude with joyous gladness.

Or in pretty drawling words like these:—

All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,
And his sons' sons, till there shall be no more.‡

The rising sun our grief did see,
The setting sun did see the same;
While wretched we remember'd thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name!§

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words, and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries || employ this figure.

---

* Autor. Vet.

† I am afraid he glanced at Thomson.—Dr. WARTON.

‡ T. Cook, Poems. § Ibid.

|| Even such poor writers as Catullus, Lucretius, and Horace, have sometimes been guilty of Pleonasms; of which there are examples in the Miscellaneous Observations of Jortin, p. 37, vol. ii. Of this sort of style Quintilian, as usual, speaks elegantly: "Ut corpora non robore sed valetudine inflantur; et recto itinere lapsi, plerumque divertunt. Erit ergo obscurior, quo quisqui deterior." Again, "Ut staturâ breves in digitos eriguntur, et plura infirmi minantur.—Ne oneretur tamen verbis multis; nam

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
The food of armies and support of wars,
Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,
Lessen his numbers and contract his host,
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.*

Of all which the perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

Break through the billows, and—divide the main.†

In smoother numbers, and—in softer verse.
Divide—and part—the severed world—in two.‡

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing through most of our celebrated modern poems.

—o—

CHAPTER XII.

OF EXPRESSION, AND THE SEVERAL SORTS OF STYLE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE expression is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the profundity of the thought. It must not be always grammatical, lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it

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• sit longa et impedita oratio, ut eam judices similem agmini todidem lixas habenti quot milites; in quo et numerus est duplex, nec duplum virium." The six English lines here quoted are a severe stroke on Addison's Campaign.—Dr. WARTON.

* Camp.

† Tonson's Miscellany, 12mo, vol. iv. p. 991, 4th edit.

‡ Tonson's Miscellany, vol. vi. p. 121.

become vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong number:—

The sword and pestilence at once *devours*,

instead of *devour*.*

Sometimes the wrong case;

And who more fit to sooth the god than *thee*? †

instead of *thou*.

And rather than say,

Thetis *saw* Achilles weep,

she *heard* him weep.

We must be exceeding careful of two things; first, in the choice of low words: secondly, in the sober and orderly way of ranging them. Many of our poets are naturally blessed with this talent, insomuch that they are in the circumstance of that honest citizen, who had made prose all his life without knowing it.‡ Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words; I take them from my last cited author, who, though otherwise by no means of

* Our author himself has more than once fallen into this fault, as hath been observed in the notes of this edition, and of which Dr. Lowth in his Grammar mentions many instances.—Dr. WARTON.

† Tickell, Homer, Il. i.

‡ Jourdain, in Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

our rank, seemed once in his life to have a mind to be simple:*—

> If not, a prize I will myself decree,
> From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.†
>
> ——Full of days was he;
> Two ages past, he lived the third to see.‡
>
> The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
> By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before.§
>
> That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
> The most despised of all the gods am I.‖
>
> Then let my mother once be ruled by me.
> Though much more wise than I pretend to be.¶

Or these of the same hand:**—

> I leave the arts of poetry and verse
> To them that practise them with more success.
> Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
> And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.††

Sometimes a single word will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a ship set on fire owes all the spirit of the bathos to one choice word, that ends the line.

> And his scorch'd ribs the hot contagion fried.‡‡

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* This apology is certainly not offered to Tickell, the ostensible author of the version of the first Book of Homer, but to Addison, whom Pope believed to have really written it.

† Tickell, Homer, p. 11. ‡ P. 17.
§ P. 19. ‖ P. 34. ¶ P. 38.

** Asserting plainly, that the first book of the Iliad, published by Tickell, was really the work of Addison.—Dr. WARTON.

†† Tonson's Miscellany, 12mo, vol. iv. p. 292, 4th edition. These are the two last feeble lines of Addison's Epistle to Sacheverell; and the two preceding ones are as bad.—Dr. WARTON.

‡‡ Prince Arthur, p. 151.

And in that description of a world in ruins :—

> Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
> He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack.*

So also in these :—

> Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink
> Come from the fields and wild abodes—to drink.†

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually :—

> He from the clouds does the sweet liquor squeeze,
> That cheers the forest and the garden trees.‡

It is also useful to employ *technical terms*,§ which estrange your style from the great and general ideas of nature; and the higher your subject is, the lower

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* Tonson's Miscellany, vol. vi. p. 119. † Job, p. 263.

‡ Id. Job, p. 264.

§ No passage in Blackmore himself can exceed the vulgarity of introducing technical terms, and sea-language, more than the following lines of the 146th, 147th, and 148th stanzas of Dryden's Annus Mirabilis :—

> " So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
> Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift;
> Their left hand does the calking-iron guide,
> The rattling mallet with the right they lift.
>
> " With boiling pitch another, near at hand,
> From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops;
> Which well laid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand,
> And shake them from the rising beak in drops.
>
> " Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marling blind,
> Or sear-cloth mash with strong tarpauling coats;
> To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
> And one below their ease or stiffness notes."

Who would think it possible that these lines, and there are many such to be found in his works, could have been written by the author of Palamon and Arcite, and the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day?—Dr. WARTON.

should you search into mechanics for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his *linen* was finely *spun*, and *bleached* on the happy plains.* Call an army of angels, *angelic cuirassiers;*† and if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, style them

Fresh troops of pains, and regimented woes.‡

Style is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of styles we shall mention only the principal, which owe to the moderns either their chief improvement, or entire invention.

1. The Florid Style,

than which none is more proper to the bathos, as flowers, which are the lowest of vegetables, are most gaudy, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of ponds and ditches.

A fine writer of this kind presents you with the following posy:—

The groves appear all drest with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers;
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above,
Exchanged their sweets, and mix'd with thousand kisses.
As if the willing branches strove,§
To beautify and shade the grove.‖

---

* Prince Arthur, p. 19. † Ibid. p. 339. ‡ Job, p. 86.

§ It is surprising to find so false and florid a conceit as is contained in the following lines, in a writer so generally chaste and correct as Addison.

"While here the vine on hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes."—*Campaign.*
Dr. Warton.

‖ Behn's poems, p. 2.

Which indeed most branches do. But this is still excelled by our Laureate:—

> Branches in branches twined compose the grove,
> And shoot, and spread, and blossom into love.
> The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
> And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
> The distant plantanes seem to press more nigh,
> And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.*

Hear also our Homer:

> His robe of state is formed of light refined,
> An endless train of lustre spreads behind.
> His throne's of bright compacted glory made,
> With pearls celestial, and with gems inlaid:
> Whence floods of joy, and seas of splendour flow,
> On all the angelic gazing throng below.†

2. The Pert Style.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. Thomas Brown, the author of "The London Spy,"‡ and all the Spies and Trips in general, are herein to be diligently studied; in verse, Mr. Cibber's prologues.

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employed in modernising, and adapting to the taste of the times, the works of the ancients. This we rightly phrase, *doing them into English*, and *making them into English*; two expressions of great propriety; the one denoting our neglect of the manner how; the other, the force and

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* Guardian, 12mo, 127. † Blackmore, Ps. civ.
‡ Edward Ward.

compulsion with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this style, that Tacitus talks like a coffee-house politician, Josephus * like the British Gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca † or Mr. Asgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at snip-snap, and honest Thomas à-Kempis, as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

The ALAMODE STYLE,

which is fine by being new, and has the happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it, in the description of a sun in a mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary:—

> See Phœbus now, as once for Phaeton,
> Has mask'd his face, and put deep mourning on;
> Dark clouds his sable chariot do surround,
> And the dull steeds stalk o'er the melancholy round.‡

Of Prince Arthur's soldiers drinking.

> While rich burgundian wine, and bright champaign,
> Chase from their minds the terror of the main;§

---

* Josephus, translated by Sir Roger L'Estrange.—W.

† In such familiar phrases as these:—"One good turn is the shoeing horn of another—He does me good in spite of my teeth—After a matter of eight years." And in Æsop, "The moon was in a heavy twitter." Collier's Antoninus was in the same smart taste. Thomas à-Kempis was translated by Dr. Stanhope, whose primness is here noted. There is hardly any species of bad writing but what is exposed in some part or other of this little treatise, in which the justest rules are delivered under the mask of ridicule, *fortius et melius*, than in professed and serious critical discourses.—Dr. WARTON.

‡ Ambrose Philips. § Prince Arthur, p. 17.

whence we also learn, that burgundy and champaign make a man on shore despise a storm at sea.*

Of the Almighty encamping his regiments :—

——He sunk a vast capacious deep,
Where he his liquid regiments does keep.
Thither the waves file off, and make their way,
To form the mighty body of the sea;
Where they encamp, and in their station stand,
Entrench'd in works of rock, and lines of sand.†

Of two armies on the point of engaging :—

Yon armies are the cards which both must play;
At least come off a saver, if you may:
Throw boldly at the sum the gods have set;
These on your side will all their fortunes bet.‡

All perfectly agreeable to the present customs and best fashions of our metropolis.

But the present branch of the alamode is the PRURIENT; a style great advanced and honoured of late by the practice of persons of the first quality; and, by the encouragement of the ladies, not unsuccessfully introduced even into the drawing-room. Indeed, its incredible progress and conquests may be compared to those of the great Sesostris, and

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* The author of the ancient ballad of "Cease, rude Boreas," was, however, of the same opinion :—

Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
None! the danger's drown'd in wine.

In fact, there is no absurdity in saying that wine obliterates the remembrance of past dangers, whether by sea or land; and this is one of the few instances in which Sir Richard's sense is wrested into nonsense by the satirist.

† Blackmore, Ps. civ. p. 261. ‡ Lee, Sophonisba.

are everywhere known by the same marks, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very bathos of the human body, that is to say * * * and * * * * * *hiatus magnus lachrymabilis* * * * * And selling of bargains, and *double entendre*, and Κιββιδρισμος and Ὀλοφειλδισμος, all derived from the said sources.

4. The Finical Style,*

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the alamode; as the following:—

Of a brook dried by the sun.

Won by the summer's importuning ray,
Th' eloping stream did from her channel stray,
And with enticing sun-beams stole away.†

Of an easy death.

When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee, ripe with age, invite the hook;
He'll gently cut thy bending stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the grave, his granary.‡

Of trees in a storm.

Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
The tempest sees their strength, and sighs, and passes by.§

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* In which Felton's Superficial Dissertation on the Classics is written, who is very fearful to be thought a scholar, and makes an apology for quoting a common piece of Latin.—Dr. Warton.

† Blackmore, Job, p. 26.

‡ Ibid. p. 23. § Denn.

Of water simmering over the fire.

The sparkling flames raise water to a smile,
Yet the pleased liquor pines, and lessens all the while.*

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS,† which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words; and the BUSKIN, or stately, frequently, and with great felicity, mixed with the former. For, as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous visibility. When both these can be done at once, then is the bathos in perfection: as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: one end of him is as high as ever, only that end is the wrong one. Will not every true lover of the profund be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongued gate,
That he may enter?

See who is there.

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder.‡

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* Anonymous, in Tonson's Miscellany, Part 6, p. 224.

† This is the fault of two eminent writers, who at the same time abound in transcendent beauties, and whom for that reason it is less invidious to mention, Thomson and Johnson; and I fear even Milton has furnished an example:

"I hear the sound of words, their sense the air
Dissolves, unjointed, ere it reach my ear."
Samson Agonistes, v. 176.—Dr. WARTON.

‡ Tempest.

Shut the door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.

Bring my clothes.

Bring me what nature, tailor to the bear,
To man himself denied; she gave me cold,
But would not give me clothes.

Light the fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas's rude breath.

Snuff the candle.

Yon' luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.

Open the letter.

Wax! render up thy trust.*

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

Apply thine engine to the spungy door:
Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,
And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.†

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* Theobald, Double Falsehood.
† These verses are his own.—Dr. WARTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE BATHOS.

THUS have I (my dear countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence discovered the hidden sources of the bathos, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this great deep. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmost might, do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a scheme as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all, and every individual of the bathos, do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end, our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures, arises from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together; to this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry

and rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith, that "the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality;" accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by travelling. Soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The *periphrasis*,* or circumlocution, is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the *proverb* and *apologue*, of old men at clubs; the *ellipsis*, or speech by half-words, of ministers and politicians; the *aposiopesis*, of courtiers; the *litotes*, or diminution, of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the *anadiplosis*, of common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate; sarcasm and irony learned upon the water; and the *epiphonema*, or exclamation, frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the "Hear him" of the House of Commons.

Now, each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the society, (as hath been proposed,) a poet or orator would have no more to do, but to send to the particular traders in each kind; to the metaphorist, for his allegories; to the simile-maker, for his comparisons; to the ironist, for his sarcasms; to the apothegmatist, for his sen-

* All this paragraph down to the words in it, "House of Commons," is wonderfully acute and satirical, especially the mentioning the bear-garden.—Dr. WARTON.

tences, &c., whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose, that there be contrived, with all convenient dispatch, at the public expense, a rhetorical chest of drawers, consisting of three stories; the highest for the deliberative, the middle for the demonstrative, and the lowest for the judicial. These shall be divided into *loci* or places, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells, resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the press, may, in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to manage all the registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some reverend prelate or valiant officer, of unquestioned loyalty and affection to every present establishment in church and state; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief, that might otherwise be apprehended.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion let out by the day to several great orators in both houses: from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will also accrue to our society.

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CHAPTER XIV.*

HOW TO MAKE DEDICATIONS, PANEGYRICS, OR SATIRES; AND OF THE COLOUR OF HONOURABLE AND DISHONOURABLE.

Now of what necessity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works, as speed and dispatch. Great pity it is that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking proportioned to their heaviness: for it is with the flowers of the bathos, as with those of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings hastily to market in the morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are often but the praise of a day, and become by the next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts, whereon in a manner depends

* It will be difficult to find more knowledge of life, more wit, more satire, more good sense, in any passage of equal length, than is comprised in this fourteenth chapter. Perhaps Dryden's Dedication of the State of Innocence to the Duchess of York, is a piece of the grossest and most abject adulation that ever disgraced true genius, except, indeed, the nauseous and fulsome Dedication of such a man as Corneille of his Horace to Cardinal Richlieu, after this proud churchman had treated him so injuriously in the affair of the Cid. If it be thought that I speak disrespectfully of such a great minister as Richlieu, I beg leave to say, that one such poet as Corneille is of more real value than an hundred Richlieus, in the eyes of those who regard merits more than stations.—Dr. WARTON.

that profit, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our writers and speakers.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them; after which we will teach a short way to epic poetry. And these being confessedly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First, of panegyric. Every man is honourable, who is so by law, custom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or economical virtue, are virtuous by their posts; liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon the public supplies, just by paying public interest, courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expenses, and prudent by public success. They have by their office a right to a share of the public stock of virtues; besides, they are, by prescription immemorial, invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of honourable and dishonourable, they are various in different countries: in this they are *blue*, *green*, and *red*.

But, forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the golden rule of trans-

formation, which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a spendthrift, and who will not pay a just debt, may have his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the rule of contraries; it is certain the less a man is endued with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed: especially those good qualities, of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire; wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso loses his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his share in public praise and honour. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real poetical justice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise or dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their ears in the pillory.

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CHAPTER XV.

A RECIPE TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.*

AN epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort; but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever perform-

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* A severe animadversion is here intended on Bossu; who, after he has been so many years quoted, commended, and followed by a long train of respectable disciples, must, I am afraid, alas! be at last deserted and given up as a visionary and fantastical critic; especially for imagining, among other vain and groundless conceits and refinements, that Homer and Virgil first fixed on some one moral truth or axiom, and then added a fable or story, with suitable names and characters, proper to illustrate the truth so fixed upon. Before Bossu, Mambrun had advanced the same doctrine, and treated it in a philosophical Aristotelian manner, in a laboured Dissertation, which he exemplified by a woful Latin Epic Poem, intituled Constantinus. He was one of those many critics who may remind us of the fate of Boccolini, when he was appointed by Paul V. governor of a small town, because he had written well on political subjects and on the art of government; but was obliged to be recalled, after three months' administration, for incapacity in the business. The lamentable Epic Poems that Boileau has strung together, the Jonas, the David, the Moses, the Alaric, the Clovis, are exactly of the sort and size of Sir Richard's Job, Arthur, and Alfred; from whom our Scriblerus takes so many instances of the absurd. To these Voltaire has added a work that ought to be exempted from this catalogue, the St. Louis of the Jesuit Le Moine, who seems to have possessed a more vigorous and fertile fancy than any of his countrymen; who, whatever talents they may lay claim to, are not eminent for imagination and creative powers. His Poem is in eighteen books, on the Recovery of our Saviour's Crown of Thorns from the Saracens; the subject therefore closely resembles

ing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Moliere observes of making a dinner, "that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot do it without, he has his art for nothing." The same may be said of making a poem. It is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one.

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that of Tasso, certainly one of the most interesting subjects that has ever been treated. He has, like Tasso, also introduced machinery of angels, demons, and magicians. The speech and behaviour of one of the latter, Mireme, in the fifth book, page 145, who calls up from Hell the shades of many departed tyrants, is conceived with wonderful wildness of fancy, heightened by the scene of this transaction, near the pyramids of Egypt; especially when the ghost of Saladin declares, with an awful and tremendous voice, that the sultan must slay his daughter as an expiatory sacrifice. In short, this poem abounds in the terrible graces, and is in a tone and manner very superior to that generally used by the writers of France, and approaching to the sublimity of Dante or Milton; the noble fictions of whose Paradise Lost, the cautious and severe Boileau has, it is imagined, endeavoured to ridicule in the third canto of his Art of Poetry, v. 193.

> "Et quel objet enfin à presenter aux yeux,
> Qui le diable toujours hurlant contre les cieux,
> Qui de votre heros veut rabaisser la gloire,
> Et souvent avec Dieu balance la victoire."

What Boileau says of the Epopee is the worst, and what Marmontel says, is the best part, in their respective Arts of Poetry. It ought to be added, that although Le Moine frequently uses a turgid and hyperbolical style, yet that he has prefixed a discourse on Heroic Poetry, in which are many sensible and acute remarks. Le Moine is praised by Fontenelle, vol. II. of his works. Voltaire very frankly owns, "Les François n'ont pas la tête épique."—Dr. WARTON.

In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which any author in the bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend, (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth or Don Belianis of Greece,) those parts of the story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident, that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure: be sure you stain them sufficiently.

For the MANNERS.*

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity: if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake, which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or not it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*,† male and female, as many as

* A stroke of ridicule on Bossu. Two very different opinions are held on this subject; and two very opposite interpretations are given of the χρηστα ηθη of Aristotle, and *notandi mores* of Horace. Dacier, Bossu, Shaftesbury, Harris, maintain that the words mean, that the manners should be only poetically good; but Heinsius, Hare, Batteaux, Marmontel, and Twining, insist that they should be morally good. The succeeding paragraph about the use of machines cannot but remind one of the different opinions held on this subject by Petronius, by Bossu, by Hobbes, by Temple, by Hurd, by Voltaire, by Lord Kames, by Blair, and Boileau.—Dr. WARTON.

† In Dryden's long dedication to Lord Dorset of his translation of Juvenal, he gives an account of his design of writing an Epic Poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince, and of the machinery he intended to have used on that occasion, which seems to have been happily and judiciously imagined,

you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: when you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his "Art of Poetry."

> "*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*
> *Inciderit;*"

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempest.* Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit.* Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a-blowing.

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founded on an idea of a contest between the Guardian Angels of kingdoms. But Arthur was reserved for another fate, and furnishes the most absurd examples in the Bathos.—Dr. WARTON.

For a *Battle.* Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a *Burning Town.* If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of Burnet's "Theory of the Conflagration,"* well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for *similes* and *metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the difficulty is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.†

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* An undeserved sarcasm on a work full of strong imagery, Burnet's Theory.—Dr. WARTON.

† The Discourse of Voltaire on the Epic Poets of all Nations, added to his Henriade, contains many false and rude opinions, particularly some objections to Paradise Lost. In the Geneva edition of this poem we are informed of a curious anecdote: When it was printed at London in 1726, in quarto, by subscription, Mr. Dadiky, a Greek, and a native of Smyrna, who at that time resided in London, saw by chance the first leaf as it was printing, where was the following line,

"Qui forca les Francois à devenir heureux;"

he immediately paid a visit to the author, and said to him, "I am of the country of Homer; he did not begin his poems by a stroke of wit, by an enigma." The author immediately corrected the line: but I beg leave to add, that he did not correct many others of the same modern kind. Voltaire has dropt a remark in the last edition of his essay on Epic Poetry, which is not indeed very favourable to the taste of his countrymen; but is perfectly true and just, and which he seems to have forgotten in some of his late assertions:

"It must be owned, that it is more difficult for a Frenchman

CHAPTER XVI.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE STAGE.*

It may be thought that we should not wholly omit the drama, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is so well taken care of by the present managers of the theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the bathos.

Here, therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our sincere and humble thanks to the most august Mr. Barton Booth, the most serene

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to succeed in Epic Poetry than for any other person; but neither the constraint of rhyme, nor the dryness of our language, is the cause of this difficulty. Shall I venture to name the cause? It is because, of all polished nations, ours is the least poetic. The works in verse, which are most in vogue in France, are pieces for the theatre. These pieces must be written in a style that approaches to that of conversation. Despreaux has treated only didactic subjects which require simplicity. It is well known that exactness and elegance constitute the chief merit of his verses, and those of Racine; and when Despreaux attempted a sublime ode, he was no longer Despreaux. These examples have accustomed the French to too uniform a march."—Dr. WARTON.

* The character of a Player is in this chapter treated rather too contemptuously. Johnson fell into the same cant, and treated his old friend Garrick unkindly and unjustly, at a time when he was received into the familiarity of some of the best families in this country. Baron, Chamelle, La Covreur, Du Menil, Le Kain, were equally respected in France. But the whole chapter is, in other respects, replete with incomparable and original humour, particularly the third, fifth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh articles of this project. I have not been able to discover that Booth, who was a man of excellent character, or Wilks, ever gave any such particular offence to our author as to deserve the sarcasms here thrown upon them.—Dr. WARTON.

Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, when the people of this age shall be ancestors, and to all the succession of our successors, that to this present day they continue to outdo even their own outdoings; and when the inevitable hand of sweeping time shall have brushed off all the works of to-day, may this testimony of a contemporary critic to their fame be extended as far as to-morrow.

Yet if to so wise an administration it be possible anything can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project signed with their names, and dated the second of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the reader with the substance of it.

"1. It is proposed, that the two theatres be incorporated into one company; that the royal academy of music be added to them as an orchestra; and that Mr. Figg with his prize-fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnership.

"2. That a spacious building be erected at the public expense, capable of containing at least ten thousand spectators; which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of children and nurses to the audience, since the new entertainments.* That there be a stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two houses of parliament, my lords the judges, the honourable the directors of the academy, and the court of aldermen, who shall all have their places frank.

"3. If Westminster-hall be not allotted to this

* Pantomimes were then first exhibited in England.—P.

service, (which, by reason of its proximity to the two chambers of parliament above mentioned, seems not altogether improper), it is left to the wisdom of the nation whether Somerset-house may not be demolished, and a theatre built upon that side, which lies convenient to receive spectators from the county of Surrey, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river Thames may, in the readiest manner, convey those eminent personages from courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn, either by curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated pieces, or by affection to see their countrymen, the harlequins and eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

"4. That the theatre abovesaid be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed critics and poets; out of whom six of the most aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the society; provided, nevertheless, that the laureat for the time being may be always one. The head or president over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient poet and critic to be found in the whole island.

"5. The male-players are to be lodged in the garrets of the said quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the poets dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The actresses are to make their beds and wash their linen.

"6. A large room shall be set apart for a library, to consist of all the modern dramatic poems, and all the criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table, for the council of six to sit

and deliberate on the merits of plays. The majority shall determine the dispute: and if it shall happen, that three and three should be of each side, the president shall have a casting voice, unless where the contention may run so high as to require a decision by single combat.

"7. It may be convenient to place the council of six in some conspicuous situation in the theatre, where, after the manner usually practised by composers in music, they may give signs (before settled and agreed upon) of dislike or approbation. In consequence of these signs, the whole audience shall be required to clap or hiss, that the town may learn certainly, when and how far they ought to be pleased.

"8. It is submitted, whether it would not be proper to distinguish the council of six by some particular habit or gown, of an honourable shape and colour, to which may be added a square cap and a white wand.

"9. That to prevent unmarried actresses making away with their infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the children of the society; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the said actresses shall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private gentleman's son shall, at the public expense, be brought up a page to attend the council of six: a more ample provision shall be made for the son of a poet; and a greater still for the son of a critic.

"10. If it be discovered that any actress is got with child during the interlude of any play, wherein she hath a part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall forfeit accordingly. If

any actor for the future shall commit murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of robbery and theft. In all other cases, particularly in those for debt, it is proposed that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St. James's, may be held a place of privilege. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy paltry creditors has been a discouragement to men of letters, if any person of quality or others shall send for any poet or critic of this society to any remote quarter of the town, the said poet or critic shall freely pass and repass, without being liable to an arrest.

"11. The forementioned scheme, in its several regulations, may be supported by profits arising from every third night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food, (though from the former course of their lives a very little will be deemed sufficient,) the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those profits the said persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm, farther, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, but paint, diet-drinks, spitting-pots, and all other necessaries of life, may, in like manner, fairly be provided for.

"12. If some of the articles may at first view seem liable to objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the council of six, (which is indeed larger than any entrusted to the great officers of state,) this may be obviated by swearing those six persons of his majesty's privy-council, and obliging them to pass everything of moment previously at that most honourable board."

Vale & fruere.

MAR. SCRIB.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI

SUMMI CRITICI,

CASTIGATIONUM IN ÆNEIDEM SPECIMEN.

—o—

ÆNEIDEM totam, amice lector, innumerabilibus pœnè mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuriæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus, de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, *προλεγόμενα* nostra libro ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

*** It is very easy, but very ungrateful, to laugh at Collectors of various readings, and adjusters of texts, those poor pioneers of literature; who drag forward

> A waggon load of meanings for one word,
> While A's deposed, and B with pomp restored.

To the indefatigable researches of many a Dutch commentator and German editor, are we indebted for that ease and facility with which we are now enabled to read. "I am persuaded," said Bayle, "that the ridiculous obstinacy of the first critics, who lavished so much of their time upon the question whether we ought to say Virgilius or Vergilius, has been ultimately of great use; they thereby inspired men with an extreme veneration for antiquity; they disposed them to a sedulous inquiry into the conduct and character of the ancient Grecians and Romans, and that gave occasion to their improving by those great examples."—Dict. Tom. v. p. 795. I have always been struck with the following words of a commentator, who was also a great philosopher, I mean Dr. Clarke; who thus finishes the preface to his incomparable edition of Homer: "Levia quidem hæc, et parvi forte, si per se spectentur, momenti. Sed ex elementis constant, ex principiis oriuntur, omnia: Et ex judicii consuetudine in rebus minutis adhibitâ, pendet sæpissimè in maximis vera atque accurata scientia." Real scholars will always speak with due regard of such names as the Scaligers, Salmasius's, Heinsius's, Burmans, Risgius's, Marklands, Gesners, Heynes, Toups, Bentleys, and Hares. "Sans se qu'on appelle les erudits," says Marmontel, very sensibly, "nous serions encore barbares. C'est grace aux lumières qu'ils ont transmises, que leurs écrits ne sont plus de saison." Jortin used frequently to mention this attempt to discredit emendatory criticism, with strong marks of derision; and I have now before me a letter from Toup to Mr. Thomas Warton in the same strain.—Dr. WARTON.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS.

—o—

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VER. 1.

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi superûm——

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris *vexatus*, et alto,
Vi superûm——

Ab *aris*, nempe *Hercæi Jovis*, vide lib. ii. ver. 512, 550—*flatu* ventorum *Æoli*, ut sequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum *Æneas* aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, lib. xii. ver. 193—*jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. VER. 52.

Et quisquis *numen Junonis* adoret?

Et quisquis *nomen Junonis* adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *numen*, et procul dubio sic Virgilius.

III. VER. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto,*
Qua data porta ruunt———

Venti, velut *aggere fracto,*
Qua data porta ruunt———

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VER. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem.*

Fortemque vehebat *Orontem.*

Non *fidum*, quia epitheton *Achatæ* notissimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*
Volvitur in caput———

Excutitur: pronusque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput———

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod planè confirmatur ex sequentibus—*Ast illum* ter *fluctus ibidem torquet*——

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma virûm———

Armi hominum: ridiculè antea *arma virûm*, quæ ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt *natare?*

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas.*

Summas et leviter perlabi, pleonasmus est; mirificè altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit; simili modo noster de Camilla, Æn. xi.

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret, &c., hyperbolicè.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faces* et saxa volant, *furor arma ministrat.*
Jam *fæces* et saxa volant, *fugiuntque ministri:*

uti solent, instanti pericula—*Fæces facibus* longe præstant, quid enim nisi fæces jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.;

Fronte sub adversa *populis prandentibus antrum.*

Sic malim,* longè potiùs, quàm, *scopulis pendentibus:* nugæ! nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? in quorum usum? quippe *prandentium.*

X. VER. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur
A tergo———

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* One would think this note was written to ridicule Warburton, not Bentley's mode of criticising; it is so exactly apposite to many of his interpretations.—Dr. WARTON.

Tres littore *corvos*
Aspicit errantes! hos *agmina tota* sequuntur;
A tergo———

Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis nescit? at *motus et ambulandi ritus* corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant corvi, uti noster alibi,

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immò et *agminibus militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex historicis.

XI. VER. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones.*

Error gravissimus. Corrigo,—*septemque Triones.*

XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite, O juvenes! *tectis* succedite nostris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, et quæ unica voce et torum et mensam exprimebat; Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O *juvenes!*
Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Æn. iv. ver. 19.

Huic uni forsan potui succumbere *culpæ:*
Anna! fatebor enim———

Sic corriges,

Huic uni [*viro* scil.] potui succumbere; *culpas?*
Anna! fatebor enim, *etc.*

Vox, *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. VER. 1.

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
Inde toro *pater* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuere omnes, *intentèque* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *satur* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, scil. *conticuere et ora tenebant*, tautologicè dictum. In manuscripto perquam rarissimo in patris musæo, legitur, *ore gemebant;* sed magis ingeniosè quam verè. *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse; quod satis constat ex perantiquâ illâ Britannorum cantilenâ vocatâ *Chevy Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba:—

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï.

Trojanas ut *oves* et lamentabile regnum
Diruerint.

Mallem *oves* potiùs quàm *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiæ regum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3,] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

IV. Ver. 5.

Quæque ipse *miserrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quæque ipse *miserrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lachrymis?

Quis talia *flendo*,
Temperet *in* lachrymis?

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lachrymare, quàm solummodo a lachrymis non temperare.

VI. Ver. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera somnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera somnos.

Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solùm innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam *præcipitantur*, auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *supremum* audire *laborem*.

Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,
Et *brevè ter* Trojæ *superûmque* audire *labores*.

Curæ Noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel, ut dixit ipse, *breviter*) totam belli catastrophen denotat, quàm diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque* iterum *demens audire labores exposcit: Ter* enim pro *sæpe* usurpatur. *Trojæ, superûmque labores*, rectè, quia non tantum homines sed et Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Æn. ii. v. 610, *etc.*

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam——

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque resurgit.*

Resurgit multò propriùs dolorem *renascentem* notat quam ut hactenus, *refugit.*

VII. Ver. 19.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis
Instar montis *equum*, divina Palladis arte
Ædificant———*etc.*

Tracti bello, fatisque repulsi.

Tracti et repulsi, antithesis perpulchra! *Fracti*, frigidè et vulgaritèr.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus: quem si *equam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces: solæ enim femellæ utero gestant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recusso insonuere cavæ*—*Atque* utero *sonitum quater arma dedere*——*Inclusos* utero *Danaos*, &c. Vox *fœta* non convenit maribus—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Fœta *armis*—Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putat? incredibile

prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram *equæ* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri caussa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.*

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* There is much pleasantry in supposing it should be the Trojan mare, and not a horse; and in the reasons assigned for this new reading. The same may be said of altering *tectis* for *lectis*, ver. 631: and of altering *opes* for *oves*, ver. 4, chap. 3.—Dr. WARTON.

AN ESSAY

OF THE LEARNED

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

CONCERNING

THE ORIGIN OF SCIENCES.*

WRITTEN TO THE MOST LEARNED DR. ——, F.R.S., FROM THE DESERTS OF NUBIA.

AMONG all the inquiries which have been pursued by the curious and inquisitive, there is none more worthy the search of a learned head, than the source from whence we derive those arts and sciences, which raise us so far above the vulgar, the countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As those who first brought them among us, attained them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some ad-

* This essay is said to have been contributed by Dr. Parnell.

vantages by the same means; since I write this from the deserts of Æthiopia, from those plains of sand which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom below the grave of Cambyses; a solitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed, that arts and sciences were derived to us from the Egyptians and Indians; but from whom they first received them is as yet a secret. The highest period of time, to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Assyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worshipped as gods. It is, therefore, necessary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first of empires; we have mention, though not histories, of an earlier warlike people, called the Pygmæans. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in Homer,* Aristotle, and others, of their history, wars, and revolutions, and from the very air in which those authors speak of them as of things known, that they were then a part of the study of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military achievements, in the brave defence of their country from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy, yet I cannot doubt but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government; though there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of time, and such sudden periods have been put to them, as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture, that the like happened

* Hom. Il. iii.

to this nation, from a general extirpation of the people by those flocks of monstrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infested, it ought not to seem more incredible, than that one of the Baleares was wasted by rabbits, Smynthe by mice,* and of late Bermudas almost depopulated by rats.† Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deserts, where they lived undisturbed, till they were found out by Osiris, in his travels to instruct mankind.

"He met," says Diodorus,‡ "in Æthiopia a sort of little satyrs, who were hairy one half of their body, and whose leader, Pan, accompanied him in his expedition for the civilizing of mankind." Now of this great personage, Pan, we have a very particular description in the ancient writers; who unanimously agree to represent him shaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beast, and walking erect with a staff, the posture in which his race do to this day appear among us. And since the chief thing to which he applied himself was the civilizing of mankind, it should seem, that the first principles of science must be received from that nation, to which the gods were by Homer § said to resort twelve days every year, for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

If, from Egypt, we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find, that their knowledge also derived itself from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is also described to us with the same marks and qualifications. "Mankind is ignorant," saith

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* Eustathius in Hom. Il. i.
† Speede, in Bermudas.
‡ Diod. l. i. ch. 18.
§ Il. i.

Diodorus,* "whence Silenus derived his birth, through his great antiquity; but he had a tail on his loins, as likewise had all his progeny, in sign of their descent." Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men, who retired from the converse of their own species to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe, that in the midst of those solitudes, they instituted the much celebrated order of gymnosophists. For, whoever observes the scene and manner of their life, will easily find them to have imitated, with all the exactness imaginable, the manners and customs of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the thickest woods, to go naked, to suffer their bodies to be overrun with hair, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch† says, "they eat what they could get in the fields, their drink was water, and their bed made of leaves or moss." And Herodotus‡ tells us, that they esteemed it a great exploit to kill very many ants or creeping things.

Hence we see, that the two nations which contend for the origin of learning, are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contested which was first blest with the rise of science, yet have they conspired in being grateful to their common masters. Egypt is so well known to have worshipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly supposed to have done the same, from that adoration, which they paid, in latter times, to the tooth of one

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* Diod. l. iii. ch. 69.
† Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's fortune.
‡ Herod. l. i.

of these hairy philosophers, in just gratitude, as it should seem, to the mouth, from which they received their knowledge.

Pass we now over into Greece; where we find Orpheus returning out of Egypt, with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was, that Greece first heard the name of satyrs, or owned them for *semidei.* And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name, and expressly called king by Theocritus.* If thus much be allowed, we easily account for two of the strongest reports in all antiquity. One is, that of the beasts following the music of Orpheus: which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers, but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we most insist upon, is the fabulous story of the gods compressing women in woods under bestial appearances: which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said to have been compressed in the shape of different animals; but to this we answer, that women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said, it is highly credible, that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at least for the acutest wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances, is that great mimic genius Æsop,† for whose extraction from these *sylvestres homines* we may gather an argument from Planudes, who says, that Æsop signifies the same thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a second

* Παν 'Αναξ. Theocr. Id. i.

† Vit. Æsop. initio.

argument, we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deformed, and almost savage; insomuch, that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners, and come to court in wearing apparel. The third proof is his acute and satirical wit: and lastly, his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions.

The next instance I shall produce is Socrates.* First, it was a tradition, that he was of an uncommon birth from the rest of men: secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat-nosed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look: thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æsop into verse, probably out of the respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In process of time the women, with whom these Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their shapes, to shun their embraces; so that our sages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This by degrees occasioned the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles; it rose in one generation to their arms; in the second, it invaded their necks; in the third, it gained the ascendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the species is now immersed, became completed: though we must here observe, that there were a few, who fell not under the common calamity; there being some unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable also, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not so entire, but there still appeared marvellous

* See Plato and Xenophon.

qualities among them, as was manifest in those who followed Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and survey his order! how did they cast themselves into the same forms for march or for combat! what an imitation was there of all his discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution which they enjoyed while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: At the first appearance of these wild philosophers, there were some of the least mixed who vouchsafed to converse with mankind; which is evident from the name of Fauns,* *à fando*, or speaking. Such was he, who, coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed against the Hetruscans, who would have restored Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable era, in which they began to be silent. This we may place something near the time of Aristotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philosophers increased, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the simpler wisdom of these ancient Sylvans; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision or scorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving answers, it is only when caught, bound, and constrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet, Proteus.

Accordingly, we read in Sylla's† time of such a philosopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they could say to him, and only shewed his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

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* Livy.

† Vid. Plutarch. in Vit. Syllæ.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons who are related in the sixth Bucolic to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the race of the old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative, (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware,) they not only tied him fast, but allured him likewise by a courteous present of a comely maiden called Ægle, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this song we have their doctrine of the creation, the same in all probability as was taught so many ages before in the great Pygmæan empire, and several hieroglyphical fables, under which they couched or embellished their morals. For which reason I look upon this Bucolic as an inestimable treasure of the most ancient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wisdom; but as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philosopher, and only instructed by action.

The last we shall speak of, who seemeth to be of the true race, is said by St. Jerome to have met St. Anthony * in a desert; who inquiring the way of him, he shewed his understanding and courtesy by pointing, but would not answer, for he was a dumb philosopher also.

These are all the notices, which I am at present able to gather, of the appearance of so great and learned a people on your side of the world. But if we return to their ancient native seats, Africa and India, we shall there find, even in modern

* Vit. St. Ant.

times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. Purchas's collections) a body of them, whose leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others, at present, to celebrate the praise of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince most learned and communicative; to whom in Malabar their excess of zeal dedicated a temple, raised on seven hundred pillars, not inferior in Maffæus's * opinion to those of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimant the marvellous, his relation and successor, whose knowledge was so great, as made his followers doubt if even that wise species could arrive at such perfection; and therefore, they rather imagined him and his race a sort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portuguese took in Bisnagar, 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to Linschotten,† the immense sum of seven hundred thousand ducats. Nor let me quit this head without mentioning with all due respect Orang Outang the great, the last of this line, whose unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Orang Outang, whose value was not known to us, for he was a mute philosopher: Orang Outang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson ‡ has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *homo sylvestris* and our human body, in those organs by which the rational soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this people as

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* Maff. l. i. † Linschot. ch. 44.—P.

‡ Dr. Tyson's Anatomy of a Pigmy, 4to.—P.

sunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beasts. Yet even at this time what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving some from the spleen, and others from imposthumes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons! with what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life! and what surprising relations have le Comte * and others given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them! If under their present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a term of life as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men; what prodigies may we not conceive of those who were *nati melioribus annis*, those primitive, longeval, and antediluvian man-tigers, who first taught science to the world!

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correspondent to several opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiscovered both by them and the more ingenious moderns. And now what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery? what but that they should abate their pride, and consider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beasts? that these, who were our elder brothers by a day in the creation, whose kingdom (like that in the scheme of Plato) was governed by philosophers, who flourished with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now distinguished and known only by the same appellation as the man-tiger and the monkey?

As to speech, I make no question, that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their

* Father le Comte, a Jesuit, in the account of his travels.—P.

native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, "that they will not speak for fear of being set to work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is, that these observant creatures, having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it necessary not to shew themselves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they could at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so averse to that natural and open cheerfulness, which is generally observed to accompany all true knowledge.

But now were it possible, that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly serviceable to the learned world, both in respect of recovering past knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no nation in the world, whose natural turn is adapted to engage their society, and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation, where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate them by assimilated motions? no nation where the women, with easy freedoms, and the gentlest treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wish this nation might be Great Britain; but, alas! in our present wretched, divided condition, how can we hope, that foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties, and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country?

The affection I bear our neighbour state would incline me to wish it were Holland—

> Sed lævâ in parte mamillæ
> Nil salit Arcadico.

It is from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose late monarch took the sciences under his protection, and raised them to so great a height. May we not hope their emissaries will some time or other have instructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beasts, the true ancient man-tigers I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of these be adapted to the improvement of the several sciences? the man-tigers to instruct heroes, statesmen, and scholars; baboons to teach ceremony and address to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of less learning to form comedians and dancing masters; and marmosets, court pages and young English travellers? But the distinguishing of each kind, and allotting the proper business to each, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating genius of the Jesuits in their respective missions.

Vale & fruere.

ANNUS MIRABILIS;

OR THE

WONDERFUL EFFECTS

OF THE APPROACHING

CONJUNCTION OF THE PLANETS JUPITER, MARS, AND SATURN.

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, PHILOMATH.

ANNUS MIRABILIS, &c.

I SUSPECT that this ludicrous but indecent piece of humour was a contribution by Dr. Arbuthnot to the Miscellany. As there is an allusion to Bishop Atterbury's imprisonment, the piece was probably written in 1722.

ANNUS MIRABILIS;

OR THE

WONDERFUL EFFECTS

OF THE APPROACHING

CONJUNCTION OF THE PLANETS JUPITER, MARS, AND SATURN.

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, PHILOMATH.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora——

—o—

I SUPPOSE everybody is sufficiently apprised of, and duly prepared for, the famous conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this instant December 1722, foretold by all the sages of antiquity under the name of the *annus mirabilis*, or the metamorphostical conjunction; a word which denotes the mutual transformation of sexes, (the effect of that configuration of the celestial bodies,) the human

males being to be turned into females, and the human females into males.

The Egyptians have represented this great transformation by several significant hieroglyphics, particularly one very remarkable. There are carved upon an obelisk, a barber and a midwife; the barber delivers his razor to the midwife, and she her swaddling clothes to the barber. Accordingly, Thales Milesius, (who, like the rest of his countrymen, borrowed his learning from the Egyptians,) after having computed the time of this famous conjunction, "then," says he, "shall men and women mutually exchange the pangs of shaving and child-bearing."

Anaximander modestly describes this metamorphosis in mathematical terms, "then," says he, "shall the negative quantity of the women be turned into the positive, their — into + (*i.e.*) their *minus* into *plus*."

Plato not only speaks of this great change, but describes all the preparations toward it. "Long before the bodily transformation," says he, "nature shall begin the most difficult part of her work, by changing the ideas and inclinations of the two sexes: men shall turn effeminate, and women manly; wives shall domineer, and husbands obey; ladies shall ride a-horse-back, dressed like cavaliers; princes and nobles appear in nightrails and petticoats; men shall squeak upon theatres with female voices, and women corrupt virgins; lords shall knot and cut paper:* and even the northern people ἀρσένα κυπρὶν ὀρινεῖν, a phrase (which, for modesty's sake, I forbear to translate) which denotes a vice too frequent among us.

That the ministry foresaw this great change, is

* Lord Harvey was said to excel in both these accomplishments.

plain from the calico act; whereby it is now become the occupation of the women all over England, to convert their useless female habits into beds, window-curtains, chairs, and joint-stools; undressing themselves (as it were) before their transformation.

The philosophy of this transformation will not seem surprising to people who search into the bottom of things. Madam Bourignon, a devout French lady, has shewn us, how man was at first created male and female in one individual, having the faculty of propagation within himself; a circumstance necessary to the state of innocence, wherein a man's happiness was not to depend upon the caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas*, that he had his female mate. Many such transformations of individuals have been well attested; particularly one by Montaigne, and another by the late Bishop of Salisbury. From all which it appears, that this system of male and female has already undergone, and may hereafter suffer, several alterations. Every smatterer in anatomy knows, that a woman is but an introverted man; a new fusion and *flatus* will turn the hollow bottom of a bottle into a convexity; but I forbear, for the sake of my modest men-readers, who are in a few days to be virgins.

In some subjects the smallest alterations will do; some men are sufficiently spread about the hips, and contrived with that female softness, that they want only the negative quantity to make them buxom wenches; and there are women who are, as it were, already the *ébauche** of a good sturdy man. If nature could be puzzled, it will be how to bestow the redundant matter of the exuberant bubbies that now appear about town, or how to roll out the short dapper fellows into well-sized women.

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* Sketch, rough draught, or essay.—S.

This great conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday the 29th instant. Accordingly about eight at night, as Senezino shall begin at the opera, *Si videte*, he shall be observed to make an unusual motion; upon which the audience will be affected with a red suffusion over their countenance; and because a strong succession of the muscles of the belly is necessary toward performing this great operation, both sexes will be thrown into a profuse involuntary laughter. Then, to use the modest term of Anaximander, "shall negative quantity be turned into positive," &c. Time never beheld, nor will it ever assemble, such a number of untouched virgins within those walls; but, alas! such will be the impatience and curiosity of people to act in their new capacity, that many of them will be completed men and women that very night. To prevent the disorders that may happen upon this occasion, is the chief design of this paper.

Gentlemen have begun already to make use of this conjunction to compass their filthy purposes. They tell the ladies, forsooth, that it is only parting with a perishable commodity, hardly of so much value as a calico under-petticoat; since, like its mistress, it will be useless in the form it is now in. If the ladies have no regard to the dishonour and immorality of the action, I desire they will consider, that nature, who never destroys her own productions, will exempt big-bellied women till the time of their lying in; so that not to be transformed, will be the same as to be pregnant. If they do not think it worth while to defend a fortress that is to be demolished in a few days, let them reflect, that it will be a melancholy thing nine months hence to be brought to bed of a bastard, a posthumous bastard, as it were, to which the *quondam* father can be no more than a dry nurse.

This wonderful transformation is the instrument of nature to balance matters between the sexes. The cruelty of scornful mistresses shall be returned; the slighted maid shall grow into an imperious gallant, and reward her undoer with a big belly, and a bastard.

It is hardly possible to imagine the revolutions that this wonderful phenomenon will occasion over the face of the earth. I long impatiently to see the proceedings of the Parliament of Paris, as to the title of succession to the crown; this being a case not provided for by the Salique law. There will be no preventing disorders among friars and monks; for certainly vows of chastity do not bind, but under the sex in which they were made. The same will hold good with marriages, though I think it will be a scandal among Protestants for husband and wives to part, since there remains still a possibility to perform the *debitum conjugale*, by the husband being *femme couverte*. I submit it to the judgment of the gentlemen of the long robe, whether the transformation does not discharge all suits of rapes.

The Pope must undergo a new groping: but the false prophet Mahomet has contrived matters well for his successors; for as the grand signior has now a great many fine women, he will then have as many fine young gentlemen at his devotion.

These are surprising scenes; but I beg leave to affirm, that the solemn operations of nature are subjects of contemplation, not of ridicule. Therefore I make it my earnest request to the merry fellows and giggling girls about town, that they would not put themselves in a high twitter, when they go to visit a general lying-in of his first child; his officers serving as midwives, nurses, and rockers, dispensing caudle; or if they behold the reverend prelates dressing the heads and airing the linen at court, I

beg they will remember that these offices must be filled with people of the greatest regularity, and best characters. For the same reason I am sorry, that a certain prelate, who, notwithstanding his confinement, still preserves his healthy cheerful countenance, cannot come in time to be a nurse at court.

I likewise earnestly entreat the maids of honour, (then ensigns and captains of the guards,) that at their first setting out, they have some regard to their former station; and do not run wild through all the infamous houses about town: that the present grooms of the bed-chamber (then maids of honour) would not eat chalk and lime in their green-sickness: and, in general, that the men would remember they are become retromingent, and not by inadvertency lift up against walls and posts.

Petticoats will not be burdensome to the clergy; but balls and assemblies will be indecent for some time.

As for you, coquettes, bawds, and chambermaids, (the future ministers, plenipotentiaries, and cabinet-counsellors to the princes of the earth,) manage the great intrigues that will be committed to your charge, with your usual secrecy and conduct; and the affairs of your masters will go better than ever.

O ye exchange-women! * (our right worshipful representatives that are to be,) be not so griping in the sale of your ware as your predecessors, but consider that the nation, like a spendthrift heir, has run out: be likewise a little more continent in your tongues than you are at present, else the length of debates will spoil your dinners.

You housewifely good women, who now preside

* Exeter-Change was tenanted, at this time, by a number of sempstresses, and other female dealers in haberdashery, who kept small shops or booths there.

over the confectionary, (henceforth commissioners of the treasury,) be so good as to dispense the sugar-plums of the government with a more impartial and frugal hand.

Ye prudes and censorious old maids, (the hopes of the bench,) exert but your usual talents of finding faults, and the laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such slender evidences as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent oyster-merchants of Billingsgate, (just ready to be called to the bar, and coifed like your sister-serjeants,) that we expect the shortening the time, and lessening the expenses of law-suits; for I think you are observed to bring your debates to a short issue; and even custom will restrain you from taking the oyster, and leaving only the shell to your client.

O ye physicians! who in the figure of old women are to clean the tripe in the markets, scour it as effectually as you have done that of your patients, and the town will fare most deliciously on Saturdays.

I cannot but congratulate human nature upon this happy transformation: the only expedient left to restore the liberties and tranquillity of mankind. This is so evident, that it is almost an affront to common sense to insist upon the proof: if there can be any such stupid creature as to doubt it, I desire he will make but the following obvious reflection. There are in Europe alone, at present, about a million of sturdy fellows, under the denomination of standing-forces, with arms in their hands: that those are masters of the lives, liberties, and fortunes of all the rest, I believe nobody will deny. It is no less true in fact, that reams of paper, and above a square mile of skins of vellum, have been employed to no purpose to settle peace among those sons of

violence. Pray who is he that will say unto them, "go and disband yourselves?" but lo! by this transformation it is done at once, and the halcyon days of public tranquillity return: for neither the military temper nor discipline can taint the soft sex for a whole age to come: *bellaque matribus invisa*, wars odious to mothers, will not grow immediately palatable to their paternal estate.

Nor will the influence of this transformation be less in family tranquillity than it is in national.

Great faults will be amended; and frailties forgiven on both sides. A wife who has been disturbed with late hours, and choked with the *haut-gout* of a sot, will remember her sufferings, and avoid the temptations; and will for the same reasons indulge her mate, in his family capacity, in some passions, which she is sensible from experience are natural to the sex; such as vanity, fine clothes, being admired, &c. And how tenderly must she use her mate under the breeding qualms and labour-pains which she hath felt herself? In short, all unreasonable demands upon her husband must cease, because they are already satisfied, from natural experience, that they are impossible.

That the ladies may govern the affairs of the world, and the gentlemen those of their household, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty desire of

Their most sincere well-wisher,

M. S.

A

SPECIMEN OF SCRIBLERUS'S REPORTS.*

STRADLING *versus* STILES.

—o—

Le report del case argue en le commen banke devant touts les justices de le mesme banke, en le quart. an du raygne de Roy Jaques, entre Matthew Stradling, plant., et Peter Stiles, def., en un action propter certos equos coloratos, *Anglicè pyed horses*, post. per le dit Matthew vers le dit Peter.

Le recitel del case. *SIR* John Swale, of Swale-Hall in Swale Dale, *fast by the River* Swale, *Kt.*, *made his*

* William Fortescue, Esq., who, in 1736, was made a baron of the exchequer, appears to have been among Mr. Pope's most familiar and esteemed friends, and many letters to him are in the last edition of that poet's works. He was, though a lawyer, a man of great humour, talents, and integrity. This whimsical case of the pyed horses, penned in ridicule of the old musty reports, was the joint composition of Mr. Pope and Mr. Fortescue. He is mentioned by Jarvis in a letter to Pope, where, speaking of Lady M. W. M., he says,

Sedente Gayo, et *ridente* Fortescuo.—BOWLES.

Last Will and Testament: in which, among other bequests, was this, viz., Out of the kind love and respect that I bear unto my much honoured and good friend Mr. Matthew Stradling, gent., I do bequeath unto the said Matthew Stradling, gent., all my black and white horses. *The Testator had six black horses, six white horses, and six pyed horses.*

Le point. *The Debate therefore was, Whether or no the said* Matthew Stradling *should have the said pyed horses, by virtue of the said Bequest.*

Pour le Pl. Atkins apprentice *pour le* pl. *moy semble que le* pl. *recovera.*

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is the nature of horses, *and also what is* the nature of colours; *and so the argument will consequently divide itself in a twofold way, that is to say, the* formal part, *and* substantial part. Horses *are the* substantial part, *or thing bequeathed:* black and white *the formal or descriptive part.*

Horse, *in a physical sense, doth import* a certain quadruped or four-footed animal, which, by the apt and regular disposition of certain proper and convenient parts, is adapted, fitted, and constituted for the use and need of man. *Yea, so necessary and conducive was this animal conceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal, that sundry and divers acts of parliament have from time to time been made* in favour of horses.

1st Edw. VI. *Makes the transporting of horses out of the kingdom, no less a penalty than the forfeiture of* 40*l.*

2d and 3d Edw. VI. *Takes from* horse-stealers *the benefit of their clergy.*

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Hen. VIII. *condescend so far as to take care of their very* breed: *These our wise ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own*

posterity, than by also taking care of that of their horses.

And of so great esteem are horses *in the eye of the common law, that when a* Knight of the Bath *committeth any great and enormous crime, his punishment is to have his* spurs chopt off with a cleaver, *being, as Master* Bracton *well observeth,* unworthy to ride on a horse.

Littleton, Sect. 315, saith, *If tenants in common make a lease reserving for rent a* horse, *they shall have but one assize, because,* saith the book, *the law will not suffer* a horse to be severed. *Another argument of what high estimation the law maketh of a horse.*

But as the great difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial part, horses, *let us proceed to the formal or descriptive part,* viz., *What horses they are that come within this Bequest.*

Colours are commonly of various kinds and different sorts; *of which* white *and* black *are the two extremes, and, consequently,* comprehend within them all other colours whatsoever.

By a bequest therefore of black and white horses, grey or pyed horses may well pass; *for when two extremes, or remotest ends of anything are devised, the law, by common intendment, will intend* whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present case is still stronger, coming not only within the intendment, but also the very letter of the words.

By the word black, *all the horses that are* black are devised; *by the word* white, *are devised those that* are white; *and by the same word, with the conjunction copulative,* and, *between them,* the horses that are black and white, *that is to say,* pyed, are devised also.

Whatever is black and white *is* pyed, *and whatever* is pyed *is* black and white; *ergo,* black and

white *is* pyed, *and, vice versa,* pyed *is* black and white.

If therefore black and white horses *are devised,* pyed horses shall pass by such devise; but black and white horses are devised; *ergo,* the pl. shall have the pyed horses.

Pour le defend. Catlyne *Serjeant: moy semble al' contrary, the plaintiff* shall not have the pyed horses by intendment; *for if by the devise of* black and white horses, *not only black and white horses, but horses of any colour between these two extremes may pass,* then not only pyed and gray horses, but also red or bay horses, would pass likewise, which would be absurd and against reason. *And this is another strong argument in law, Nihil, quod est contra rationem, est licitum:* for reason is the life of the law, *nay the* common law is nothing but reason; *which is to be understood of* artificial perfection and reason *gotten by long study, and* not of man's natural reason; *for nemo nascitur artifex,* and legal reason *est summa ratio; and therefore if all the reason that is dispersed into so many different heads, were united into one, he could not make such a law as the law of* England; *because by many successions of ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned men; so that the old rule may be verified in it, Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiorem.*

As therefore pyed horses *do not come within the intendment of the Bequest, so neither do they within the letter of the words.*

A pyed horse *is not* a white horse, *neither is* a pyed a black horse; *how then can* pyed horses *come under the words of* black and white horses?

Besides, where custom hath adapted a certain determinate name to any one thing, in all devises, feofments, and grants, that certain name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory descriptions shall be

allowed ; *for certainty is the father of right, and the mother of justice.*

Le reste del argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui disturb en mon place.

Le court fuit longement en doubt de cest matter, et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le pl. nisi causa.

Motion in arrest of judgment, *that the* pyed horses were mares ; *and thereupon an* inspection was prayed.

Et sur ceo le court advisare vult.

A

KEY TO THE LOCK;

OR, A

TREATISE,

PROVING BEYOND ALL CONTRADICTION

THE DANGEROUS TENDENCY OF A LATE POEM,

ENTITLED

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,

TO

GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.

By Esdras Barnivelt, Apothecary.

WRITTEN IN 1714.

A KEY TO THE LOCK.

DENNIS. who early distinguished himself as the enemy of Pope's reputation, and might be therefore said to have drawn upon himself the severity with which the satirist uniformly treated him, was desirous, as is not unusual for such critics, to involve the author's religious and political opinions in the discussion of his literary merits. Being himself a strenuous Protestant and Whig, the ancient Aristarch was unwilling that the world should be seduced by the strains of an acknowledged Catholic and presumed Jacobite. In his remarks on the Rape of the Lock, and particularly in the preface, p. xii., Dennis treats Pope as an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning. In order to expose the absurdity of accusations, which connected the religious principles of the author with his lightest attempts in literature, Pope published this little piece, in which the art of extracting wire-drawn allusions to politics and controversy, from the most remote and slightest coincidences, is ridiculed with admirable effect.

The raillery had not, however, the effect of shaming dulness and malignity out of a resource so easy and so popular; in 1715, one Griffin, a player, published a Key to the What d'ye call it, in which he proved it to be a parody upon Addison's Cato, by arguments pretty similar to those adduced in the following piece.

A KEY TO THE LOCK.

SINCE this unhappy division of our nation into parties, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made use of by writers to obscure the truth, and cover designs which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their political spleen in allegory and fable. If an honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have a story of "John Bull and his wife:" if a treasurer is to be glanced at, an ant with a white straw is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphosed into a tale of "Count Tariff." *

But if any of these malevolents have a small talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were gilding the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

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* Arbuthnot's History of John Bull is quoted on the one side, and on the other, a paper of Steele's Guardian, in which some political insinuations are couched, under the allegory of a colony of ants. The satire, entitled The Trial of Count Tariff, was written in ridicule of the commercial treaty with France.

It is the duty of every well-designing subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill consequences of such pernicious treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, entitled "The Rape of the Lock;" which I shall demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that, when the meaning of anything is dubious, one can noway better judge of the true intent of it, than by considering who is the author, what is his character in general, and his disposition in particular.

Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed Papist is well known; and that a genius so capable of doing service to that cause may have been corrupted in the course of his education by Jesuits or others, is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation, which he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by those of his own persuasion. They are sensible, that this nation is secured by good and wholesome laws to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books that may in any sort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread Popish doctrines, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the government: for the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is so firmly founded on the state, that the only way to shake the one, is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion, is an accidental discovery I made, of a very artful piece of management among his Popish friends and abettors, to hide his whole design upon the government, by taking all the characters upon themselves.

Upon the day that this poem was published, it was

my fortune to step into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author, with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having (as he said) reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I inquired who he was, and they told me he was a Roman Catholic knight.

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and shewing his snuff-box* and cane, to prove he was satirized in the same character. I asked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a Roman Catholic lord.

A day or two after, I happened to be in company with the young lady to whom the poem is dedicated. She also took up the character of Belinda with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given us a hint, in his dedication,† that he meant something farther. This lady is also a Roman Catholic. At the same time, others of the characters were claimed by some persons in the room; and all of them Roman Catholics.

But to proceed to the work itself.

In all things which are intricate, as allegories in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the clew at first sight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of his intricate composition.

First, then, let it be observed, that in the most

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* —— "Of amber *snuff-box* vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."—BOWLES.

† "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) resembles you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock. —WARTON.

demonstrative sciences some *postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only *postulatum* or concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by THE LOCK is meant

THE BARRIER TREATY.*

I. First, then, I shall discover that Belinda represents Great Britain, or (which is the same thing) her late majesty. This is plainly seen in his description of her :—

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore :

alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her white cliffs, and to the cross, which is the ensign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the lock, or barrier treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clarissa, who lent the scissars, my lady Masham.

IV. Thalestris, who provokes Belinda to resent the loss of the lock, or treaty, the Duchess of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thalestris to redemand it of Great Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior characters, which we shall observe upon afterward; but I shall first explain the foregoing.

The first part of the baron's character is his being adventurous, or enterprizing, which is the common epithet given to the Earl of Oxford by his enemies.

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* For a full account of the political transactions relating to this treaty, see "The Conduct of the Allies," and "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty."—WARTON.

The prize he aspires to is the treasury, in order to which he offers a sacrifice :—

——an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.

Our author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this statesman's love to France; representing the books he chiefly studies to be vast French romances: these are the vast prospects from the friendship and alliance of France, which he satirically calls romances; hinting thereby, that these promises and protestations were no more to be relied on than those idle legends. Of these he is said to build an altar; to intimate that the foundation of his schemes and honours was fixed upon the French romances above mentioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he sacrifices is a fan; which, both for its gaudy show and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of the ladies of the bed-chamber.* The garter alludes to the honours he conferred on some of his friends; and we may, without straining the sense, call the half pair of gloves a gauntlet, the token of those military employments, which he is said to have sacrificed to his designs. The prize, as I said before, means the treasury, which he makes his prayers soon to obtain, and long to possess.

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

In the first of these lines he gives him the treasury,

* When the Duchess of Marlborough lost Queen Anne's favour, and was succeeded by Mrs. Masham.

and in the last suggests, that he should not long possess that honour.

That Thalestris is the Duchess of Marlborough, appears both by her nearness to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent suggestion, that she is a lover of war.

> To arms, to arms, the bold Thalestris cries:

But more particularly by several passages in her speech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock or treaty. Among other things she says, "Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance?" Was it for this so much paper has been spent to secure the barrier treaty?

> Methinks, already I your tears survey;
> Already hear the horrid things they say,
> Already see you a degraded toast.

This describes the aspersions under which that good princess suffered, and the repentance which must have followed the dissolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refusal some people made to drink her majesty's health.*

Sir Plume (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with Prince Eugene:—

> Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
> With earnest eyes———

'Tis remarkable, this general is a great taker of snuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is so justly his

* A sort of disaffection prevailed for a short time in the army, upon the dismissal of the Whig administration, and many officers were dismissed for drinking the Duke of Marlborough's health in preference to that of Queen Anne.

due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the ensign of a general. His "earnest eye," or the vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscured it by the fictitious circumstance of a "round unthinking face."

Having now explained the chief characters of his human persons, (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the by, in the sequel of this discourse,) I shall next take in pieces his machinery, wherein the satire is wholly confined to ministers of state.

The sylphs and gnomes at first sight appeared to me to signify the two contending parties of this nation; for, these being placed in the air, and those on the earth, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, high and low. But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the heads of parties; whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state, which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation.

> This erring mortals levity may call:
> O blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for, speaking of these spirits, he says, in express terms,—

> ———The chief the care of nations own,
> And guard, with arms divine, the British throne.

And here let it not seem odd, if, in this mysterious way of writing, we find the same person, who has before been represented by the baron, again described

in the character of Ariel; it being a common way with authors, in the fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance, I have read in St. Evremond, that all the different characters in Petronius are but Nero in so many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarchus and Archombrotus mean only the King of Navarre.

We observe, in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is possessed of the ear of Belinda; therefore it is absolutely necessary, that this person must be the minister who was nearest the queen. But whoever would be further convinced that he meant the treasurer, may know him by his ensigns in the following line:—

> He raised his azure wand.

His sitting on the mast of a vessel shews his presiding over the South Sea trade. When Ariel assigns to his sylphs all the posts about Belinda, what is more clearly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her majesty? But let us hear the lines:

> ———Ye spirits, to your charge repair,
> The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
> The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
> And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
> Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bedchamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her majesty's dresser, and impudently given nicknames to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the sylphs are said to be wondrous fond of place, in the canto following, where Ariel is perched uppermost,

and all the rest take their places subordinately under him.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the same invidious stroke which he gave him in the character of the baron before.

> Amazed, confused, he saw his power expired,
> Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired:

being another prophecy that he should resign his place, which it is probable all ministers do, with a sigh.

At the head of the gnomes he sets Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy spirit, who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen; a vile and malicious suggestion against some grave and worthy minister. The vapours, phantoms, visions, and the like, are the jealousies, fears, and cries of danger, that have so often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Those who are described, in the house of spleen, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their ill-willers have so often called the whimsical.*

The two foregoing spirits being the only considerable characters of the machinery, I shall but just mention the sylph, that is wounded with the scissars at the loss of the lock; by whom is undoubtedly understood my Lord Townshend, who at that time received a wound in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was cut out of his employment upon the dissolution of it: but that spirit reunites, and receives no harm: to signify that it came to nothing, and his lordship had no real hurt by it.

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* There was a political party so called at the time, because they were neither determined Whigs nor Tories.

But I must not conclude this head of the characters without observing, that our author has run through every stage of beings in search of topics for detraction. As he has characterized some persons under angels and men, so he has others under animals and things inanimate: he has even represented an eminent clergyman as a dog, and a noted writer as a tool. Let us examine the former:—

> ———But Shock, who thought she slept too long,
> Leapt up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
> 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
> Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux.

By this Shock, it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverell, who leapt up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his tongue, that is, with his sermon, which made so much noise, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a dog. Or, perhaps, by his tongue may be more literally meant his speech at his trial, since immediately thereupon, our author says, her eyes opened on a billet-doux. Billets-doux being addresses to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted those addresses of loving subjects to her majesty, which ensued that trial.

The other instance is at the end of the third canto:—

> Steel did the labours of the gods destroy,
> And strike to dust the imperial tow'rs of Troy.
> Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
> And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleasure of her majesty, or of her ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his

friend Mr. Steele. A very artful pun, to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now considered the great extent and scope of the poem, and opened the character, I shall next discover the malice which is covered under the episodes, and particular passages of it.

The game at ombre is a mystical representation of the late war, which is hinted by his making spades the trump; spade in Spanish signifying a sword, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the queen, and her success in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the two that play against her, viz., the Kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but every particular card has its person and character assigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the disgrace under which the Duke of Marlborough then suffered, which is so apparent in these verses:—

> Even mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
> And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,
> Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
> Falls undistinguish'd———

And that the author here had an eye to our modern transactions, is very plain, from an unguarded stroke toward the end of this game:—

> And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
> On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.

After the conclusion of the war, the public rejoicings and thanksgivings are ridiculed in the two following lines:—

> The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky,
> The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation, in the manner of a prophecy, (which we have formerly observed this seditious writer delights in,) that the peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterward be cursed, which was then celebrated with so much joy :—

> Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
> And cursed for ever this victorious day.

As the game at ombre is a satirical representation of the late war, so is the tea-table that ensues, of the council-table, and its consultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the trade in this place, appears by the passage which represents the sylphs particularly careful of the rich brocade; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that French brocades were imported in great quantities. I will not say he means those presents of rich gold stuff suits, which were said to be made her majesty by the King of France, though I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the scandalous John Dunton) represents the ministry, in plain terms, taking frequent cups,

> And frequent cups prolong the rich repast;

for it is manifest he meant something more than common coffee, by calling it,

> Coffee that makes the politician wise;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

> Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
> New stratagems.——

I shall only further observe, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where but at the council-board should the barrier treaty be dissolved?

The ensuing contentions of the parties upon the loss of that treaty, are described in the squabbles following the rape of the lock; and this he rashly expresses without any disguise,

> All side in parties——

and here you have a gentleman who sinks beside the chair: a plain allusion to a noble lord, who lost his chair of president of the council.

I come next to the bodkin, so dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the British sceptre, so revered in the hand of our late august princess. His own note upon this place tells us he alludes to a sceptre; and the verses are so plain, they need no remark:—

> The same (his ancient personage to deck)
> Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck
> In three seal rings, which, after melted down,
> Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
> Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
> The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
> Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
> Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open satire upon hereditary right! The three seal rings plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

These are the chief passages in the battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the squabble of parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his malig-

nant joy at those dissensions, from which he forms the prospect that both should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accomplished.

> Behold how oft ambitious aims are crost,
> And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost.

The lock at length is turned into a star, or the old barrier treaty into a new and glorious peace. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean: in hopes by that compliment to escape the punishment for the rest of this piece. It put me in mind of a fellow who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days with these lines:—

> God save the king, the commons, and the peers,
> And grant the author long may wear his ears.*

Whatever this author may think of that peace, I imagine it the most extraordinary star that ever appeared in our hemisphere. A star that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whose influence, not Mr. John Partridge alone, (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules,) but all true Britons may, with no less authority than he, prognosticate the fall of Lewis in the restraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the fate of Rome in the triumphant condition of the Church of England.

We have now considered this poem in its political view, wherein we have shewn, that it has two different walks of satire; the one in the story

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* The libel, it is said, was levelled against James I., who answered to the couplet, "And so thou shalt for me; thou art a sharp knave, but a witty one."

itself, which is a ridicule on the late transactions in general; the other in the machinery, which is a satire on the ministers of state in particular. I shall now shew that the same poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to Popery, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of guardian angels and patron saints in the machinery of his sylphs, which being a piece of Popish superstition that has been exploded ever since the Reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the particulars which they believe of those beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1st, The spirits are made to concern themselves with all human actions in general.

2ndly, A distinct guardian spirit or patron is assigned to each person in particular:—

> Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
> A watchful sprite———

3rdly, They are made directly to inspire dreams, visions, and revelations:—

> Her guardian sylph prolong'd her balmy rest,
> 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
> The morning dream——

4thly, They are made to be subordinate to different degrees, some presiding over others. So Ariel has his several under-officers at command:—

> Superior by the head was Ariel placed.

5thly, They are employed in various offices, and each has his office assigned him:—

> Some in the fields of purest ether play,
> And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
> Some guide the course, &c.

6thly, He hath given his spirits the charge of the several parts of dress; intimating thereby that the saints preside over the several parts of human bodies. They have one saint to cure the toothache, another the gripes, another the gout, and so of the rest.

> The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care,
> The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.

7thly, They are represented to know the thoughts of men:—

> As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
> He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind.

8thly, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:—

> Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over hogs, &c.

9thly, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:—

> Of these the chief the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the Papists to defend England; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. James, Spain, &c. Now what is the consequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we must be brought back again to pray to them.

The toilette is an artful recommendation of the mass, and pompous ceremonies of the church of Rome. The unveiling of the altar, the silver vases

upon it; being robed in white, as the priests are upon the chief festivals; and the head uncovered, are manifest marks of this:—

> A heavenly image in the glass appears,
> To that she bends——

plainly denotes image worship.

The goddess, who is decked with treasures, jewels, and the various offerings of the world, manifestly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the incense-pot in the following line:—

> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, represents the Popish religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is described in the state this malevolent author wishes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overspreading the whole nation with ceremonies:—

> Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain
> The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
> Than issuing forth the rival of his beams
> Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

She is dressed with a cross on her breast, the ensign of Popery, the adoration of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:—

> On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
> Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Next he represents her as the universal church, according to the boasts of the Papists:—

> And like the sun, she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it should be granted some errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the sacrifice following you have these two lines:—

> For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
> Propitious Heaven and ev'ry power adored.

In the first of them he plainly hints at their rising to matins; in the second, by adoring every power, the invocation of saints.

Belinda's visits are described with numerous wax-lights, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Romish worship:—

> ——Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
> When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The lunar sphere he mentions, opens to us their Purgatory, which is seen in the following line:—

> Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.

It is a Popish doctrine, that scarce any person quits this world, but he must touch at purgatory in his way to Heaven; and it is here also represented as the treasury of the Romish church. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the moon should be purgatory, when a learned divine hath, in a late treatise, proved the sun to be hell.*

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* The Reverend Dr. Swinden.—WARTON.

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader to compare this key with those upon any other pieces, which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either ancient or modern: in particular, with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's True History, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua; and I doubt not he will do me the justice to acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are deduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general scope and bent of the work, and from the several particulars: furthermore, that they are everyway as consistent and undeniable, everyway as candid, as any modern interpretations of either party on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able state decipherers themselves, if, according to their art, anything can be more fully proved, or more safely sworn to?

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words: he has ridiculed both the present ministry and the last; abused great statesmen and great generals; nay, the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him, nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of his satire; and all this he has done just at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made use of to bring him to condign punishment. In the meanwhile I doubt not, if the persons most concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintot, the printer and publisher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into custody and examined, many further discoveries might be made, both of this poet's and his abettors' secret designs, which are doubtless of the utmost importance to the government.

MEMOIRS OF P. P.,

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.

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THIS humorous piece is written in almost avowed ridicule of Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time. The weak points in that curious and interesting performance, are seized with great and successful address. Yet Burnet's egotism, which is here the subject of such poignant satire, is neither without excuse nor advantage. His intention being to narrate at once his own private memoirs with the history of the interesting events which he had witnessed, it occasioned an unavoidable mixture of personal and unimportant anecdote with the narrative of the fate of nations. It may indeed be urged, that the plan itself was that of a vain and opinionative mind; nor does the reverend historian's private character altogether clear him of the accusation. But, on the other hand, to give authenticity to his detail of secret and important transactions, it was necessary for the author to shew in what manner he came to the knowledge of that which future ages were to receive upon his credit. And if, after all, traces of vanity and self-importance are found to occur more frequently than can be justified by these considerations, let us reflect how much we owe the author, who, at the risk of at once ridicule and of misrepresentation, did not hesitate to give to the world much valuable information, which prudence perhaps would have suppressed, and which could not have been procured through any other channel. When this is remembered, we may pardon the naïveté with which the good prelate dwells upon petty personal incidents, and upon the history of his own obscure relations; and, while we laugh with the satirist, may still retain our gratitude and esteem for the author who is the object of his severity.

It must not be concealed that Pope, in the testimonies prefixed to the Dunciad, informs us that these Memoirs were written

at the seat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person Bishop Burnet's death, and many years before the appearance of that history of which they are pretended to be an abuse. But I am afraid this can only be understood as evading the accusation. For although the Memoirs might be written before the history was made public, yet the communicative disposition of the bishop left his contemporaries in no doubt as to the general nature of the work, on which he had long laboured, and from which he was accustomed to read liberal extracts to his visitors. The satire, therefore, must be considered as a sort of anticipation of the history against which it is levelled; which is the more probable, as the ridicule is of a general nature, and not drawn so close as to appear a parody of any particular part of the bishop's work. It would seem, from what follows in the same passage, that Mr. James Moore Smyth not only urged Dr. Arbuthnot and Pope to join him in a design of ridiculing Burnet's History, but even borrowed the Memoirs, with intent to turn them to such abuse. "But being able," continues Pope, "to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance."

MEMOIRS OF P. P.,

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio; which might justly be entitled "The importance of a Man to himself;" but, as it can be of very little use to anybody besides, I have contented myself to give only the short abstract of it, as a taste of the true spirit of memoir-writers.

IN the name of the Lord. Amen. I., P. P., by the grace of God, clerk of this parish, writeth this history.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish-clerk: and to that end, it

* It was impossible but that such a history as Burnet's, which these Memoirs are intended to ridicule, relating recent events, so near the time of their transaction, should be variously represented by the violent parties that have agitated and disgraced this country; though these parties arise from the very nature of our

seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this land; such I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord, *Anno Domini* 1665, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Esquire Brett, did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said, "that one and the same day did give to this our church two rare gifts, its great bell and its clerk."

Even when I was at school, my mistress did even

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free government. Accordingly this prelate's History of his Own Time was as much vilified and depreciated by the Tories, as praised and magnified by the Whigs. As he related the actions of a persecutor and a benefactor, he was accused of partiality, injustice, malignity, flattery, and falsehood, Bevil Higgins, and Lord Lansdown, and others, wrote remarks on him; as did the great Lord Peterborough, whose animadversions, as his amanuensis, a Mr. Holloway, assured me, were very severe; they were never published. As Burnet was much trusted and consulted by King William, and had a great share in bringing about the Revolution, his narrations, it must be owned, have a strong tincture of self-importance and egotism. These two qualities are chiefly exposed in these Memoirs. Hume and Dalrymple have taken occasion to censure him. After all, he was a man of great abilities, of much openness and frankness of nature, of much courtesy and benevolence, indefatigable in his studies, and in performing constantly the duties of his station. His character is finely drawn by the Marquis of Halifax: one paragraph of which is too remarkable to be omitted: "His indifference for preferment; his contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary plenty; his degrading himself to the lowest and most painful duties of his calling; are such unprelatical qualities, that let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a dissenter." Few persons or prelates would have had the boldness and honesty to write such a remonstrance to Charles II. on his dissolute life and manners, as did Burnet in the year 1680. We may easily guess what the sycophants of that profligate court, and their profligate master, said and thought of the piety and freedom of this letter.—Dr. WARTON.

extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as, "The Lady and Death," "The Children in the Wood," and "Chevy-chace;" and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always ventured to lead the psalm next after Master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the glory of God) was a most excellent parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen, I became a company keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch, that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for a hat, that was edged with silver galoon; but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever dexterous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a base-born child laid

unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies; thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye, and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and to do away mine offences and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath-day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! for the minister (who had long looked on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good Master William Harris.

[Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general,* and that particular one with Susanna his present wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.]

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when first I took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my

* Bishop Burnet was three times married, which the High Church divines considered as somewhat unprelatical.

voice quaver for fear; and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Thomson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, knight and baronet, and my young master the esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

[The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on the following:]

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses, which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog, which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples, which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands, I did make plain and smooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be

neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water,) and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

[Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us, he did not neglect his usual occupations as a handicraftsman.]

Shoes, saith he, did I make (and if entreated, mend) with good approbation; faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery I also practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed; how that being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes, instead of a washball, and with lamp-black powdered his peruke. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray; he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And thirdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady to set a heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefor, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty; whom God preserve! Amen.

[The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be owned, that when he speaks as a shoemaker

he is very absurd. He talks of Moses pulling off his shoes, of tanning the hides of the bulls of Basan, of Simon the tanner, &c., and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the apostles were instructed to travel without shoes, the precept did not extend to their successors.]

[The next relates how he discovered a thief with a bible and key, and experimented verses of the psalms that had cured agues.]

[I pass over many others, which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the succession of curates; a list of the weekly texts; what psalms he chose on proper occasions; and what children were born and buried; the last of which articles he concludes thus:]

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

[The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church,* part of which I transcribe.]

Now was the long-expected time arrived, when

* Burnet's account of the Revolution, and of the share which he himself had in that memorable event.

the psalms of King David should be hymned unto the same tunes, to which he played them upon his harp; so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody. Now was our overabundant quaver and trifling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like excise-men; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of worship.—What though they accused me of humming through the nostril as a sackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same.* I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery, and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

[Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the lawsuits of the parson and his parishioners concerning tithes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the history might be completed by any of his successors, in whose time these suits should be ended.]

[The next contains an account of the briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2s. and 7¾d. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1s. ½d. For an inundation, a King Charles's groat, given by Lady Frances, &c.]

* It may perhaps savour of the ingenuity of Mr. Esdras Barnvelt, to discover in this passage any allusion to the snuffling intonation ascribed to the Scottish Kirk, to which Burnet was supposed to retain some attachment.

[In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefits arising from those at funerals, concluding with these words, "Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expense of a hat-band, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious divine, that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in Heaven."]

[In another he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but, after great encomiums, concludes, "that notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening."]

[We find in another chapter how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience, by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logic, that animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; but how he was again comforted with the reflection, that if so, they might be allowed Christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.]

[In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the church officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the vicar concerning the use of texts. Let a preacher (says he) consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. Micah the 3d and 11th affordeth

good matter for courtiers and court-serving men. "The heads of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?" Were the first minister to point out a preacher before the House of Commons,* would not he be wise to make choice of these words? "Give, and it shall be given unto you." Or before the Lords, "Giving no offence, that the ministry be not blamed," 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an administration, "Who maketh his ministers a flaming fire," Psal. civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts as too tedious.]

[From this period the style of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the effigies of Dr. Sacheverell, and I found the opposite page all on a foam with politics.]

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverell.† I had ever the

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* This application of texts is equal in humour to what is said on the same subject in Eachard's Contempt of the Clergy; a work that abounds in wit, and was evidently much read by Swift. It was unfortunate for Dr. Sheridan that, with his usual absence of mind, he chose for his text, to a sermon on the accession of George I., "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" little imagining any offence could be taken.—Dr. WARTON.

† Bolingbroke, speaking of Sacheverell, in his Dedication to Sir Robert Walpole, says, "You had a sermon to condemn, and a parson to roast; for that, I think, was the decent language of the time; and, to carry on the allegory, you roasted him in so fierce a fire, that you burnt yourselves; your arguments being confined to the propositions this preacher had advanced, you may seem rather to have justified resistance, or the means employed to bring about the Revolution, than the Revolution itself."—Dr. WARTON.

interest of our high-church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred more than the heathen or Gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself, that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose did I institute a weekly assembly of divers worthy men at the Rose and Crown alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read to them the Postboy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterward among ourselves.

Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciseman; Thomas White, wheelwright, and myself.

First, of the first, Robert Jenkins. He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed a horse of a whig or a fanatic but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle by the mother's side had formerly been servitor at Maudlin College, where the glorious Sacheverell was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister

came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, spake of the same unto other members of Parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

[After this, the book is turned on a sudden from his own life to a history of all the public transactions of Europe, compiled from the newspapers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last, to my no small astonishment, that all the measures of the four last years of the queen, together with the peace at Utrecht, which have been usually attributed to the Earl of Oxford, Duke of Ormond, Lords Harcourt and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, P. P.

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the country on purpose: but could not find the least trace of him; till by accident I met an old clergyman, who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Phillips, who had been dead about twelve years. And upon inquiry, all we could learn of that person from the neighbourhood was, that he had been taken notice of, for swallowing loaches, and remembered by some people by a black and

white cur, with one ear, that constantly followed him.]

[In the church-yard I read this epitaph, said to be written by himself.]

O reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man
That never spareth none.

REASONS

HUMBLY OFFERED BY

THE COMPANY EXERCISING THE TRADE AND MYSTERY

OF

UPHOLDERS,

AGAINST PART OF THE

BILL,

FOR THE BETTER VIEWING, SEARCHING, AND EXAMINING DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c. 1724.*

—o—

BEING called upon by several retailers and dispensers of drugs and medicines about town, to use our endeavours against the bill now depending for viewing, &c. In regard of our common interest, and in gratitude to the said retailers and dispensers of

* In the year 1724, the physicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries dispensing medicines without the prescription of a physician; during which this tract was dispersed in the Court of Requests.—H. It was probably written by Dr. Arbuthnot, to whose department it lies more near than to that of

medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we presume to lay the following reasons before the public against the said bill.

That the company of upholders are far from being averse to the giving of drugs and medicines in general, provided they be of such qualities as we require, and administered by such persons, in whom our company justly repose the greatest confidence; and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade, and the consumption of the woollen manufacture of this kingdom.

We beg leave to observe, that there has been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citizens, whom we have attended. Our practice, which consists chiefly in outward applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a second operation, excepting one gentlewoman, who, after her first burial, having burdened her husband with a new brood of posthumous children, her second funeral was by us performed without any further charges to the said husband of the deceased. And we humbly hope, that one single instance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a sexton, in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of skill or care in our company.

We humbly conceive, that the power by this bill lodged in the censors of the college of physicians to restrain any of his majesty's subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed persons from taking, what medicines they please, is a manifest encroachment on the liberty and property of the subject.

As the company, exercising the trade and mystery

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any of the other members of the Scriblerus Club. His irony is hardly to be distinguished from that of Swift.

of upholders, have an undisputed right in and upon the bodies of all and every the subjects of the kingdom, we conceive the passing of this bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them out of possession by unreasonable delays, to the great detriment of our company, and their numerous families.

We hope it will be considered, that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs, and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reversionary patents, and reversionary promises of preferments, leases upon single lives, and play-debts upon joint lives, and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way, than by the dispensing of drugs and medicines in the manner they now are: burying alive being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That there are many of the deceased, who, by certain mechanical motions and powers, are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time, by any other well-ordered government: by want of a due police in this particular, our company have been great sufferers.

That frequent funerals contribute to preserve the genealogies of families, and the honours conferred by the crown, which are nowhere so well illustrated as on this solemn occasion; to maintain necessitous clergy; to enable the clerks to appear in decent habits to officiate on Sunday; to feed the great retinue of sober and melancholy men who appear

at the said funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular employment. Moreover, we desire that it may be remembered, that, by the passing of this bill, the nobility and gentry will have their old coaches lie upon their hand, which are now employed by our company.

And we farther hope, that frequent funerals will not be discouraged, as it is by this bill proposed, it being the only method left of carrying some people to church.

We are afraid, that, by the hardships of this bill, our company will be reduced to leave their business here, and practise at York and Bristol, where the free use of bad medicines will be still allowed.

It is therefore hoped, that no specious pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in defiance of art) as long as they can by the course of nature, to the prejudice of our company and the decay of trade.

That as our company are likely to suffer, in some measure, by the power given to physicians to dissect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope, that the manufacture of cases for skeletons will be reserved solely to coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume, that the interest of the several trades and professions which depend upon ours, may be regarded; such as that of hearses, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, stone-cutters, feathermen, and bell-ringers; and especially the manufacturers of crapes; and the makers of stuff; who use great quantities of old coffins, and who, considered in the consumption of their drugs, employ by far the greatest number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN

OF THE

CITY OF LONDON,

THE

HUMBLE PETITION

OF THE

COLLIERS, COOKS, COOK-MAIDS, BLACKSMITHS, JACK-MAKERS, BRAZIERS, AND OTHERS,

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas certain *virtuosi*, disaffected to the government, and to the trade and prosperity of this kingdom, taking upon them the name and title of the CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have presumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the sun-beams, by the help of certain glasses, to make, produce, and kindle up several new focuses or fires within these his Majesty's dominions, and there to

boil, bake, stew, fry, and dress all sorts of victuals and provisions, to brew, distil spirits, smelt ore, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themselves the monopoly of this their said invention: We beg leave humbly to represent to your honours,

That such grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, children, servants, and trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the said invention, but warming of cellars and dressing of suppers in the winter-time. That the abolishing of so considerable a branch of the coasting-trade as that of the colliers, will destroy the navigation of this kingdom. That whereas the said catoptrical victuallers talk of making use of the moon by night, as of the sun by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of tallow-chandlers, and impair a very considerable branch of the revenue, which arises from the tax upon tallow and candles.

That the said catoptrical victuallers do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the sun, which is appointed to rule the day, and not to roast mutton. And we humbly conceive it will be found contrary to the known laws of this kingdom, to confine, forestal, and monopolize the beams of the sun. And whereas the said catoptrical victuallers have undertaken, by burning glasses made of ice, to roast an ox upon the Thames next winter: we conceive all such practices to be an encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the company of watermen.

That the diversity of exposition of the several kitchens in this great city, whereby some receive the rays of the sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great irregularity as to the time of dining of the several inhabitants, and consequently great uncer-

tainty and confusion in the dispatch of business; and to those who, by reason of their northern exposition, will be still forced to be at the expense of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to such inequality, as is inconsistent with common justice: and the same inconveniency will affect landlords in the value of their rents.

That the use of the said glasses will oblige cooks and cook-maids to study optics and astronomy, in order to know the due distance of the said focuses or fires, and to adjust the position of their glasses to the several altitudes of the sun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the seasons of the year; which studies, at these years, will be highly troublesome to the said cooks and cook-maids, not to say anything of the utter incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult arts; or (which is still a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of cookery into the hands of astronomers and glass-grinders, persons utterly unskilled in other parts of that profession, to the great detriment of the health of his Majesty's good subjects.

That it is known by experience, that meat roasted with sun-beams is extremely unwholesome; witness several that have died suddenly after eating the provisions of the said catoptrical victuallers; forasmuch as the sun-beams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and adust, occasion great sweatings, and dry up the rectual moisture.

That sun-beams taken inwardly shed a malignant influence upon the brain, by their natural tendency toward the moon; and produce madness and distraction at the time of the full moon. That the constant use of so great quantities of this inward light, will occasion the growth of quakerism, to the danger of the church: and of poetry, to the danger of the state.

That the influences of the constellations, through which the sun passes, will with his beams be conveyed into the blood; and when the sun is among the horned signs, may produce such a spirit of unchastity, as is dangerous to the honour of your worships' families.

That mankind, living much upon the seeds and other parts of plants, these being impregnated with the sun-beams, may vegetate and grow in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous consequence to human bodies than breeding of worms; and this will fall heaviest upon the poor, who live upon roots; and the weak and sickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, &c., for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent physicians, that the taste and property of the victuals is much altered to the worse by the said solar cookery, the fricassees being deprived of the *haut gout* they acquire by being dressed over charcoal.

Lastly, should it happen, by an eclipse of an extraordinary length, that this city should be deprived of the sun-beams for several months; how will his majesty's subjects subsist in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, is totally lost?

In consideration of these, and many other inconveniences, your petitioners humbly pray, that your honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the sun-beams for any of the useful purposes of life, or, in the ensuing parliament, procure a tax to be laid upon them, which may answer both the duty and price of coals, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than thirty shillings *per* yard square; reserving the sole right and privilege of the catoptrical cookery to the

Royal Society, and to the commanders and crews of the bomb-vessels, under the direction of Mr. Whiston, for finding out the longitude; who, by reason of the remoteness of their stations, may be reduced to straits for want of firing.

And we likewise beg, that your honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the reverend Mr. Flamstead, who is the legal officer appointed by the government to look after the heavenly luminaries, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned solicitor.

IT CANNOT RAIN BUT IT POURS;

OR,

LONDON STREWED WITH RARITIES.

—o—

THIS jeu d'esprit is one of the few occurring in the Miscellanies which were written by Dean Swift. Peter, the Wild Boy, to whom it principally relates, was found in 1725, in the woods of Hamelen in Hanover, walking upon his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on roots and grass. He was brought to England, and committed, for some time, to the charge of Dr. Arbuthnot, when he became the subject of this ludicrous narrative. The late ingenious, learned, and eccentric Lord Monboddo, was disposed to receive, as authentic, many of the facts which are here given by way of satire and ridicule, such as Peter's snatching at the chamberlain's staff, and attempting to kiss Lady Walpole. But this was a subject upon which the venerable metaphysician indulged himself in great extravagancies, averring the discovery of Peter to be a more extraordinary phenomenon than the discovery of thirty thousand fixed stars, more than we are already acquainted with. The truth is, that Peter, like other individuals discovered in the same situation, was nearly an idiot, and could not even acquire the use of language. He was long boarded at a farm-house in Hertfordshire, where he died in 1785, aged, as was supposed, about seventy-two years.

IT CANNOT RAIN BUT IT POURS;

OR,

LONDON STREWED WITH RARITIES.

BEING

An Account of the arrival of a White Bear, at the house of Mr. Ratcliff, in Bishopsgate street; as also of Faustina, the celebrated Italian singing-woman; and of the Copper-farthing Dean from Ireland.

AND LASTLY,

Of the wonderful Wild Man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted and taken in toils; how he behaveth himself like a dumb creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry; 1726.

WE shall begin with a description of Peter the savage, deferring our other curiosities to some following papers.

Romulus and Remus, the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orson that of the moderns, have been justly the admiration of all

mankind; nor can we presage less of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well-known prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accomplished, is most easily interpreted:

> When Rome shall wend to Benevento,
> And Espagne break the assiento;
> When eagle split shall fly to China,
> And Christian folks adore Faustina:
> Then shall an oak be brought to bed
> Of creature neither taught nor fed;
> Great feats shall he achieve——

The Pope is now going to Benevento; the Spaniards have broke their treaty; the emperor trades to China; and Lilly, were he alive, must be convinced, that it was not the empress Faustina that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident by several tokens about this wild gentleman, that he had a father and mother like one of us; but there being no register of his christening, his age is only to be guessed at by his stature and countenance, and appears to be about twelve or thirteen. His being so young was the occasion of the great disappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing-room in full expectation of some attempt upon their chastity; so far is true, that he endeavoured to kiss the young Lady Walpole, who for that reason is become the envy of the circle: this being a declaration of nature in favour of her superior beauty.

Aristotle says, that man is the most mimic of all animals; which opinion of that great philosopher is strongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his first impressions at court: his manners are first to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them; to thrust his

hand into everybody's pocket; to climb over people's heads; and even to make use of the royal hand to take what he has a mind to. At his first appearance he seized on the lord chamberlain's staff, and put on his hat before the king; from whence some have conjectured, that he is either descended from a grandee of Spain, or the Earls of Kingsale in Ireland. However, these are manifest tokens of his innate ambition: he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he discovered what wild beast had nursed him; observing children to ask blessings of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a sow, and muttered some sounds in that humble posture.

It has been commonly thought that he is Ulrick's natural brother, because of some resemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrick about him; but the superiority of parts and genius in Peter demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious physician who is entrusted with his education,) yet he distinguishes objects by certain sounds framed to himself, which Mr. Rotenberg, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one day the shambles with great fear and astonishment, ever since he calls man by the same sound which expresses wolf. A young lady is a peacock; old women magpies and owls; a beau with a toupee, a monkey; glass, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; a heap of gold, a turd. The first ship he saw, he took to be a great beast swimming on her back, and her feet tied above her; the men that came out of the hold, he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were so unlike their dam. He understands, perfectly, the language of all beasts

and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one species. He can bring any beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much missed now in his native woods, where he used to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and served as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of sheep, that were driving to the shambles, of their danger; and upon uttering some sounds, they all fled. He takes vast pleasure in conversation with horses; and going to the Mews to converse with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's stables, as he passed by, he neighed to the horse at Charing Cross, being as it were surprised to see him so high; he seemed to take it ill, that the horse did not answer him; but I think nobody can undervalue his understanding for not being skilled in statuary.

He expresses his joy most commonly by neighing;* and whatever the philosophers may talk of their risibility, neighing is a more noble expression of that passion than laughing, which seems to me to have something silly in it; and besides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are sensible they debase themselves by mimicking laughter: and I take it to be a general observation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkeys and birds; witness harlequins, scaramouches, and masqueraders; on the other hand, monkeys, when they would look extremely silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind. Love he expresses by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted, but that he will serve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

Great instruction is to be had from this wild youth

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* This assertion, and the commentary upon it, seems an anticipation of opinions, more largely enforced in the Fourth Part of Gulliver's Travels.

in the knowledge of simples; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the censors of the college, in their visitation of apothecaries' shops.

I am told, that the new sect of herb-eaters * intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He sings naturally several pretty tunes of his own composing,† and with equal facility in the chromatic, enharmonic, and diatonic style; and consequently must be of infinite use to the academy in judging of the merits of their composers, and is the only person that ought to decide between Cuzzoni and Faustina.‡ I cannot omit his first notion of clothes, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and seemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a stocking, thinking the poor man was a-flaying.

I am not ignorant, that there are disaffected people, who say he is a pretender, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such as they see about the town, whose actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The senses of this wild man are vastly more acute than those of a tame one; he can follow the track of a man, or any other beast of prey. A dog is an

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* Dr. Cheyne's followers.

† In fact Peter could sing a little, and could repeat a tune after having heard it once or twice.

‡ Two rival singers at that time in the Italian operas here.—H.

ass to him for finding truffles; his hearing is more perfect, because his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move them like a drill, and turn them towards the sonorous object.

"Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that as this wild youth by being brought to court has been made a Christian; so such as are at court, and are no Christians, may lay aside their savage and rapacious nature, and return to the meekness of the Gospel."

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS,

CONCERNING

THE STRANGE AND DEPLORABLE FRENZY OF

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

AN OFFICER OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Being an exact Account of all that passed between the said Patient and the Doctor till this present day; and a full Vindication of himself and his Proceedings, from the extravagant Reports of the said Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

——excludit sanos Helicone poetas
Democritus. HOR.

First published by J. Morphow, in 1713.

—o—

POPE being sufficiently sore, under the repeated assaults of Dennis, was ready to embrace the first favourable opportunity of retaliation. This, he conceived, was offered him by the severe remarks which Dennis gave the world upon the tragedy of Cato, then in the zenith of its reputation. Most readers are familiar with this rough specimen of criticism, from the extracts which Johnson has inserted in the life of Addison; and it is undeniable, that Dennis has acutely pointed out, and exposed the awkward inconsistencies into which the ingenious and amiable author of Cato was seduced by a determined and rigid adherence to the

unity of place. These failures were, however, pointed out in the rude and indecent style of acrimony peculiar to the unfortunate critic, and, in Pope's opinion, authorized a bitter and personal retaliation. We do this celebrated and beautiful poet no injustice in remarking, that a system of stratagem was not excluded from his literary warfare, and that he was fully sensible how much more graceful an attack upon Dennis might appear, if made in vindication of Addison's reputation, than to revenge the insults offered to himself. Accordingly he sent forth, among the hawkers, the following compound of humour and scurrility, in which he used the name of Dr. Robert Norris, a celebrated quack-doctor. Dennis is said to have felt the satire keenly; and Addison, who probably discerned and appreciated the motives of his voluntary ally, requested his friend, Steele, to vindicate him from any accession to such rude and personal retaliation, by the following letter to the bookseller:—

Mr. LINTOT,

Mr. Addison desired me to tell you he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis, in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's account. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings, he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of; but when the papers above-mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in *honour* or *conscience*, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it.—I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

Pope, although he might have anticipated a different reception from the friend in whose cause he had armed, or affected to arm, was contented, for the present, to disguise his mortification, and even to apologize for his unauthorized interference, which he imputed to the keenness of his feelings in the cause of Addison. "It was never in my thoughts," said he, in a letter dated 20th July, 1713, "to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but of contempt of him. But indeed your opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself, though, indeed, in two minutes it made me heartily merry." In this statement, Pope probably deserves no more credit than Addison, when he assured Pope, that none of this age were able to translate Homer but himself. But in all the correspondence between these eminent persons, as in that between the rival queens, Elizabeth and Mary, there was neither real friendship nor sincerity, but much falsehood, hypocrisy, and circumvention.

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS.

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character, when it is injuriously attacked by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleased God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. I should be wanting in my duty, not only to myself, but also to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, should I suffer my profession of honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolved to give the public an account of all that has passed between the unhappy gentleman and myself.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my closet pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered

an old woman, with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my assistance, her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her sorrow, by inquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Mr. Dennis, an officer of the customhouse, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy last April, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances, with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cause of his distemper was found out. "Alas, sir," says she, "this day fortnight, in the morning, a poor simple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no sooner entered the room, but he cried out, 'the devil was come.' He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word Cator or Cato, or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a witch, and my poor master is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him say Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think, that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this, I went and laid out a groat for a horse-shoe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of the door; but I don't find my master is at all the better of it; he perpetually starts and runs to the window, when any one knocks, crying out, ''Sdeath! a messenger from the French king! I shall die in the Bastile.'"*

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* Dennis, who had a very high opinion of his own works in favour of the cause of the Protestant religion, and of the allies against Louis XIV., always conceived that the despot was highly incensed against him, and determined by force or fraud to get

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding hot. I therefore instantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing Cross, up three pairs of stairs, (which I should not have published in this manner, but that this lunatic conceals the place of his residence, on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable friends and physicians who might attempt his cure,) when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot, bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned, calls himself a grammarian,* the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclipsed by the fulness of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "'Sdeath, a Frenchman! I am betrayed to the tyrant! who could have thought the queen would have delivered me up to France in this treaty, and least of all that you, my friends, would have been in a conspiracy against

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him into his power; this peculiarity is noticed by all his biographers. During the negotiations for the peace of Utrecht, he was in constant alarm lest the surrender of his person should be made the subject of some secret article of the treaty.

* This seems to be Giles Jacob, author of the Lives of the Poets, and thus distinguished in the Dunciad:

> "Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe,
> Nor less revere him blunderbuss of law."

He was a friend of Dennis, to whom he afterwards (as a fellow-sufferer) addressed a letter, printed in the critic's remarks upon the Dunciad.

me?"—"Sir," said I, "here is neither plot nor conspiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your friends sent for me on no other account." I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment. His aspect was furious; his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered some matter of importance, but the sound seemed lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shaved; believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town, to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eyebrows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation, when anything was spoken; insomuch that he seemed not to have smoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel nightcap, which was exceedingly begrimed with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ancles.

I observed his room was hung with old tapestry, which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers tyrants, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him.* On all sides of

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* This alludes to the lines in the Essay on Criticism, which Dennis very justly considered as levelled against himself, he having written a tragedy called Appius.

> "'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
> But Appius reddens at each word you speak;
> And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
> Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry."

"This picture," says a note, "was taken to himself by John

his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy, called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words ABSURD, MONSTROUS, EXECRABLE, were everywhere written in such large characters, that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fireside lay three-farthings-worth of small coal in a Spectator, and behind the door, huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art; for her master never read in them, but he was either quite moped, or in raving fits. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except some books on his shelves, very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were anywhere else to be found; such as Gibraltar, a comedy; Remarks on Prince Arthur; the Grounds of Criticism in Poetry; an Essay on Public Spirit. The only one I had any knowledge of, was, a Paradise Lost interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuscripts, as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was casting my eyes round on all this odd furniture, with some earnestness and astonishment, and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surprised to hear the man speak in the following manner:—

"Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as with your predecessor, the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for in this very

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Dennis, a furious old critic by profession; who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic."

manner to cure the philosopher Democritus; he returned full of admiration at the wisdom of that person whom he supposed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus Aristotle himself, and all the great ancients, spent their days and nights, wrapt up in criticism, and beset all around with their own writings. As for me, whom ye see in the same manner, be assured I have none other disease, than a swelling in my legs, whereof I say no more, since your art may farther certify you."

I thereupon seated myself upon his bed-side, and placing my patient on my right hand, to judge the better in what he affirmed of his legs, felt his pulse.

For it is Hippocrates's maxim, that if the pulse have a dead motion, with some unequal beatings, it is a symptom of a sciatica, or a swelling in the thigh or leg; in which assertion of his, this pulse confirmed me.

I began now to be in hopes, that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but that some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in the narrative; and I call my conscience to witness, as if upon oath, that I shall tell the truth, without addition or diminution.

DR. Pray, sir, how did you contract this swelling?

DENN. By a criticism.

DR. A criticism! that's a distemper I never read of in Galen.

DENN. 'Sdeath, sir, a distemper! It is no distemper, but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a-day at it: and are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

DR. What made you sit so many hours, sir?

DENN. Cato, sir.

DR. Sir, I speak of your distemper; what gave you this tumour?

DENN. Cato, Cato, Cato.*

OLD WOM. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; 'tis the whole cause of his madness: alas, poor master's just falling into his fits!

Mr. LINTOT. Fits! Z———! what fits? A man may well have swellings in his legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the Remarks.

DR. The Remarks! what are those?

DENN. 'Sdeath! have you never read my Remarks? I will be damned, if this dog Lintot ever published my advertisements.

Mr. LINTOT. Z——! I published advertisement upon advertisement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Christendom.

DR. We do not talk of books, sir; I fear those are the fuel that feed his delirium; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse.

I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible man: I suppose, sir, you are his apothecary?

GENT. Sir, I'm his friend.

DR. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed, since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage of Celsus, which says, if the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you

* Remarks on Cato, published by Mr. Dennis in 1712.—H.

have upon no account promoted sternutation by hellebore.

GENT. Sir, no such matter: you utterly mistake.

DR. Mistake! am I not a physician? and shall an apothecary dispute my nostrums?——You may perhaps have filled up a prescription or two of Ratcliff's which chanced to succeed, and with that very prescription, injudiciously prescribed to different constitutions, have destroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus solus præscribat*, says Celsus. Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

DENN. 'Sdeath, sir, my friend an apothecary! a base mechanic! He who, like myself, professes the noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry! Can you think I would submit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary? By the immortals, he himself inserted three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit; nay, assisted me in my description of the furies and infernal regions, in my Appius.

Mr. LINTOT. He is an author; you mistake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, and no man's else.

DENN. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries? O destruction! perdition! Opera! Opera!* As poetry once raised cities, so, when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

DR. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no mischief.

DENN. O I am sick, sick to death!

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* He wrote a treatise proving the decay of public spirit to proceed from Italian operas.—WARTON.

DR. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern physicians) is an excellent symptom. When a patient is sensible of his pain, 'tis half a cure. Pray, sir, of what are you sick?

DENN. Of everything, of everything; I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the protasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe.—Alas, what is become of the drama, the drama?

OLD WOM. The dram, sir? Mr. Lintot drank up all the gin just now; but I'll go fetch more presently.

DENN. O shameful want! scandalous omission! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy! Z———! no change at all!

OLD WOM. Pray, good sir, be not angry; I'll fetch change.

DR. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increases; good Mr. Lintot, hold him.

Mr. LINTOT. Plague on't! I am damnably afraid they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil will buy the Remarks?

[*Here* Mr. Lintot *scratched his head.*]

DR. Sir, I shall order you the cold bath to-morrow.——Mr. Lintot, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. Verdier's servant, and, as you are a friend to the patient, be so kind as to stay this evening, while he is cupped on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for Avicen says, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhausted. We

must eradicate these undigested ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

DENN. Caitiffs, stand off! unhand me, miscreants! Is the man whose whole endeavours are to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert, there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece, that's foisted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns, that support them. Am I to be assassinated; and shall a bookseller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support?

GENT. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill-treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myself: I am also of the same opinion, as to the *peripætia*.—Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I should perceive you to be a graduate physician; but, by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of a person, I am loath to say quack, who, rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, sound intellectuals, and unerring judgment; I beg you will not oblige me to resent these proceedings.

These were all the words that passed among us at this time; nor was there need for more; it being necessary we should make use of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whispered the old woman to go to Mr. Verdier's in Long-Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glasses: in the meantime, by the assistance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a closet, who, it is plain from his last speech, was likewise touched in his intellects; after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedstead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of Verdier arrived. He had no sooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above-mentioned bursting open the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vast folio, which sorely bruised the shin of Mr. Lintot; Mr. John Dennis also starting up with the cupping-glasses on his head, seized another folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the skull, just above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's servant is ready to attest upon oath, who, taking an exact survey of the volumes, found that which wounded my head, to be Gruterus's Lampas Critica; and that which broke Mr. Lintot's shin, was Scaliger's Poetics. After this Mr. John Dennis, strengthened at once by rage and madness, snatched up a peruke-block that stood by the bed-side, and wielded it round in so furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood trickled down his visage.—— He looked so ghastly, and his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that myself, Mr. Lintot, and Mr. Verdier's servant, were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to

have our wounds dressed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May, 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his shop, and opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did suddenly without the least provocation, tear out that of No. —, where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street. That the said Mr. John Dennis, on the 27th of March 1712, finding on the said Mr. Lintot's counter, a book called an Essay on Criticism, just then published, he read a page or two with much frowning, till, coming to these two lines,

> "Some have at first for wits, then poets passed,
> Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last— "

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried out, "By G—d, he means me."

That, being in his company on a certain time, when Shakespeare was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he swore the said Shakespeare was a rascal, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakespeare.

That, about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some information concerning that person. He was no sooner acquainted that the gentleman was a new author, and that his first piece was to be published in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him, and, had not my servant luckily caught him by the sleeve,

I might have lost one author upon the spot, and another the next sessions.

Upon recollecting all these circumstances, Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not, but the whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reasons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publish the whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place, Mr. John Dennis had industriously caused to be reported, that I entered into his room *vi et armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called Coriolanus, which he has had ready for the stage these four years.

Secondly, he has given out, about Fleet Street and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly, he told others, that I am no graduate physician, and that he had seen me upon a mountebank stage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the College there.

Fourthly, knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange, Customhouse, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign spy, employed by the French king to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burst from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Bastile.

All which several assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives

the matter so far. In the meantime I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: so wisheth, as becometh a Christian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M.D.

From my house on Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God save the Queen.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF A HORRID AND BARBAROUS

REVENGE BY POISON,

ON THE BODY OF

MR. EDMUND CURLL,

BOOKSELLER;

WITH A FAITHFUL COPY OF

HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

PUBLISHED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

It has not, I believe, been remarked by any of Mr. Pope's editors, that the tragic scene, which is here narrated with so much pathos, had actually its origin in a practical joke, played off by Pope upon the celebrated bibliopolist. Yet Edmund Curll seems to admit the reality of his purgation, and gives an account of the occasion and cause of its being administered, as a demonstration of his general proposition, that Pope was a "precedent of the most depraved vice." This passage, which occurs in a preliminary address to Mr. Pope, prefixed to Curll's second volume of the poet's Literary Correspondence, may serve to throw light upon some parts of the following humorous tract.

"You very well know, Sir, that in the year 1717, when the Court Poems (viz., the Basset-Table, the Toilet, and the Drawing-Room) were published, upon your sending for me to the Swan

Tavern in Fleet Street, in company with Mr. Lintot, and inquiring into the publication of that pamphlet, I then frankly told you, that these pieces were, by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, a dissenting teacher, given to Mr. John Oldmixon, who sent the same to be published by Mr. James Roberts, in Warwick Lane, and that my neighbour Mr. Pemberton and myself had each of us a share with Mr. Oldmixon in the said pamphlet. For this you were pleased to treat me with half a pint of Canary, antimonially prepared, for the emetic effects of which, it has been the opinion of all mankind, you deserved the stab. My purgation was soon over, but yours will last (without a timely repentance) till, as the ghost says in Hamlet, with all your imperfections on your head, you are called to your account, and your offences purged by fire. Yet, notwithstanding your behaviour to me, in turning this matter into ridicule, and making me the subject of several of your libels, all which I have equally despised, I made you an offer of reconciliation, though you yourself was the aggressor."

Amory, the eccentric author of John Buncle, seems to have described Curll from personal acquaintance; and the passage may be read with some interest, as concerning a person whose name occurs so frequently in the satires of Pope and Swift.

"Curll was in person very tall and thin, an ungainly, awkward, white-faced man. His eyes were a light grey, large, projecting, goggle, and purblind. He was splay-footed and baker-kneed. He had a good natural understanding, and was well acquainted with more than the title-pages of books. He talked well on some subjects. He was not an infidel, as Mrs. Rowe misrepresents him. [We omit some remarks on the bibliopolist's peculiar religious tenets, which seem to have been pliable and convenient.] He was a debauchee to the last degree, and so injurious to society, that, by filling his translations with wretched notes, forged letters, and bad pictures, he raised the price of a four-shilling book to ten. Thus in particular, he manages Burnet's Archiology. And when I told him he was very culpable in this and other articles he sold, his answer was, 'What would I have him do? He was a bookseller.'—His translators lay three in a bed, at the Pewter-platter Inn in Holborn, and he and they were for ever at work to deceive the public. He likewise printed the lewdest things. He lost his ears for the Nun in her Smock, and another thing. As to drink, he was too fond of money to spend any in making himself happy in that way; but at another's expense, he would drink every day till he was quite blind, and as incapable of self-motion as a block. This was Edmund Curll. But he died at last as great a penitent (I think in the year 1748) as ever expired. I mention this to his glory."—*Life of John Buncle, Esq.*, Vol. II.

A

FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF A HORRID AND BARBAROUS

REVENGE BY POISON,

ON THE BODY OF

MR. EDMUND CURLL, &c.

HISTORY furnishes us with examples of many satirical authors, who have fallen sacrifices to revenge, but not of any booksellers, that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet Street, who was yesterday poisoned by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the British nation.

Everybody knows that the said Mr. Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th instant, published a satirical piece, entitled Court Poems, in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr. Pope, or Mr. Gay; by which indiscreet method,

though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now on the Wednesday ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookseller, desired a conference with Mr. Curll, about settling a title-page, inviting him at the same time to take a whet together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room, under pretence of business with Mr. Lintot, who, it seems, is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the preface. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor in colour and taste differed not from common sack, yet it was plain by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven o'clock he went home, where his wife observing his colour change, said, "Are you not sick, my dear?" He replied, "Bloody sick;" and incontinently fell a-vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford,* and her mind misgave her that he was be-

* Jane Wenham, a poor old woman, popularly termed the Witch of Walkerne, from the place of her abode in Hertfordshire, was tried at the Assizes at Hertford, before Mr. Justice Powell, and received sentence of death, 4th March, 1711–12.

witched; but he soon let her know that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings every circumstance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintot in the meantime coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden alteration he observed in him: "Brother Curll," says he, "I fear you have got the vomiting distemper; which I have heard kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hock in a morning as I do, and abstain from sack." Mr Curll replied in a moving tone, "Your author's sack I fear has done my business." "Z—ds," says Mr. Lintot, "my author!—Why did not you drink old hock?" Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance, he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm water; but Mr. Curll did with great obstinacy refuse it: which made Mr. Lintot infer, that he chose to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the symptoms increased violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot," says he, "I perceive my last hour approaching; do me the friendly office to call my partner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle our worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was

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The humanity and good sense of the judge rescued the poor wretch from the fate to which she was destined, and thereby gave great offence to the admirers of a misinterpreted text, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." There were many pamphlets published on the controversy, arraigning or defending the conduct of the Judge, in recommending the unhappy being to mercy; among which I see, "A full and impartial Account of the Discovery of Sorcery and Witchcraft, practised by Jane Wenham, of Walkerne, in Hertfordshire, upon the bodies of Anne Shern, Anne Strut, &c., &c., also her Trial, &c. Printed for Edmund Curl at the Dial and Bible against Saint Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, 1712, price 6d."

hastening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner: "If I survive this, I will be revenged on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the printer of these poems, and I will reprint these very poems in his name." His wife admonished him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his stock and his soul: and in the same instant, Mr. Lintot, whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. Pemberton. After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr. Curll being, as he said, in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. Curll having first put on his nightcap, in the following manner:

GENTLEMEN, in the first place, I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors' names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burgesses, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly, I hope it will be considered, that if I have vilified his grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewise aspersed the late Duke of Ormond; if I have abused the honourable Mr. Walpole, I have also libelled the Lord Bolingbroke; so that I have preserved that equality and impartiality, which becomes an honest man in times of faction and division.

I call my conscience to witness, that many of these things, which may seem malicious, were done out of charity; I having made it wholly my business

to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other booksellers refuse. Only God bless Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no copy-money.

The second collection of poems, which I groundlessly called Mr. Prior's, will sell for nothing, and has not yet paid the charge of the advertisements, which I was obliged to publish against him: therefore you may as well suppress the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Christian.

The French Cato, with the criticisms shewing how superior it is to Mr. Addison's, (which I wickedly ascribed to Madame Dacier,) may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no animosity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of Callipœdia, and an incorrect edition of his poems, without his leave, in quarto. Mr. Gildon's Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger, did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe; though, upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the Trials of Sodomy in an Elzevir letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last, (which is near the whole impression, presents excepted,) and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole property of the copy of Madame Mascranny.*

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* The point of the satire may be guessed from the title of the book last mentioned; "The Case of Impotency Debated, in the late famous Trial at Paris, between the Marquis des Gesvres, (son to the Duke de Tresmes, present Governor of Paris,) and his wife Madame Mascranny, who, after three years' marriage,

[*Here* Mr. Pemberton *interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article, about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if* Mr. Lintot *had not interposed, and* Mr. Curll *vomited.*]

[What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken accents (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings) that the reader is entreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.]

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hick's Hall for publishing Rochester's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife, and helpless child.

The case of Impotence was my best support all the last long vacation.

[*In this last paragraph* Mr. Curll's *voice grew more free; for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.*]

For the copies of noblemen's and bishops' Last Wills and Testaments, I solemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpose of defamation; but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from Doctors' Commons, at one shilling a-piece. Our trade in wills turning to small account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. Mainwaring's Life I ask Mrs. Oldfield's*

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commenced a suit against him for impotence," &c. "Done from the Paris edition. In two vols. London, printed for E. Curll," &c.

* Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress, was Mr. Mainwaring's mistress, and he bequeathed to her the greater part of his property.

pardon; neither his nor my Lord Halifax's lives, though they were of service to their country, were of any to me; but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these words Mr. Oldmixon* entered. "Ah! Mr. Oldmixon," said poor Mr. Curll, "to what a condition have your works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in these my last moments I will be just to all men; you shall have your third share of the Court Poems, as was stipulated.† When I am dead, where will you find another bookseller? Your Protestant Packet might have supported you, had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted, "Why not find another bookseller, brother Curll?" and then took Mr. Oldmixon aside and whispered him; "Sir, as soon as Curll is dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the Devil."

Mr. Curll now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him,

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* John Oldmixon, Esq., (dignified in the Tatler by the name of *Omicron* the unborn poet,) author of "Reflections on Dr. Swift's Letter to the Earl of Oxford about the English Tongue, 1712," of many poems, and some plays; but his most capital performance was the "Critical History of England." He was all his life a party writer for hire; and after having falsified Daniel's Chronicle in many places, he charged three eminent persons with falsifying Lord Clarendon's History, which was disproved by Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, the only survivor of them. He died July 9, 1742. See the Dunciad, Book ii. v. 283.—H.

Oldmixon, of all historians, was perhaps the most unprincipled; his Critical History of England is full of calumny and falsehood; yet his abuse of the Stuarts recommended him so much to the favour of the court, that he was rewarded with the collectorship of the customs at Bridgewater.—BANNISTER.

† The other two shares belonged to Curll and his partner Pemberton.

he had several taking title-pages, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired, that when they were written, his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr. Lintot advised him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a common prayer-book, and read it by the help of a candle without hesitation. He closed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of St. Dunstan's, and a week's wages advance to each of his gentlemen-authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears, expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprisingly relieved by a plentiful fetid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched stationer will not further pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.

A

FURTHER ACCOUNT

OF THE MOST

DEPLORABLE CONDITION

OF

MR. EDMUND CURLL,

BOOKSELLER;

SINCE HIS BEING POISONED ON THE 28TH OF MARCH.

TO BE PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

LONDON PRINTED, AND SOLD BY ALL THE PUBLISHERS, MERCURIES, AND HAWKERS, WITHIN THE BILLS OF MORTALITY. 1716.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. Curll's empoisonment, by a faithful, though unpolite historian of Grub Street. I am but the continuer of his history; yet I hope a due distinction will be made between an undignified scribbler of a sheet and a half, and the author of a threepenny stitched book, like myself.

"Wit," says Sir Richard Blackmore,* "proceeds from a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an influence of animal spirits rectified and refined to a degree of purity." On the contrary, when the ingenious particles rise with the vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational part of the soul, which we commonly call madness. The verity of this hypothesis is justified by the symptoms with which the unfortunate Edmund Curll, bookseller, has been afflicted, ever since his swallowing the poison at the Swan tavern in Fleet Street. For though the neck of his retort, which carries up the animal spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length, yet the said animal spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poison.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual temper of mind were at first only speaking civilly to his customers, singeing a pig with a new purchased libel, and refusing two-and-ninepence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays.

As the poor man's frenzy increased, he began to void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the chops, and would have kissed Mr. Pemberton's a— by violence.

But at last he came to such a pass, that he would dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyster for a whipt syllabub, and made Mr. Lintot eat a suppository for a radish with bread and butter.

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll: at first she privately put a bill into several churches, desiring the prayers of the congregation for a wretched

* Essays, vol. II.

stationer, distempered in mind. But when she was sadly convinced, that his misfortune was public to all the world, she writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintot.

A true Copy of Mrs. CURLL's Letter to Mr. LINTOT.

"WORTHY MR. LINTOT,

"YOU and all the neighbours know too well the frenzy, with which my poor man is visited. I never perceived he was out of himself, till that melancholy day, that he thought he was poisoned in a glass of sack; upon this he ran vomiting all over the house, nay, in the new-washed dining-room. Alas! this is the greatest adversity that ever befel my poor man, since he lost one testicle at school by the bite of a black boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the stock? unless Mr. Pemberton or you would help a distressed widow; for God knows, he never published any books that lasted above a week, so that if he wanted daily books, we wanted daily bread. I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. Curll's ivory-headed cane upon the counter.—Pray recommend me to your pastry-cook, who furnishes you yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr. Curll has disobliged ours since his fits came upon him;—before that, we generally lived upon baked meats.—He is coming in, and I have but just time to put his son out of the way, for fear of mischief; so wishing you a merry Easter, I remain your

"Most humble servant,

"C. CURLL."

"P.S.—As to the report of my poor husband's stealing o'calf, it is really groundless, for he always binds in sheep."

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wednesday continued outrageously mad. On Thursday he had a lucid interval, that enabled him to send a general summons to all his authors. There was but one porter, who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them.. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll's original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot's shop, to be perused by the curious.

Instructions to a Porter how to find Mr. CURLL's Authors.

"At a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half way under the blind arch, ask for the historian.*

At the Bedstead and Bolster, a music-house in Moorfields, two translators in a bed together.

At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a school-master with carbuncles on his nose.

At a blacksmith's shop in the Frier's, a pindaric writer in red stockings.†

In the Calender-mill room at Exeter Change, a composer of meditations.

At the Three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch yard, one that has been a parson; he wears a blue camblet coat, trimmed with black; my best writer against revealed religion.

At Mr. Summers, a thief-catcher's in Lewkner's-Lane, the man who wrote against the impiety of Mr. Rowe's plays.

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* Oldmixon. † Durfey, possibly.

At the Farthing-pye-house in Tooting-fields, the young man who is writing my new pastorals.

At the laundress's at the Hole in the Wall in Cursitor's Alley, up three pair of stairs, the author of my Church History;—if his flux be over—you may also speak to the gentleman who lies by him in the flock-bed, my index-maker.

The cook's wife * in Buckingham Court; bid her bring along with her the similes, that were lent her for her next new play.

Call at Budge-row for the gentleman you used to go to in the cock-loft; I have taken away the ladder, but his landlady has it in keeping.

I don't much care if you ask at the Mint for the old beetle-browed critic,† and the purblind poet at the alley over against St. Andrew's, Holborn. But this as you have time."

All these gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cock-loft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum* taken down; the other happened to be too closely watched by the bailiffs.

They no sooner entered the room, but all of them shewed in their behaviour some suspicion of each other; some turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others squinting with a leer, that shewed at once fear and indignation, each with a haggard abstracted mien, the lively picture of scorn, solitude, and short commons. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Lybian leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a housewife stands before her pales, surrounded

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* Mrs. Centlivre. † Dennis.

by her geese; they fight, they hiss, they cackle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot through the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till Curll thus spoke, (but without rising from his close stool:)—

"Whores and authors must be paid beforehand to put them in good humour; therefore, here is half-a-crown a-piece for you to drink your own healths, and confusion to Mr. Addison, and all other successful writers.

"Ah, gentlemen! what have I not done, what have I not suffered rather than the world should be deprived of your lucubrations: I have taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice was I tossed in a blanket; I have had boxes on the ear, slaps on the chops; I have been frighted, pumped, kicked, slandered, and beshitten.——I hope, gentlemen, you are all convinced, that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean nothing else but starving you, by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult the best and speediest method of revenge."

He had scarce done speaking, but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter Change gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart pindaric, says the red-stocking poet, would effectually do his business. But the index-maker said there was nothing like an index to his Homer.

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, That every member of this society, according to his several abilities, shall contribute

some way or other to the defamation of Mr. Pope.

"Resolved, That towards the libelling of the said Pope, there be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings and ninepence, (not including advertisements.)

"Resolved, That Mr. Dennis make an affidavit before Mr. Justice Tully, that in Mr. Pope's Homer there are several passages contrary to the established rules of our sublime.

"Resolved, That he has on purpose, in several passages, perverted the true ancient heathen sense of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the Popish religion.

"Resolved, That the printing of Homer's battles at this juncture, has been the occasion of all the disturbances of this kingdom.

"Ordered, That Mr. Barnivelt* be invited to be a member of this society, in order to make further discoveries.

"Resolved, That a number of effective *erratas* be raised out of Pope's Homer, (not exceeding 1746,) and that every gentleman, who shall send in one error, for his encouragement shall have the whole works of the society *gratis*.

"Resolved, That a sum not exceeding ten shillings and sixpence be distributed among the members of the society for coffee and tobacco, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in coffee-houses.

"Resolved, That toward the further lessening the character of the said Pope, some persons be deputed

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* The Key to the Lock, a pamphlet written by Mr. Pope, in which the Rape of the Lock was with great solemnity proved to be a political libel, was published in the name of Esdras Barnivelt, apothecary.—H.

to abuse him at ladies' tea-tables, and that in consideration our authors are not well dressed enough, Mr. C—y and Mr. Ke—l be deputed for that service.

"Resolved, that a ballad be made against Mr. Pope, and that Mr. Oldmixon, Mr. Gildon,* and Mrs. Centlivre† do prepare and bring in the same.

"Resolved, That above all, some effectual ways and means be found to increase the joint stock of the reputation of this society, which at present is exceeding low, and to give their works the greater currency; whether by raising the denomination of the said works by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater quantity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy of this society.

"Resolved, That no member of this society for the future mix stout in his ale in a morning, and that Mr. B—— remove from the Hercules and Still.

"Resolved, That all our members (except the cook's wife) be provided with a sufficient quantity of the vivifying drops, or Byfield's sal volatile.

"Resolved, That Sir Richard Blackmore‡ be appointed to endow this society with a large quantity of regular and exalted ferments, in order to enliven

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* Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels, who abused Mr. Pope in several pamphlets and books printed by Curll. See the Dunciad, book i. v. 296.—H.

† Mrs. Susannah Centlivre, the "slip-shod Sibyl" in the Dunciad, book iii. verse 15, was the wife of Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his majesty, and wrote a song before she was seven years old, and many plays; she wrote also a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.—H.

‡ Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Essays, vol. II. p. 270, accused Mr. Pope, in very high and sober terms, of profaneness and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a travestie on the first Psalm.—WARBURTON.

This parody, notwithstanding Warburton's note, bears strong marks of Pope's composition.

their cold sentiments (being his true receipt to make wits.)"

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr. Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, That in order to drive a pope out of his belly, he should get the mummy of some deceased Moderator of the General Assembly in Scotland, to be taken inwardly, as an effectual antidote against antichrist; but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive, that the liver of the person who administered the poison, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's Essays on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the close-stool, and beshit the Essays (which may probably occasion a second edition;) then, without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves, fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

Now G—d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos! ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging! Are you not a beggarly brood of fumbling journeymen; born in garrets among lice and cobwebs, nursed up on grey pease, bullock's liver, and porter's ale?——Was not the first light you saw, the farthing candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into dirty sheets of brown paper?—And have I not clothed you in double

royal, lodged you handsomely on decent shelves, laced your backs with gold, equipped you with splendid titles, and sent you into the world with the names of persons of quality? Must I be always plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? Damn ye all, ye wolves in sheep's clothing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return. Why hold you forth your texts to me, ye paltry sermons?—Why cry ye, at every word to me, ye bawdy poems?—To my shop at Tunbridge ye shall go, by G—, and thence be drawn, like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the passage-house; for in this present emotion of my bowels, how do I compassionate those, who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with!

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the Conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

A

STRANGE BUT TRUE RELATION

HOW

MR. EDMUND CURLL,

OF FLEET STREET, STATIONER,

Out of an extraordinary desire of lucre, went into 'Change Alley,

AND WAS

CONVERTED FROM THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION

BY CERTAIN EMINENT JEWS;

And how he was circumcised and initiated into their mysteries.

AVARICE (as Sir Richard, in the third page of his Essays, has elegantly observed) is an inordinate impulse of the soul, toward the amassing or heaping together a superfluity of wealth, without the least regard of applying it to its proper uses.

And how the mind of man is possessed with this vice, may be seen every day both in the city and

suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by Plato, Puffendorf, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned usurers and stock-jobbers; and, instead of lusting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and estates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiscence of youth is converted into the covetousness of age, and those appetites are now become venal, which should be venereal.

In the first place, let us shew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly sin of avarice.

I shall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us, that he received fifty broad pieces for the assassination of that renowned emperor Julius Cæsar, who fell a sacrifice to the Jews, as Sir Edmundbury Godfrey did to the Papists?

Did not Themistocles let the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus has it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato, (as the late Mr. Addison has very well observed,) though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unsullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he sold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred rix-dollars, which in our money will amount to two talents and thirty sestertii, according to Mr. Demoivre's calculation. See Hesiod in his seventh chapter of Feasts and Festivals.

Actuated by the same diabolical spirit of gain, Sylla the Roman consul shot Alcibiades the senator with a pistol, and robbed him of several bank bills and 'chequer notes to an immense value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied Chris-

tian burial. Hence comes the proverb *incidat in Syllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern instance, though well known and often quoted by historians, viz., Echard, Dionysius Halicarnasseus, Virgil, Horace, and others. 'Tis that I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a Tompion's gold watch, (which was given her by Mark Antony;) all these things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the siege of Damascus.

Who then can wonder, after so many great and illustrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curll, the stationer, should renounce the Christian religion for the mammon of unrighteousness, and barter his precious faith for the filthy prospect of lucre in the present fluctuation of stocks?

It having been observed to Mr. Curll by some of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not overcharged with any religion,) what immense sums the Jews had got by bubbles,* &c., he immediately turned his mind from the business, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and resolved to quit his shop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews, at their club at the sign of the Cross in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the

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* *Bubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which subscriptions were raised, and negotiated at vast premiums in 'Change-alley, in the year 1720. A name, which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South Sea, and not to their splendour, emptiness, and inutility; for it did not become a name of reproach in this case, till time completed the metaphor, and the bubble broke.—WARTON.

most important points of the Christian faith, which he for some time zealously, and like a good Christian, obstinately defended. They promised him Paradise, and many other advantages hereafter, but he artfully insinuated, that he was more inclinable to listen to present gain. They took the hint, and promised him, that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion he should become as rich as a Jew.

They made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure, was a Jew, *videlicet*, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew also. And most of the children of Israel are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

This Mr. Curll at first strenuously denied, for indeed he thought them Roman Catholics, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his Christianity, he called for a pork griskin.

They now promised, if he would poison his wife, and give up his griskin, that he should marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made some impression on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which, he not understanding, it was observed, had very great weight with him.

They now perceiving that his godliness was only gain, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely, that of avarice.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the Apostles' Creed, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the Nine-and-Thirty Articles for a

bull;* but insisted hard upon black-puddings, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Pereira engaged to let him share with him in his bottomry; upon this he was persuaded out of his Christian name; but he still adhered to black-puddings.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with forty pound subscription in Ram's bubble, for which he was content to give up the four Evangelists; and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but black-pudding and circumcision, for both of which he would have been glad to have had a dispensation.

But on the 17th of March, Mr. Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforesaid. At his entrance into the room, he perceived a meagre man with a sallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of shears, and in his left a red-hot searing iron. At sight of this, Mr. Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful spectacle.

He now entreated them in the most moving tone of voice to dispense with that unmanly ceremonial,

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* Bulls and bears. He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is proverbially said "to sell the skin before he has caught the bear." It was the practice of the stock-jobbers, in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring South Sea stock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to sell had frequently no stock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in consequence of his bargain: the seller was therefore called a bear, in allusion to the proverb; and the buyer a bull, perhaps only as a similar distinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the rise or fall of stock; if it rose, the seller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the sum determined by the same computation to the seller.—WARTON.

which if they would consent to, he faithfully promised that he would eat a quarter of paschal lamb with them the next Sunday following.

All these protestations availed him nothing, for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains should be void, unless he would submit to bear all the outward and visible signs of Judaism.

Our apostate hearing this, stretched himself upon his back, spread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he saw the high-priest take up the cleft stick, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several Christian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The savour of the effluvia that issued from him, convinced the old Levite and all his assistants, that he needed no present purgation, wherefore without further anointing him he proceeded in his office; when by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumcised, which by the levitical law is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of their contracts: wherefore they cast him forth from their synagogue: and he now remains a most piteous, woful, and miserable sight, at the sign of the Old Testament and Dial in Fleet Street; his wife (poor woman) is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loss, and her husband's indignity.

PRAYER.

(To save the Stamp.)*

"KEEP us, we beseech thee, from the hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the blood of black-puddings, yet thirst they vehemently after the blood of white ones. And that we may avoid such like calamities, may all good and well-disposed Christians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woful example, to abominate the heinous sin of avarice, which sooner or later will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, Papists, and stock-jobbers. Amen."

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* All forms of Prayer and Thanksgiving, Books of Devotion, &c., being excepted in the statute of 12th Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a sheet with one half-penny, and every such paper, being one whole sheet, with a stamp-duty of one penny for every copy.—H.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By MR. POPE.

PARTY is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor. Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense: there are forty men of wit to one man of sense: and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most power-

ful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands: in unskilful, the most mischievous.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the finest pieces of clock-work: which depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little, leaves a man at ease; whereas boasting requires perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others: if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For, as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us: it being with the follies of the mind, as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more, than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to

make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions: like children, who, when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

An Atheist is but a mad, ridiculous derider of piety: but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion. He finds it easier to be upon his knees, than to rise to do a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

What Tully says of war, may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit: and a disputant no more cares for the truth, than the sportsman for the hare.

The Scripture, in time of disputes, is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties: each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own run to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live com-

fortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

People are scandalized, if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think what a bustle is there about my head?

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted, there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric, in sermons and serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to them who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit,

When two people compliment each other with the choice of anything, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Giving advice, is, many times, only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

It is with followers at court, as with followers on

the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

False happiness is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions: but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough left to be mischievous.

Some people will never learn anything, for this reason, because they understand everything too soon.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

A man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it.

There are some solitary wretches, who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

The vanity of human life is, like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

I seldom see a noble building, or any other piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think, how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea, of an immortal soul.

It is a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room or in a

large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles, or twenty sconces.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

Since it is reasonable to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of ours, which would demonstrate all things.

To buy books, as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

It is as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeased with both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.

Old men for the most part are like old chronicles, that give you dull but true accounts of time past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a

deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more shame than his own ill ones.

When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with the falsest flatterer, and worst enemy, their own self-love.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them; for your friend is so much your second self, that he will judge too like you.

Women use lovers as they do cards; they play with them awhile, and when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like an oath in the mouth of a gamester, is ever still most used, as their truth is most questioned.

Women, as they are like riddles, in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

A man who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband, than one who admired the Hesperian fruit, would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

He who marries a wife, because he cannot always live chastely, is much like a man, who, finding a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

Married people, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part: as knots, the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants: what we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but so many separate and clashing interests: the son wishes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the sisters' portions: when any of them marry, there are new divisions and new animosities. It is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

Authors in France seldom speak ill of each other, but when they have a personal pique; authors in England seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal friendship.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should walk together every day.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

The longer we live, the more we shall be convinced, that it is reasonable to love God, and despise man, as far as we know either.

That character in conversation, which commonly passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought so in men: a very good woman would but make a paltry man.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do any.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those

people proud, who have done the meanest things; whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie: for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to his nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

The general cry is against ingratitude; be sure the complaint is misplaced, it should be against vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost everybody is capable of thinking he has done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he has received less than he deserves.

I never knew any man in my life, who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

Several explanations of casuists, to multiply the catalogue of sins, may be called amendments to the ten commandments.

It is observable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies: the reason may be, that in tragedy their sex is deified and adored, in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little or inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a-year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Some men's wit is like a dark lantern, which serves their own turn, and guides them their own way; but is never known (according to the Scripture phrase) either to shine before men, or to glorify their Father in Heaven.

It often happens that those are the best people

whose characters have been most injured by slanders; as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit, which the birds have been pecking at.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

The wonder we often express at our neighbours keeping dull company, would lessen, if we reflected, that most people seek companions less to be talked to than to talk.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

Never stay dinner for a clergyman who is to make a morning visit ere he comes, for he will think it his duty to dine with any greater man that asks him.

A contented man is like a good tennis-player, who never fatigues and confounds himself with running eternally after the ball, but stays till it comes to him.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reason, and not the object of reasoning; the wisdom of God, and the madness of man.

Many men, prejudiced early in disfavour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendships; and, while they only think of avoiding the evil, miss of the good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves for prevention, while others only end so after disappointment.

The greatest things and the most praise-worthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honesty! therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty, well advised.

No woman hates a man for being in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

The eye of a critic is often, like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it is well enough: a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great ministers, or men of parts and business, so wicked as their inferiors; their sense and knowledge preserve them from a hundred common rogueries; and when they become bad, it is generally more from the necessity of their situation, than from a natural bent to evil.

Whatever may be said against a premier or sole minister, the evil of such a one, in an absolute government, may not be great; for it is possible, that almost any minister may be a better man than a king born and bred.

A man coming to the water side is surrounded by all the crew: every one is officious, every one makes applications, every one offering his services; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the water-side, no noise is made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect!—the picture of a minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

A WONDERFUL PROPHECY.

THIS piece seems to have been written in imitation and ridicule of the "Cry from the Desert," and other pretended prophecies, introduced by the fanatic refugees called Camisars. These French prophets, as they were called, had their affected inspirations, and acquired some few disciples. Their effusions consisted of a lamentable abuse of Scripture language, in which this satire has imitated them rather more closely than seems decorous, mixed with their own wild unintelligible fanaticism. Pope appears to have been the author. He was, at least in youth, too apt to parody Scripture phraseology.

A WONDERFUL PROPHECY.

Taken from the mouth of the spirit of a person, who was barbarously slain by the Mohocks;* proving also that the said Mohocks and Hawcubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelation; and therefore that this vain and transitory World will shortly be brought to its final Dissolution.

BREATHED FORTH IN THE YEAR 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

WOE to London! Woe to Westminster! Woe to Southwark! and Woe to the inhabitants thereof.

I am loath to say, Woe to the old and new churches, those that are built, and those that are not built.

But Woe to the gates, the streets, and the houses!

* The Mohocks, of whom the Hawcubites seem to have been a variety, were a set of abandoned rakes, who cut and misused passengers for their amusement. The existence of such a club gave rise to fifty legends concerning their exploits, some of which are alluded to in Swift's Journal to Stella.

Woe to the men, the women, and the children! for the Mohocks and the Hawcubites are already come! the time draweth near, and the end approacheth!

Not to mention the near resemblance between the names of Mohock and Gog, Hawcubite and Magog, (though I think there is a great deal even in that,) I shall go on to proceed in my more solid arguments, proving to you not only the things that are, but also the things that are not.

The things that are, are the Mohocks and Hawcubites: the things that are not, are Gog and Magog; and yet both the things that are, and the things that are not, are one and the same thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the Mohocks and Hawcubites came, Satan came also among them; and where Satan is, there are Gog and Magog also.

They have the mark of the beast in their foreheads, and the beast himself is in their hearts, their teeth are sharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of scorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

[*Here the spirit paused a while and thus again proceeded.*]

Now listen to what is to come:

Those that are in shall abide in, and those that are out shall abide out. Yet those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in.

Be not dejected—fear not—but believe and tremble.

The lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead also, and the next world draweth nigh.

That ancient Whig, the antichrist of St. John,* shall lead the van like a young dragon; but he shall be cut piecemeal, and dispossessed.

The dragon upon Bow church, and the grasshopper upon the Royal Exchange, shall meet together upon Stocks market, and shake hands like brethren.

Shake therefore your heads, O ye people! My time is short, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your repentance, and shorten your iniquities.

Lo! the comet appeareth in the south! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah, poor deluded Christians! Ah, blind brethren! think not that this baleful dog-star only shaketh his tail at you in waggery; no, it shaketh it as a rod. It is not a sporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tail of a harlot; yea, such a tail as may reach, and be told, to all posterity.

I am the porter that was barbarously slain in Fleet Street: by the Mohocks and Hawcubites was I slain, when they laid violent hands upon me.

They put their hook into my mouth, they divided my nostrils asunder, they sent me, as they thought, to my long home; but now I am returned again to foretel their destruction.

The time is at hand, when the freethinkers of Great Britain shall be converted to Judaism; and the sultan shall receive the foreskins of Toland and Collins† in a box of gold.

Yet two days, a day, and half a day, yet, upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day, those emblems of Gog and Magog at the Guildhall shall fall to the

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* A play upon Bolingbroke's family name seems to be intended.

† Authors of several books in favour of infidelity.—H.

ground, and be broken asunder. With them shall perish the Mohocks and Hawcubites, and the whole world shall perish with them.

[*Here the spirit disappeared, and immediately thereupon held his peace.*]

THE COUNTRY POST:

FROM TUESDAY, AUGUST THE TWELFTH, TO THURSDAY, AUGUST THE FOURTEENTH.

(This burlesque gazette was written by Gay.)

[*From the hen-roost, August the 4th.*]

TWO days ago we were put in a dreadful consternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to fall upon us; he made several motions, as if he designed to attack our left wing, which covered our infantry. We were alarmed at his approach, and upon a general muster of all our forces, the kitchen-maid came to our relief; but we were soon convinced that she had betrayed us, and was in the interest of the kite aforesaid; for she twisted off two of our companions' necks, and stripped them naked; five of us were also clapped in a close prison, in order to be sold for slaves the next market-day.

P.S.—The black hen was last night safely delivered of seven young ducks.

[*From the garden, August the 3d.*]

The boars have done much mischief of late in these parts, to such a degree, that not a turnip or carrot can lie safe in their beds. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noses bored, and rings thrust through them, as a mark of infamy for such practices.

[*From the great pond, August the 1st.*]

Yesterday a large sail of ducks passed by here, after a small resistance from two little boys, who flung stones at them: they landed near the barn-door, where they foraged with very good success. While they were upon this enterprize, an old turkey-cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat, and she retired with great precipitation. This afternoon being somewhat rainy, they set sail again, and took several frogs. Just now arrived the parson's wife, and twenty ducks were brought forth before her, in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not; however, two of them were condemned. 'Twas also observed, that she carried off a gosling and three sucking pigs.

[*From the little fort at the end of the garden, August the 5th.*]

Last night, two young men of this place made a detachment of their breeches, in order, as it is thought, to possess themselves of the two overtures of the said fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already bombarded by the rear-guard of Sarah and

Suky, who, fearing these young men were come to beat up their quarters, deserted their necessary posts, which were immediately taken possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoyed, by reason of several stink-pots, that had been flung there the same morning.

[*From the barley-mow near the barn, August the 3d.*]

It was yesterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty squeaking near this place, as of an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambuscade in the said mow. Upon this the farmer assembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was resolved, that the mow should be removed, to prevent the further destruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and seventy-nine mice, and three large rats, were killed, and a vast number wounded, by pitchforks and other instruments of husbandry. A mouse that was close pursued, took shelter under Dolly's petticoats; but, by the vigilance of George Simmons, he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep morass, and crushed to death on the spot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicily Hart was observed to make water under the said mow, as she was going a-milking.

[*From the great yard, August the 2d.*]

It is very credibly reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red cock and the pied hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together; he yesterday made her a present of three barley-corns, so that we look on

this affair as concluded. This is the same cock that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

[*From the squire's house.*]

On Sunday last there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were present the parson and the farmer: the parson eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parson: we refer you to the curious in calculations, to decide which eat most.

It is reported, that the minister christened a male child last week, but it wants confirmation.

[*From the justices' meeting, August the 7th.*]

This day a jackdaw, well known in the parish, was ordered close prisoner to a cage, for crying "Cuckold" to a justice of the quorum; and, the same evening, certain apples, for hissing in a disrespectful manner as they were roasting, were committed to lamb's wool. The same day the said justices caused a pig to be whipped to death, and eat the same, being convicted of squeaking on the 10th of June.

[*From the church, August the 8th.*]

Divine service is continued in our parish as usual, though we have seldom the company of any of the neighbouring gentry; by whose manner of living it may be conjectured, that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or else regarded as matters of little consequence.

[*From the church-yard, August the 8th.*]

The minister, having observed his only daughter to seem too much affected with the intercourse of his bull and the cows of the parish, has ordered the ceremony for the future to be performed, not in his own court, but in the church-yard: where, at the first solemnity of that kind, the grave-stones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfey, were spurned down. This has already occasioned great debates in the vestry, the latter being the deceased wife of the singing clerk of this place.

[*Casualties this week.*]

Several casualties have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increased. There have died of the falling-sickness two stumbling horses, as also one of their riders. Smothered, (in onions,) seven rabbits. Stifled, (in a soldier's breeches,) two geese. Of a sore throat, several sheep and calves at the butcher's. Starved to death, one bastard child, nursed at the parish charge. Still-born, in eggs of turkey, geese, ducks, and hens, thirty-six. Drowned, nine puppies. Of wind in the bowels, five bottles of small beer. I have not yet seen the exact list of the parish-clerk; so that, for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the stocks, only that Dick Adams was set in them last Sunday for swearing.

GOD'S REVENGE

AGAINST

PUNNING.

SHEWING THE MISERABLE FATES OF PERSONS ADDICTED TO THIS CRYING SIN, IN COURT AND TOWN.

This piece is by Swift.

MANIFOLD have been the judgments, which Heaven from time to time, for the chastisement of a sinful people, has inflicted on whole nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, 'tis but just the punishment should be general. Of this kind, in our own unfortunate country, was that destructive pestilence, whose mortality was so fatal, as to sweep away, if Sir William Petty may be believed, five millions of Christian souls, besides women and Jews.

Such also was that dreadful conflagration ensuing, in this famous metropolis of London, which con-

sumed, according to the computation of Sir Samuel Morland, one hundred thousand houses, not to mention churches and stables.

Scarce had this unhappy nation recovered these funest disasters, when the abomination of play-houses 'rose up in this land; from hence hath an inundation of obscenity flowed from the court and overspread the kingdom; even infants disfigured the walls of holy temples with exorbitant representations of the members of generation; nay, no sooner had they learnt to spell, but they had wickedness enough to write the names thereof in large capitals: an enormity observed by travellers to be found in no country but England.

But when whoring and Popery were driven hence by the happy Revolution, still the nation so greatly offended, that Socinianism, Arianism, and Whistonism triumphed in our streets, and were in a manner become universal.

And yet still, after all these visitations, it has pleased Heaven to visit us with a contagion more epidemical, and of consequence more fatal: this was foretold to us, first, by that unparalleled eclipse in 1714: secondly, by the dreadful coruscation in the air this present year: and thirdly, by the nine comets seen at once over Soho Square, by Mrs. Katharine Wadlington and others; a contagion that first crept in among the first quality, descended to their footmen, and infused itself into their ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occasion the corruption of our language, and therein of the word of God translated into our language, which certainly every sober Christian must tremble at.

Now such is the enormity of this abomination, that our very nobles not only commit punning over tea, and in taverns, but even on the Lord's day, and in the king's chapel: therefore to deter men from this

evil practice, I shall give some true and dreadful examples of God's revenge against punsters.

The right honourable ——,* but it is not safe to insert the name of an eminent nobleman in this paper, yet I will venture to say that such a one has been seen; which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his sleeves: this young nobleman was not only a flagitious punster himself, but was accessory to the punning of others, by consent, by provocation, by connivance, and by defence of the evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully spared his neck, but as a mark of reprobation wryed his nose.

Another nobleman of great hopes, no less guilty of the same crime, was made the punisher of himself with his own hand, in the loss of five hundred pounds at box and dice; whereby this unfortunate young gentleman incurred the heavy displeasure of his aged grandmother.

A third of no less illustrious extraction, for the same vice, was permitted to fall into the arms of a Delilah, who may one day cut off his curious hair, and deliver him up to the Philistines.

Colonel F——, an ancient gentleman of grave deportment, gave in to this sin so early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to speak common sense, he hesitates so, as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle, gentleman, for the same crime banished to Minorca.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful officer in the army, turned a miserable invalid at Tilbury fort.

—— Eustace, Esq.; for the murder of much of the king's English in Ireland is quite deprived of his reason, and now remains a lively instance of emptiness and vivacity.

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* The Earl of Pembroke, probably.

Poor Daniel Button* for the same offence deprived of his wits.

One Samuel, an Irishman, for his forward attempt to pun, was stunted in his stature, and hath been visited all his life after with bulls and blunders.

George Simmons, shoemaker at Turnstile, in Holborn, was so given to this custom, and did it with so much success, that his neighbours gave out he was a wit. Which report coming among his creditors, nobody would trust him; so that he is now a bankrupt, and his family in a miserable condition.

Divers eminent clergymen of the University of Cambridge, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and Tories.

A Devonshire man of wit, for only saying in a jesting manner, *I get up pun a horse*, instantly fell down, and broke his snuff-box and neck, and lost the horse.

"From which calamities, the Lord in his mercy defend us all, &c. &c." So prayeth the punless and pennyless J. Baker, knight.†

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* The keeper of the celebrated Wit's Coffeehouse.

† Sir James Baker, as he was nicknamed, or the Knight of the Peak, as he was sometimes called by way of variety, was a noted character about the city of London at this time. He subsisted chiefly by gambling.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED IN LONDON,

DURING THE

GENERAL CONSTERNATION

OF

ALL RANKS AND DEGREES OF MANKIND.

ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY LAST.

—o—

THE learned and ingenious William Whiston, in an unavailing, perhaps a presumptuous attempt to explain the more mysterious passages of Scripture, was unfortunate enough to study himself into heretical opinion. In consequence of announcing himself to be an Unitarian, he was deprived of his preferments in the church, and betook himself to giving public lectures upon the creed which he had adopted. He procured, at great expense, a model of the tabernacle of Moses, made after his own directions, and another of the Temple of Jerusalem, calculated (according to his ideas of the matter) to explain not only the various alterations which had taken place on that edifice, from the time of Solomon unto its demolition by the Romans, but also its mystical structure, as described by the Prophet Ezekiel. These lectures he considered as preparatory to the second coming of the Messiah, when the Temple was to be restored, according to the model which he exhibited. As this crazy system of mystical divinity originated in a departure from the orthodox opinions of the church, Swift was not deterred by the good intentions of the lecturer, or his character for learning and mathematical knowledge, from making it the subject of ridicule in the following fugitive pamphlet.

Mr. Whiston died on 22d August 1752, a striking example, that neither learning nor zeal will save their owner from falling into absurdity, if he indulges in studies which Providence has in his wisdom placed beyond the reach of our faculties.

A

TRUE AND FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED IN LONDON, DURING THE GENERAL CONSTERNATION OF ALL RANKS AND DEGREES OF MANKIND, ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY LAST.

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ON Tuesday the 13th of October, Mr. Whiston held his lecture, near the Royal Exchange, to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his subscribers and constant hearers. Besides these, there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their shillings a-piece. I think myself obliged to be very particular in this relation, lest my veracity should be suspected: which makes me appeal to the men who were present; of which number I myself was one. Their names are,

Henry Watson, haberdasher.
George Hancock, druggist.
John Lewis, drysalter.
William Jones, cornchandler.
Henry Theobald, watchmaker.
James Peters, draper.

Thomas Floyer, silversmith.
John Wells, brewer.
Samuel Greg, soapboiler.
William Cooley, fishmonger.
James Harper, hosier.
Robert Tucker, stationer.
George Ford, ironmonger.
Daniel Lynch, apothecary.

William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft,
} apprentices.

Mr. Whiston began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his advertisement) he thought himself in duty and conscience obliged to change the subject matter of his intended discourse. Here he paused, and seemed, for a short space, as it were, lost in devotion and mental prayer; after which, with great earnestness and vehemence, he spake as follows:

"Friends and fellow-citizens, all speculative science is at an end: the period of all things is at hand; on Friday next this world shall be no more. Put not your confidence in me, brethren; for to-morrow morning, five minutes after five, the truth will be evident; in that instant the comet shall appear, of which I have heretofore warned you. As ye have heard, believe. Go hence, and prepare your wives, your families, and friends, for the universal change."

At this solemn and dreadful prediction, the whole society appeared in the utmost astonishment: but it would be unjust not to remember, that Mr. Whiston himself was in so calm a temper, as to return a shilling a-piece to the youths, who had been dis-

appointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty in charity to warn all men, in two or three hours the news had spread through the city. At first, indeed, our report met with but little credit; it being, by our greatest dealers in stocks, thought only a court artifice to sink them, that some choice favourites might purchase at a lower rate; for the South Sea, that very evening, fell five *per cent.*, the India, eleven, and all the other funds in proportion. But, at the court end of the town, our attestations were entirely disbelieved, or turned into ridicule; yet nevertheless the news spread everywhere, and was the subject matter of all conversation.

That very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr. Whiston was sent for to a great lady, who is very curious in the learned sciences, and addicted to all the speculative doubts of the most able philosophers; but he was not now to be found; and since, at other times he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himself to attend the great business of his soul: but whether it was the lady's faith or inquisitiveness that occasioned her to send, is a point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the secretary's office by a messenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriously false, and indeed at first it had little credit with me, that so zealous and honest a man should be ordered into custody, as a seditious preacher, who is known to be so well-affected to the present happy establishment.

It was now I reflected, with exceeding trouble and sorrow, that I had disused family prayers for above five years, and (though it has been a custom of late entirely neglected by men of any business or

station) I determined within myself no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions: but, two or three neighbours having been engaged to sup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily spent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day; she reasoning, that it would be time enough to take off the servants from their business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an hour or two every day) after the comet had made its appearance.

Zachery Bowen, a quaker, and my next neighbour, had no sooner heard of the prophecy, but he made me a visit. I informed him of everything I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his unbelief; for, said he, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impossibilities: for, were these things to happen, they must have been foreseen by some of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other spiritual cases with this set of people) was his only reason against believing me; and, as he was fully persuaded that the prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly manner admonished me against selling my stock at the present low price, which, he said, beyond dispute, must have a rise before Monday, when this unreasonable consternation should be over.

But on Wednesday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr. Whiston) the comet appeared; for, at three minutes after five by my own watch, I saw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be seen at five minutes after five; but, as the best watches may be a minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his calculation just to a minute.

In less than a quarter of an hour, all Cheapside was crowded with a vast concourse of people, and notwithstanding it was so early, it is thought that,

through all that part of the town, there was not man, woman, or child, except the sick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony, I am confident, I saw several thousands in the street, and counted at least seventeen, who were upon their knees, and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them, indeed, appeared to be old women of about fourscore; the six others were men in advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this nature may be passed over by the greater historians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep schemes of politicians, and mysteries of state; for which reason I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts, which, in the space of three days, came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witness, or from unquestionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its use, as it may enable us to form a more just idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wednesday noon, the belief was universal, that the day of judgment was at hand, insomuch, that a waterman of my acquaintance told me, he counted no less than one hundred and twenty-three clergymen, who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve o'clock: these, it is said, went thither to petition, that a short prayer might be penned, and ordered, there being none in the service upon that occasion. But, as in things of this nature it is necessary that the council be consulted, their request was not immediately complied with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reason, that the churches were not that morning so well attended, and is in noways to be imputed to the fears and consternation of the

clergy, with which the freethinkers have since very unjustly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church, (where we had not been for many years on a week-day,) and, with a very large congregation, were disappointed of the service.

But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a 'prentice, in our absence, we had a piece of fine cambric carried off by a shoplifter: so little impression was yet made on the minds of those wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular director of the Bank; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him justice; for it was unquestionably owing to Sir Gilbert Heathcote's* sagacity, that all the fire-offices were required to have a particular eye upon the Bank of England. Let it be recorded to his praise, that in the general hurry, this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed, his mind was wholly turned upon spiritual matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expressing his resentment against the Tories and Jacobites, to whom he imputed that sudden run upon the Bank, which happened on this occasion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wednesday morning to make up such an account, as might appear fair, in case he should be called upon to produce it on the Friday; but was forced to desist, after having for

* Sir Gilbert Heathcote had before signalized his care for the Bank when in equal danger, by petitioning against the Lord-Treasurer Godolphin's being removed, as a measure that would destroy the public credit.—H.

several hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred articles of his secret transactions upon paper.

Another seemed to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court, that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was observed, too, that he had but few visitors that day. This added so much to his mortification, that he read through the first chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seemed a true penitent in everything but in charity to his neighbour. No business was that day done in his counting-house. It is said too, that he was advised to restitution, but I never heard that he complied with it, any farther than in giving half-a-crown a-piece to several crazed and starving creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the maids of honour sent to countermand their birth-day clothes; two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and sent to a bookseller's in Pall-Mall to buy each of them a Bible, and "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying." But I must do all of them the justice to acknowledge, that they shewed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and restrained themselves from those innocent freedoms, and little levities, so commonly incident to young ladies of their profession. So many birth-day suits were countermanded the next day, that most of the tailors and mantuamakers discharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly lady of great erudition and modesty, who visits these young ladies, seemed to be extremely shocked by the apprehensions, that she was to appear naked before the

whole world; and no less so, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt answers to the interrogatories that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modesty and curiosity, could not imagine the sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say, she perfectly longed to see it; for it could not be so indecent, when everybody was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themselves to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glass to be set by it. So much are these young ladies, both by nature and custom, addicted to cleanly appearance.

A west-country gentleman told me, he got a church-lease filled up that morning for the same sum which had been refused for three years successively. I must impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine, that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in so unhandsome a manner, or that the shortness of the life was in the least his consideration; though I have heard the same worthy prelate aspersed and maligned since, upon this very account.

The term being so near, the alarm among the lawyers was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantage in making their defence, by being versed in the practice of our earthly courts. It is said, too, that some of the chief pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction, that there had been but few state trials of late years. Several attorneys demanded the return of fees that had been given the lawyers; but it was answered, the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at such injustice, as to suffer it to be

sunk in the attorneys' pockets. Our sage and learned judges had great consolation, insomuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for several years; the barristers rejoiced in that they were not attorneys, and the attorneys felt no less satisfaction, that they were not pettifoggers, scriveners, and other meaner officers of the law.

As to the army, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every soldier's behaviour was as undismayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen; I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more oaths than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the parade in St. James's Park. But possibly it was by choice, and on consideration, that they continued this way of expression, not to intimidate the common soldiers, or give occasion to suspect, that even the fear of damnation could make any impression upon their superior officers. A duel was fought the same morning between two colonels, not occasioned (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's head; that being a point, which might, at such a juncture, have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate satisfaction. I am apt to believe, that a young officer, who desired his surgeon to defer putting him into a salivation till Saturday, might make this request out of some opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive, the surgeon himself having assured me, that he had before undergone three severe operations of the like nature with great resignation and fortitude.

There was an order issued, that the chaplains of the several regiments should attend their duty; but as they were dispersed about in several parts of England, it was believed, that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great day was over.

Most of the considerable physicians, by their outward demeanour, seemed to be unbelievers; but at the same time, they everywhere insinuated, that there might be a pestilential malignancy in the air, occasioned by the comet, which might be armed against by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the Christian resignation of the people increased, and most of them (which was never before known) had their souls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend clergy shewed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great charge of souls; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the degrees of apprehension and terror could be distinguished to be greater or less, according to their ranks and degrees in the church.

The like might be observed in all sorts of ministers, though not of the Church of England; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I speak not of the court for fear of offence; and I forbear inserting the names of particular persons, to avoid the imputation of slander; so that the reader will allow the narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desired to accept hereof rather as a sketch, than a regular circumstantial history.

I was not informed of any persons, who shewed the least joy; except three malefactors, who were to be executed on the Monday following, and one old man, a constant church-goer, who being at the point of death, expressed some satisfaction at the news.

On Thursday morning there was little or nothing transacted in 'Change-alley; there were a multitude of sellers, but so few buyers, that one cannot affirm the stocks bore any certain price except among the Jews; who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many who called themselves Christians, who offered to buy for time; but as these were people of great distinction, I choose not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of avarice and infidelity.

The run upon the Bank is too well known to need a particular relation: for it never can be forgotten, that no one person whatever (except the directors themselves, and some of their particular friends and associates) could convert a bill all that day into specie; all hands being employed to serve them.

In the several churches of the city and suburbs, there were seven thousand two hundred and forty-five, who publicly and solemnly declared before the congregation, that they took to wife their several kept-mistresses, which was allowed as valid marriage, the priest not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St. Bride's church in Fleet-street, Mr. Woolston, (who writ against the miracles of our Saviour,) in the utmost terrors of conscience, made a public recantation. Dr. Mandeville* (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same,) did it now in good earnest at St. James's gate; as did also at the Temple Church several gentlemen, who frequent coffeehouses near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that

* Bernard de Mandeville, M.D., author of the Fable of the Bees, a deistical work, the scope of which was to prove, that private vices are public benefits.

they dropped dead on the spot; but I will not record their names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an odium on their families and posterity.

Most of the players, who had very little faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the Roman Catholic religion: the same thing was observed of some bawds, and ladies of pleasure.

An Irish gentleman out of pure friendship came to make me a visit, and advised me to hire a boat for the ensuing day, and told me, that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he feared it might be too late; for his countrymen had secured almost every boat upon the river, as judging, that, in the general conflagration, to be upon the water would be the safest place.

There were two lords, and three commoners, who, out of scruple of conscience, very hastily threw up their pensions, as imagining a pension was only an annual retaining bribe. All the other great pensioners, I was told, had their scruples quieted by a clergyman or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable, that several of our very richest tradesmen of the city, in common charity, gave away shillings and sixpences to the beggars who plied about the church doors; and at a particular church in the city, a wealthy churchwarden with his own hands distributed fifty twelve-penny loaves to the poor, by way of restitution for the many great and costly feasts, which he had eaten of at their expense.

Three great ladies, a valet-de-chambre, two lords, a customhouse-officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet, (all noted gamesters,) came publicly into a church at Westminster, and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands;

the parties, whom they had defrauded, being either out of town, or not to be found. But so great is the hardness of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble or vulgar gamesters, (though the profession is so general,) I did not hear of any other restitution of this sort. At the same time I must observe, that (in comparison of these) through all parts of the town, the justice and penitence of the highwaymen, house-breakers, and common pick-pockets, was very remarkable.

The directors of our public companies were in such dreadful apprehensions, that one would have thought a parliamentary inquiry was at hand; yet so great was their presence of mind, that all the Thursday morning was taken up in private transfers, which by malicious people was thought to be done with design to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular ladies to their husbands; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of consequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious task to record them as bastards; and particularly after their several husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

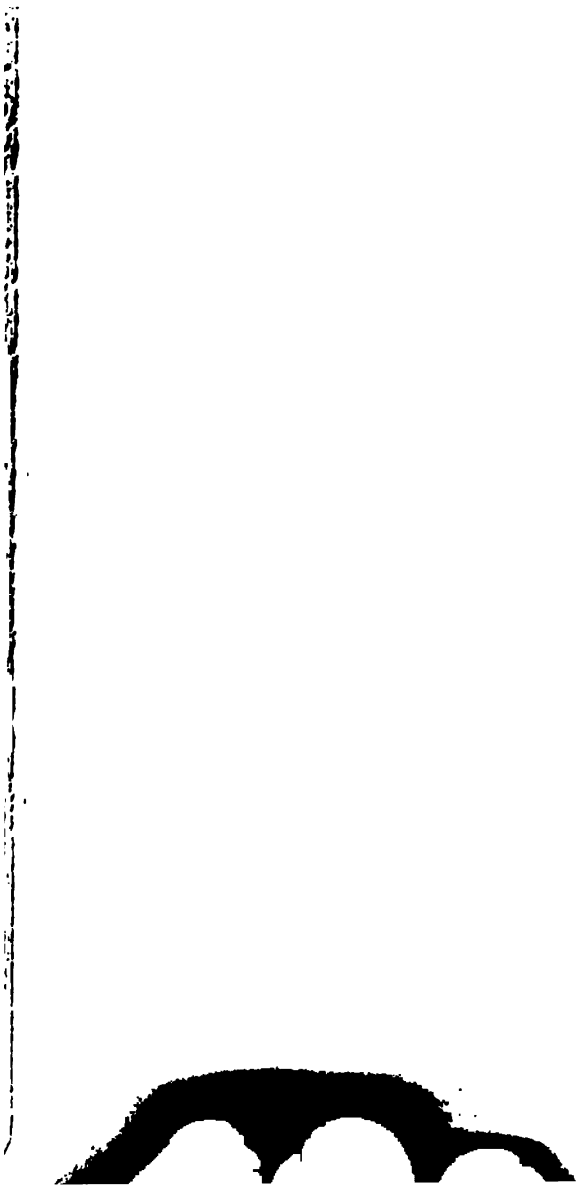
The evening and night through the whole town were spent in devotions both public and private; the churches for this one day were so crowded by the nobility and gentry, that thousands of common people were seen praying in the public streets. In short, one would have thought the whole town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different persuasions kept by themselves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the streets; expecting, watching, and praying. But as the day wore away, their fears first began to

abate, then lessened every hour, at night they were almost extinct, till the total darkness, that hitherto used to terrify, now comforted every freethinker and atheist. Great numbers went together to the taverns, bespoke suppers, and broke up whole hogsheads for joy. The subject of all wit and conversation was to ridicule the prophecy, and rally each other. All the quality and gentry were perfectly ashamed, nay, some utterly disowned that they had manifested any signs of religion.

But the next day even the common people, as well as their betters, appeared in their usual state of indifference. They drank, they whored, they swore, they lied, they cheated, they quarrelled, they murdered. In short, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any instances of what will so easily be credited; but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. Woolston advertised in that very Saturday's Evening Post, a new Treatise against the Miracles of our Saviour; and that the few who had given up their pensions the day before, solicited to have them continued: which, as they had not been thrown up upon any ministerial point, I am informed was readily granted.



MISCELLANIES

IN

VERSE,

BY

MR. POPE, DR. ARBUTHNOT, MR. GAY, &c.

COLLECTED BY DR. SWIFT AND MR. POPE, 1727.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

BY

MR. POPE, IN HIS YOUTH.

—o—

I. CHAUCER.

A TALE, LATELY FOUND IN AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

WOMEN, though nat sans leacherie,
Ne swinken but with secrecie:
This in our tale is plain y-fond,
Of clerk that wonneth in Irelond;
Which to the fennes hath him betake
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then ther passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway:
Ducke in his trowzes hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
"But ho! our nephew," crieth one;
"Ho!" quoth another, "couzen John!"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out.—
This sely clerk full low doth lout.
They asken that, and talken this,
"Lo here is coz, and here is miss."

But, as he gloz'd with speeches soote,
The ducks sore tickleth his erse root:
Fore-piece and buttons all to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.
"Te-he," cried ladies; clerke nought spake;
Miss star'd: and grey ducke crieth "quaake."
"O moder, moder," quoth the daughter,
"Be thilke same thing maids longen a'ter?
Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke."

—o—

II. SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

In ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tide,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
Where ever and anon the stream is eyed,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro:
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall;
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so;
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement here and there
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;

A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by:
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry:
At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood, I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passenger's annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl and hoarser screaming boy
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who, in her early days,
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpie chatters.
With Envy (spitting cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bulldog's at the stall:
She scratched, bit, and spared ne lace ne band:
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all:
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call.
Whene'er she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town;
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch:
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo——n's dog and bitch;
Ne village is without on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry pride.

III. EARL OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.*

THOUGH Artemesia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
  Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things, methinks, she fails;
'Twere well, if she would pare her nails,
  And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
  Are oddly join'd by fate;
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
  That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face:
  All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
  And masculine her stride.

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* By Artemisia, Pope has been thought to have meant Queen Caroline. It certainly bears in many points a resemblance, but coloured by spleen. She became corpulent; and Mr. Coxe observes, "Her levees were a strange mixture of the motley character and manners of a queen and learned woman. She received company while at her toilette—learned men and divines were intermixed with courtiers and ladies of the household. The conversation turned upon metaphysical subjects, blended with the tittle-tattle of the drawing-room."—COXE'S *Memoirs.*

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
  Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
  All flutter, pride, and talk.*

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind;
Open she was, and unconfined,
  Like some free port of trade!
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
  Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
  Spaniards or French came to her,
To all obliging she'd appear;
'Twas *Si signior*, 'twas *Yaw, mynheer*,
  'Twas *S'il vous plait, monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
  At length she turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
  And flutters in her pride.

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* Let the curious reader compare Fenton's imitation of Dorset's manner with this of Pope.—Dr. WARTON.

So have I known those insects fair,
Which curious Germans hold so rare,
  Still vary shapes and dies;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
  Then painted butterflies.

—o—

IV. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing:
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tithe pig, and mortuary guinea;
Gazettes sent *gratis* down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in;
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text:
Howbeit—likewise—now to my next—
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.
  He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife;*

* *i.e.* his (the parson's) own wife, and not the squire's; at least we must presume so, though the text is ambiguous.

On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with churchwardens about pews;
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor SWIFT.

THE CAPON'S TALE:

TO A LADY WHO FATHERED HER LAMPOONS UPON HER ACQUAINTANCE.

THE friendship between Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, having degenerated into rivalry, the bard, upon the present and several other occasions, expressed his indignation in a manner which admitted of no retort, by addressing unmanly ribaldry to a female of rank and genius.

IN Yorkshire dwelt a sober yeoman,
Whose wife, a clean, pains-taking woman,
Fed numerous poultry in her pens,
And saw her cocks well serve her hens.
A hen she had whose tuneful clocks
Drew after her a train of cocks;
With eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
You would have sworn this hen a pheasant.
All the plumed *beau monde* round her gathers;
Lord! what a bristling up of feathers!
Morning from noon there was no knowing,
There was such flutt'ring, chuckling, crowing;
Each forward bird must thrust his head in,
And not a cock but would be treading.

Yet tender was this hen so fair,
And hatch'd more chicks than she could rear.
Our prudent dame bethought her then
Of some dry-nurse to save her hen:
She made a capon drunk; in fine
He eats the sops, she sipp'd the wine;
His rump well pluck'd with nettles stings,
And claps the brood beneath his wings.
The feather'd dupe awakes content,
O'erjoyed to see what God had sent;
Thinks he's the hen, clocks, keeps a pother,
A foolish foster-father-mother.
Such, Lady Mary, are your tricks;
But since you hatch pray own your chicks.

—o—

AY AND NO.

A FABLE.

In fable all things hold discourse;
Then words, no doubt, must talk of course.
Once on a time, near Channel-row,*
Two hostile adverbs, Ay and No,
Were hastening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite.
Before each gen'ral join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began.
Stop, peevish particle, beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield, when offer'd fair.

* A dirty street, near the parliament-house, Westminster.—H.

Suffer yon folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder stage
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow,
That No gives Ay, and Ay gives No:
Yet, in expensive, long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension:
Why then should kinsfolk quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us.*)
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know:
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who served in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treasury lord, not master Young.
Obsequious at his high command,
Ay shall march forth to tax the land.
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Ay support the Civil List;
Ay, quick as Cæsar, wins the day;
And, No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,
Let Ayes seem Noes, and Noes seem Ayes;
Ayes be in courts denials meant,
And Noes in bishops give consent.
Thus Ay proposed—and for reply
No for the first time answer'd Ay.
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

---

* In English, two negatives make an affirmative.—H.

—o—

VERSES,

TO BE PREFIXED BEFORE BERNARD LINTOT'S NEW MISCELLANY.*

POPE informs us in one of his letters, that this jeu d'esprit was suggested by some lines of his friend Gay, addressed to this eminent bibliopolist. With respect to Lintot's Miscellany, the poet informs Mr. Pitt, the translator of Virgil, that he had no concern in reviewing or recommending it; and in the same letter he complains of the slovenly manner in which Lintot reprinted his poetry.

SOME Colinæus† praise, some Bleau,†
Others account them but so so;
Some Plantin to the rest prefer,
And some esteem old Elzevir;†
Others with Aldus‡ would besot us;
I, for my part, admire *Lintottus*.—
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own person, large and fair.
They print their names in letters small,
But LINTOT stands in capital;
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and stare you in the face.
Stephens prints heathen Greek, 'tis said,
Which some can't construe, some can't read:

---

* The Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany.—H.

† Printers, famous for having published fine editions of the Bible and of the Greek and Roman classics.—H.

‡ A famous printer.—H.

But all that comes from Lintot's hand
Ev'n Rawlinson * might understand.
Oft in an Aldus or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of Lintot's books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read.
Their copy cost them not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any;
They ne'er gave sixpence for two lines
To them, their heirs, or their assigns:
But Lintot is at vast expense,
And pays prodigious dear for—sense.
Their books are useful but to few,
A scholar, or a wit or two:
Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit;
For some folks read, but all folks sh—.

—o—

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

THE following certificate in favour of Mr. Moore and his vermifuge, appeared repeatedly in the papers about this time. "Whereas I, Michael Parrot, have had brought away a worm of sixteen feet long, by taking the medicines of J. Moore, apothecary in Abchurch-Lane, London, witness my hand, Michael Parrot. Witness, Anthony Spyer."—*Postboy*, 27th to 29th April, 1710. Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, in his capacity of Censor of Great Britain, deemed it necessary to pass the following stricture on this modest

* Thomas Rawlinson, Esq., eldest son of the lord-mayor.—CURLL.

attestation: "I shall therefore dismiss this subject with a public admonition to Mr. Michael Parrot, that he do not presume any more to mention a certain worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown seven feet in my memory, for if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine feet six months ago." *Tatler*, No. 224. In the first anonymous copies of this poem, there occurred a very indelicate verse, which was omitted by the author on better consideration, and restored by the malignant correctness of Curll, in his spurious edition of Pope's Miscellanies.

How much, egregious MOORE, are we
  Deceived by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
  All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
  Vile reptile, weak and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
  Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
  E'er since our grandame's evil;
She first conversed with her own kind,
  That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
  The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,
  Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
  That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
  And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah! Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou could'st make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free!
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee!

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's* wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

---

* Button's coffeehouse, in Covent Garden, frequented by the wits of that time.—H.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY AN *&c.* AT THE END OF MR. D'URFEY'S NAME, IN THE TITLE TO ONE OF HIS PLAYS.*

Poor Tom D'Urfey, who stood the force of so much wit, was a play-wright and song-writer. He appears to have been an inoffensive, good-humoured, thoughtless character, and was endured and laughed at by Dryden, by Steele, who recommended his benefit nights to the attention of the public, through the medium of the Tatler and Guardian, and at length by Pope, who, as appears from the next article, in a spirit betwixt contempt and charity, wrote a prologue for his last play.

Jove call'd before him t'other day
The vowels, U, O, I, E, A;
All diphthongs, and all consonants,
Either of England, or of France:
And all that were, or wish'd to be,
Rank'd in the name of Tom D'Urfey.
Fierce in this cause the letters spoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and mutes turn'd vocal.
Those four proud syllables alone
  Were silent, which by Fate's decree
Chimed in so smoothly, one by one,
  To the sweet name of Tom D'Urfey.
N, by whom names subsist, declared,
To have no place in this 'twas hard:

---

* This accident happened by Mr. D'Urfey's having made a flourish there, which the printer mistook for an *&c.*—H.

And Q maintain'd 'twas but his due
Still to keep company with U;
So hoped to stand no less than he
In the great name of Tom D'Urfey.
E shew'd a comma ne'er could claim
A place in any British name;
Yet, making here a perfect botch,
Thrusts your poor vowel from his notch;
Hiatus mi valdè deflendus!
From which, good Jupiter, defend us!
Sooner I'd quit my part in thee,
Than be no part in Tom D'Urfey.
P protested, puff'd, and swore,
He'd not be served so like a beast;
He was a piece of emperor,
And made up half a pope at least.
C vow'd, he'd frankly have released
His double share in *Cæsar Caius*
For only one in Tom *Durfeius.*
I, consonant and vowel too,
To Jupiter did humbly sue,
That of his grace he would proclaim
Durfeius his true Latin name:
For though, without them both, 'twas clear
Himself could ne'er be Jupiter;
Yet they'd resign that post so high,
To be the genitive, *Durfei.*
B and L swore b— and w—s!
X and Z cried, p—x and z—s!
G swore, by G—d, it ne'er should be;
And W would not lose, not he,
An English letter's property
In the great name of Tom D'Urfey.
In short, the rest were all in fray,
From Christ cross to *et cætera.*
They, though but standers by, too mutter'd;
Diphthongs and triphthongs swore and flutter'd:

That none had so much right to be
Part of the name of stuttering T—
T—Tom—a—as—De—D'Ur—fey—fey.
Then Jove thus spake: "With care and pain
We form'd this name, renown'd in rhyme:
Not thine, immortal Neusgermain!*
Cost studious cabalists more time.
Yet now, as then, you all declare,
Far hence to Egypt you'll repair,
And turn strange hi'roglyphics there,
Rather than letters longer be,
Unless i' th' name of Tom D'Urfey.
"Were you all pleased, yet what, I pray,
To foreign letters could I say?
What if the Hebrew next should aim
To turn quite backward D'Urfey's name?
Should the Greek quarrel too, by Styx, I
Could never bring in Psi and Xi:
Omicron and Omega from us
Would each hope to be O in Thomas;
And all th' ambitious vowels vie,
No less than Pythagoric Y,
To have a place in Tom D'Urfey.
"Then, well-beloved and trusty letters!
Cons'nants, and vowels, much their betters,
We, willing to repair this breach,
And, all that in us lies, please each,
Et cæt'ra to our aid must call;
Et cæt'ra represents you all:
Et cæt'ra, therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great name of Tom D'Urfey."

---

* A poet, who used to make verses ending with the last syllables of the names of those persons he praised: which Voiture turned against him in a poem of the same kind.—H.

PROLOGUE

DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY.

GROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted bard;
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
Th' adventurous lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the fair against her will:
Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,
Have desperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From this deep fund our author largely draws,
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
Though plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song.
He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis substantial happiness, to EAT.
Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

PROLOGUE

TO THE "THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE."

THIS was the celebrated farce tripartite, in which Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, engaged, in order to ridicule Dr. Woodward, and which was most meritoriously damned at the first representation. See Cibber's Letter to Pope.

AUTHORS are judged by strange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools:
Yet sure the best are most severely fated;
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor;
But fool 'gainst fool, is barbarous civil war.
Why on all authors then should critics fall?
Since some have writ, and shewn no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it;
Cry "Damn not us, but damn the French, who made it."
By running goods these graceless owlers gain;
Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught.
They pall Moliere's and Lopez' sprightly strain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate?
It had been civil, in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes,

Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
But spare Old England, lest you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to shew you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes;
We take no measure of your fops and beaux;
But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves, like chaps in Monmouth-street.
Gallants, look here! this fool's cap * has an air,
Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar.
Let no one fool engross it, or confine
A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap for such as will, to wear.
Our author has it now (for every wit,
Of course resign'd it to the next that writ;)
And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly thrown; †
Let him that takes it wear it as his own.

—o—

SANDYS'S GHOST;

OR, A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

AS IT WAS INTENDED TO BE TRANSLATED BY PERSONS OF QUALITY.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, who published the Metamorphoses of Ovid, translated by "Dryden, Addison, Garth, Mainwaring, Congreve, Rowe, Pope, Gay, Eusden, Croxal, and other eminent

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* Shows a cap with ears. † Flings down the cap, and exit.

hands," had himself no other share in the undertaking, than engaging the various translators in their task, and putting their labours into some order. The work was intended to supersede the ancient translation.

George Sandys, the old translator, (whose ghost is introduced in the verses,) was a man of great accomplishment, and pronounced by Dryden to be the best versifier of his age. The curious reader will find many particulars respecting him, and his translation of Ovid, in the Censura Literaria, volumes 4th, 5th, and 6th. He died in 1643.

Ye lords and commons, men of wit
And pleasure about town,
Read this, ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all,
Nor think your verses sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a berlin:

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japann'd, avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
With saucer eyes of fire,
In woful wise did sore affright
A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uses
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the Muses.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the sprite so thin,
And from the keyhole bolted out,
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most duly,
This 'squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho! master Sam, quoth Sandys' sprite,
Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budgel seek, or Carey.

I hear the beat of Jacob's* drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See first the merry P——† comes
In haste, without his garter.

---

* Old Jacob Tonson, the editor of the Metamorphoses.
† Pembroke, probably.

Then lords and lordlings, squires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers!
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom Burnet or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If Justice Philips' costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburses;
They shall like Persian tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses.

Let Warwick's Muse with Ash—t join,
And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's,
Tickell and Addison combine,
And Pope translate with Jervas.

L—— himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F—— in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye ladies, too, draw forth your pen;
I pray, where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness Lady Wortley.

Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
Review them and tell noses;
For to poor Ovid shall befall
A strange metamorphosis;

A metamorphosis more strange
Than all his books can vapour—
"To what (quoth squire) shall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys, "To waste paper."

UMBRA.

CURLL says, this character was intended to ridicule a very worthy gentleman, probably Ambrose Philips.

CLOSE to the best known author UMBRA sits,
The constant index to old Button's wits.
"Who's here?" cries Umbra: "only Johnson"* —"O!
Your slave," and exit; but returns with Rowe:
"Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:"
Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his heel,
And in a moment fastens upon Steele;
But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his tread, here's Addison,"
Says Addison to Steele, "'Tis time to go:"
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
E'en sits him down, and writes to honest Tickell.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, sense, like charity, "begins at home."

* Charles Johnson, a second-rate dramatist, and great frequenter of Button's. Pope elsewhere classes him with Philips:—

"Lean Philips and fat Johnson."—*Farewell to London.*

DUKE UPON DUKE.

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

To the tune of "Chevy Chace."

THIS excellent ballad is founded upon a quarrel between Sir John Guise, Bart., Member of Parliament for Gloucestershire, and Nicholas, Lord Lechmere, a Whig statesman of some eminence, at the time Chancellor of the Duchy Court of Lancaster, which gives rise to the title by which he is here designated. No particulars of the quarrel, which seems to have been quite personal, has reached the present time. But the poem was given to the hawkers, and sung through the streets, as appears from its existing in broadside copies, with the music, which is said to have been composed by Mr. Holdecombe. One of these copies is in the celebrated collection, Narcissus Luttrel, and is dated 24th August, 1720.

To lordlings proud I tune my lay,
  Who feast in bower or hall;
Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,
  That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this same it is right sooth,
  Full plainly doth appear,
From what befell John, Duke of Guise,
  And Nic of Lancastere.

When Richard *Cœur de Lion* reign'd,
  (Which means a lion's heart,)
Like him his barons raged and roar'd:
  Each played a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough :
  Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff ;
  And if your a—se, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose ;
  At every turn fell to't ;
Come near, they trod upon your toes ;
  They fought from head to foot.

Of these the Duke of Lancastere
  Stood paramount in pride ;
He kick'd, and cuff'd and tweak'd, and trod
  His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver sate ;
  So broad it hid his chin ;
For why ? he deemed no man his mate,
  And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dyed his cheek,
  With essence oil'd his hair ;
No vixen civet cat so sweet,
  Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
  Though made full short by God ;
And when all other dukes did bow,
  This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonair,
  To Guise's Duke was he :
Was ever such a loving pair ?
  How could they disagree ?

Oh, thus it was: he loved him dear,
And cast how to requite him:
And, having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quil,
And thus he did indite:—
"This eve at whisk ourself will play,
Sir Duke! be here to-night."

"Ah no! ah no!" the guileless Guise
Demurely did reply;
"I cannot go nor yet can stand,
So sore the gout have I."

The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly Kensington!

All on a trice he rush'd on Guise,
Thrust out his lady dear:
He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.

But mark how 'midst of victory
Fate plays her old dog-trick!
Up leapt Duke John, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell Duke Nic.

Alas, O Nic! O Nic, alas!
Right did thy gossip call thee:
As who should say, alas the day,
When John of Guise shall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did sit;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do—what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, O woeful duke!
Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d instead of trope.

"Lie there, thou caitiff vile!" quoth Guise;
No shift is here to save thee:
The casement it is shut likewise;
Beneath my feet I have thee.

"If thou hast aught to speak, speak out."
Then Lancastere did cry,
"Know'st thou not me, nor yet thyself?
Who thou, and who am I?

"Know'st thou not me, who (God be praised!)
Have brawl'd and quarrell'd more,
Than all the line of Lancastere,
That battled heretofore?

"In senates famed for many a speech,
And (what some awe must give ye,
Though laid thus low beneath thy breech)
Still of the council privy;

"Still of the Duchy Chancellor;
Durante life I have it;
And turn, as now thou dost on me,
Mine a—se on them that gave it."

But now the servants they rush'd in ;
And Duke Nic up leap'd he ;
" I will not cope against such odds,
But, Guise ! I'll fight with thee :

" To-morrow with thee will I fight
Under the greenwood tree."
" No, not to-morrow, but to-night,"
Quoth Guise, " I'll fight with thee."

And now the sun declining low
Bestreak'd with blood the skies ;
When with his sword at saddlebow,
Rode forth the valiant Guise.

Full gently pranced he o'er the lawn ;
Oft roll'd his eyes around,
And from the stirrup stretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er :
At length he spied the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand so white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight :

All in that dreadful hour so calm
Was Lancastere to see,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee :

And so he did—for to New Court
His rolling wheels did run:
Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife;
But business must be done.

Back in the dark, by Brompton park,
He turn'd up through the Gore;
So slunk to Camden-house so high,
All in his coach and four.

Meanwhile Duke Guise did fret and fume.
A sight it was to see,
Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the greenwood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he fared,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
"The day I meet him, Nic shall rue
The cudgel of that day.

"Meantime on every pissing-post
Paste we this recreant's name,
So that each passer by shall read
And piss against the same."

Now God preserve our gracious king,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this lesson from Duke Nic,
That "pride will have a fall."

FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE.

THIS fragment, with various alterations, was worked by Pope into the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which forms the Prologue to his Satires.

IF meagre Gildon draws his venal quill,
I wish the man a dinner, and sit still;
If dreadful Dennis raves in furious fret,
I'll answer Dennis when I am in debt.
'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print:
And who'll wage war with Bedlam or the Mint?
  Should some more sober critics come abroad,
If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right:
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite:
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced those ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds,
Who thinks he reads when he but scans and spells;
A word-catcher that lives on syllables.
Yet e'en this creature may some notice claim,
Wrapt round and sanctified with Shakespeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare;
And wonder how the devil it got there.
  Are others angry? I excuse them too:
Well may they rage; I gave them but their due.

Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard is his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can guess?
The wretch, whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale* for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hardbound brains six lines a-year;
In sense still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left.
Johnson,† who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad.‡
Should modest Satire bid all these translate,
And own that nine such poets make a Tate;
How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
How would they swear, not CONGREVE'S§ self was safe!
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
Apollo kindled, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise:

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* Ambrose Philips translated a book called "Persian Tales;" a book full of fancy and imagination.—POPE.

† Author of the Victim, and Cobbler of Preston.—H.

‡ Verse of Dr. Ev.—H.

§ Thus it originally stood in the "Miscellanies," though the name was afterwards altered to "Addison;" a circumstance, says Mr. Nicol, not noticed by the learned commentators upon Pope.—N.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best;
Like Cato, gives his little senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise,
What pity, Heaven; if such a man there be;
Who would not weep, if ADDISON* were he!

---

* The quarrel between Pope and Addison, which gave rise to these memorable lines, does not belong to the works of Swift. Yet it is curious to trace the same similes applied to the same person, in a prose letter of Pope to Mr. Craggs, 15th July, 1725. "We have, it seems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and he has his mutes too, a set of nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth."

MACER.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1727.

THERE is some dispute for whom this character was intended. Dr. Warton thought James Moore Smith was designed, but Mr. Bowles inclines, with more apparent reason, to suppose that Philips was attacked under the title of Macer.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town;
'Twas all th' ambition his great soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventured on the town,
And in a borrow'd play out-did poor Crown.
There he stopt short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little;
Like stunted hidebound trees; that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse,* and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid:
Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely liked for her simplicity:

---

* He requested, by public advertisements, the aid of the ingenious, to make up a Miscellany, in 1713.—H.

In a translated suit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
But just endured the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing's left; but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

SYLVIA, A FRAGMENT.

SYLVIA my heart in wondrous wise alarm'd,
Awed without sense, and without beauty charm'd;
But some odd graces and some flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
Her tongue still ran on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise:
Good-nature, she declared, was her scorn,
Though 'twas by that alone she could be borne:
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D——y at a ball:
Now deep in Taylor, and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres.
Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman's in her soul a rake.
Frail, feverish sex; their fit now chills, now burns;
Atheism and superstition rule by turns;
And a mere heathen in the carnal part,
Is still a sad good Christian at her heart.*

* I have been informed, on a good authority, that this character was designed for the then Duchess of Hamilton.—Dr. WARTON.

Swift describes this lady as handsome, airy, and violent-tempered, with abundance of wit and spirit.

IMPROMPTU.

TO LADY WINCHELSEA.

OCCASIONED BY FOUR SATIRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN WITS, IN THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

In vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphoes we admire no more;
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit;
But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.
Of all examples by the world confest,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay;
Ev'n while you write, you take that praise away
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

—o—

EPIGRAM.

A BISHOP by his neighbours hated
Has cause to wish himself translated:
But why should Hough desire translation,
Loved and esteem'd by all the nation?
Yet, if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

SENT ON HER BIRTHDAY, JUNE 15TH.

O, BE thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend!
Not with those toys the female race admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire;
* Not as the world its petty slaves rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards:
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face:
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstacy of joy;
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come!

---

* The six following lines are thus varied in Pope's Works:—

With added years of life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let every blessing through;
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more:
Is that a Birthday? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

SONG.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.*

I SAID to my heart between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation?

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply:
See the heart without motion, though Celia pass by!
Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so refined,
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind;
Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire;
Ev'ry word I attend; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on Heaven, though man is her aim:
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes:
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

But Cloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.

---

* The Earl of Peterborow.—H.

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season!
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was
she?

—o—

BALLAD.

THIS song was written on Miss Nelly Bennet, a celebrated beauty, who went, under the escort of Dr. Arbuthnot, in 1718, to reside with an uncle in France. On the 14th October in that year, Dr. Arbuthnot writes to the Dean an account of his Paris journey.—"Among other things, I had the honour to carry an Irish lady to Court, that was admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty. She had great honours done her; the hussar himself was ordered to bring her the King's cat to kiss. Her name is Bennet." On December 11th, he renews the subject. "You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, if I thought a beautiful lady a curiosity in Ireland; but pray, is it an affront to say, that a lady hardly known or observed for her beauty in Ireland, is a curiosity in France?" The song may be safely ascribed to Dr. Arbuthnot.

OF all the girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and shape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:
Oh! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin
Of lovely dearest Nelly!
For many a swain it well had been,
Had she ne'er pass'd by Calai.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins,)
Across the Thuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens;
The king, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his hussar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provoked,
To see her so respected:
The men look'd arch, as Nelly stroked,
And puss her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly,
Then said the Duke *de Villeroy*,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!

But who's that grave philosopher,
That carefully looks at her?
By his concern it should appear,
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier sly,)
He on his child does leer too;
I wish he has no mind to try
What some papas will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord
Broke out in Nelly's praises,
Admired her *rose*, and *lys sans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Françoises.*)
Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly:
She, like the pride of all the spring,
And they like *fleurs de palais.*

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I saw this charming Nelly,
Where shameless nymphs, exposed to view,
Stand naked in each alley:
But Venus had a brazen face,
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resigned her place.
And left the stone she stood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
But I should turn Pygmalion:
For, spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe and her right toe.

—o—

ODE FOR MUSIC.

ON THE LONGITUDE.

THE celebrated Mr. Whiston, in conjunction with Ditton, read lectures on Experimental Philosophy, and they conceived a visionary plan for discovering the longitude at sea, which is here ridiculed.

RECITATIVO.

THE longitude miss'd on
By wicked Will Whiston;
And not better hit on
By good Master Ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiston
May both be bep-st on;
And Whiston and Ditton
May both be besh-t on.

Sing Ditton,
Besh-t on;
And Whiston,
Bep-st on.

Sing Ditton and Whiston,
And Whiston and Ditton,
Besh-t and bep-st on,
Bep-st and besh-t on.

DA CAPO.

—o—

EPIGRAM.

ON THE FEUDS ABOUT HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

STRANGE! all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-DUM and Tweedle-DEE!

—o—

ON MRS. TOFTS,

A CELEBRATED OPERA-SINGER.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along:
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved, and the poet have died.

—o—

TWO OR THREE:

OR, A RECEIPT TO MAKE A CUCKOLD.

Two or three visits, and two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two or three kisses, with two or three sighs,
Two or three JESUSES and LET-ME-DIES,
Two or three squeezes, or two or three towzes,
With two or three thousand pound lost at their houses,
Can never fail cuckolding two or three spouses.

—o—

EPIGRAM,

IN A MAID OF HONOUR'S PRAYER-BOOK.

WHEN Israel's daughters mourn'd their past offences,
They dealt in sackcloth, and turn'd cinder wenches;

But Richmond's fair ones never spoil their locks;
They use white powder, and wear Holland smocks.
O comely church! where females find clean linen
As decent to repent in, as to sin in.

—o—

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe balanced, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

—o—

A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE

TO MR. THOMAS SNOW,

GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR;

Occasioned by his buying and selling the third South Sea Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors at One Thousand *per cent.**

DISDAIN not, SNOW, my humble verse to hear,
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.

---

* In the year 1720, the South Sea Company, under pretence of paying the public debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation, incurred before the year 1716, amounting to £31,664,551. Part of this sum was subscribed into their capital at three subscrip-

Whether thy counter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grows black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the stocks;
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.
O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands drown'd!
When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st; no bill was sent unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's* boards
And Atwill's* self was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st; an Indian king in size and hue!
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.
Why did 'Change-alley waste thy precious hours
Among the fools who gaped for golden showers?
No wonder, if we find some poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder, they were caught by South Sea schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
No wonder, they their third subscriptions sold
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder that their fancies wild can frame
Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
Though changed throughout in substance and in name.
But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.
Let vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,
Who ruins thousands for a single groat:

---

tions; the first at £300 *per cent.*, the second at £400, and a third at £1000. Such was the infatuation of the time, that these subscriptions were bought and sold at exorbitant premiums: so that £100 South Sea stock, subscribed at £1000, was sold for £1200 in Exchange-alley.—H.

* Names of eminent goldsmiths.—H.

I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true;
They sell the treasures which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.
  Through famed Moorfields extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapt in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.
There in full opulence a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His sideboard glitter'd with imagined plate,
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.
  As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours
In raising piles of straw and twisted bowers,
A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eye observed the structure well:
A sharpen'd skewer 'cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cried, "Behold my castle walls,
My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
With land of more than twenty acres round!
All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract, (as ordains the law.)
The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew clear;
The visionary scene was lost in air.
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good;
Yet loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd;
"Shall I, ye gods," he cries, "my debts compound!"

So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
With just resentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my tally of ten thousand pound."*

—o—

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.†

WRITTEN BY MR. CONGREVE.

I.

When as Corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay said Ay, and No said No,
Without a place or fee:
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit call'd Quadrille,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
And four fair suits they wore;
His troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er;

* Charles II. having borrowed a considerable sum, gave tallies as a security for the repayment; but, soon after shutting up the exchequer, these tallies were as much reduced from their original value, as the South Sea had exceeded it.—H.

† On the subject of this ballad, see a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot to Dean Swift, dated Nov. 8, 1726.—N.

And every house, go where you will,
Is haunted by the imp Quadrille, &c.

III.

Sure cards he has for everything,
  Which well court cards they name;
And statesman-like, calls in the king,
  To help out a bad game;
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forced to loose Codille, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
  Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
  And call'd a party *quarree:*
But now, meet when and where you will,
A party *quarree* is Quadrille, &c.

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,
  Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care,
  To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfill
When the good husband's at Quadrille, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,
  In comes th' apothecary;
And to the doctor cries alas!
  Non debes quadrillare.

The patient dies without a pill,
For why? the doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder,*
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill;
For why? the gen'ral's at Quadrille, &c.

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath,)
And made of many a 'squire and lord
An unwash'd knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and skill?
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

IX.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Post-Boy and Gazette
The Quadruple Allies;
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille,† &c.

---

* Russia was at this time, 1725, using very high language concerning the restoration of Sleswick.

† The convention at Cambray was adopted for the purpose of adjusting the disputes between the emperor and King of Spain, under the mediation of Great Britain and France. But in the course of the treaty, the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, died,

x.

And now, God save this noble realm,
And God save eke Hanover;
And God save those who hold the helm
When as the king goes over:
But let the king go where he will,
His subjects must play at Quadrille,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

—o—

MOLLY MOG;

OR, THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

THIS little ballad became very popular, and had several imitations. One was sent to the lovely Miss Lepelle, afterwards Lady Hervey, in the name of a begging poet. She was deceived, and begged that two double entendres might be changed. Mr. Pulteney and Lord Chesterfield, the authors of the jest, pushed it still further, by substituting what Dr. Arbuthnot calls single entendres, and Lady Hervey became seriously displeased. Even the Ultima Thule was interested, for I have found in an old Scottish newspaper, a continuation of the ballad of Molly Mog. But the very essence of a political exercise on a given termination,

---

and the Infanta of Spain, Maria Theresa, who had been betrothed to the King of France, was sent back to her own country to make way for Lewis XVth's being affianced to the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine. The Spanish court received this affront with a natural sensation of deep resentment, and finding it in vain to attempt engaging Great Britain in their quarrel, they suddenly patched up a peace with the emperor, and thus saved the quadruple allies the trouble of interference.

consists in the accuracy of the rhymes, and in that my countryman has been wofully deficient.

The fair Molly Mog was a chambermaid at the Rose Inn, Oakingham, in Berkshire.

Says my uncle, I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes,
Why you pine and you whine like a lover?—
I've seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

O nephew! your grief is but folly;
In town you may find better prog:
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women at best are a clog:
But I'm not so easily frightened
From loving my sweet Molly Mog.

The schoolboy's delight is a play-day;
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog;
The milkmaid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

Will-o'-wisp leaves the traveller a-gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire and bog:
But no light can set me a-madding,
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other men's breeches,
Your gamesters will palm and will cog:
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

The heart, when half-wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog:
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fixed upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog:
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog;
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid, and gives me a jog;
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log:
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

Those who toast all the family royal
In bumpers of hogan and nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog;
To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

—o—

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILES.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pearmonger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat
Am kept away to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone;
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee!
Hearts sound as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her:
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien;
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are:
  Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
  Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
  Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
  Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
  Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
  Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
  And happy as a king:
Good Lord! how all men envied me!
  She loved like anything.

But, false as hell, she like the wind,
  Changed as her sex must do;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
  And like the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
  Let who would take Peru,
Great as an emp'ror should I be,
  And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
  I'm dull as any post:
Let us like burs together stick,
  And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND.

Being a new Ballad, shewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear, with a penknife, by Mr. Blake, *alias* Blueskin, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial at the Old Bailey, 1725.

TO THE TUNE OF THE CUTPURSE.*

THE history of Jonathan Wild, whose practises gave rise to the character of Peachum in the Beggar's Opera, is pretty well known. He was a thief-taker by profession, which he united with the seemingly inconsistent character of heading a band of thieves and robbers. He received their booty, paid them for it according to his own rates, and restored it to the proprietors when it benefited his purse or reputation to do so. He had even such influence over his banditti, that he could every now and then make a sacrifice to justice of any one who he suspected had run his race, or who had murmured against his authority. In such cases, Jonathan

* The well-known song in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, of which the burden runs:

Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

was both the person who apprehended, and whose evidence convicted his associate. But one Blake, or Blueskin, although he had been under Wild's tuition from a child, finding himself apprehended and condemned for house-breaking, and seeing his tutor in guilt the chief evidence against him, was filled at once with the feelings of indignation and despair, and clapping his hand suddenly under Jonathan's chin, in the presence of the Court, still sitting, cut a gash in his throat, with a folding-knife, which had nearly proved mortal. Jonathan Wild survived the wound, however, and being convicted under the statute for receiving money for recovery of stolen goods without apprehending the thieves, he, on 24th May, 1725, suffered at the gallows, for which he had bred, and to which he had conducted so many victims.

I.

Ye gallants of Newgate whose fingers are nice
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose,
Ye honester poor rogues, who die in your shoes,
Attend and draw near,
Good news ye shall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,
How Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

II.

When to the Old Bailey this Blueskin was led,
He held up his hand: his indictment was read;
Loud rattled his chains; near him Jonathan stood;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then hopeless of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife..
But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease;
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the king's gold, and leave him but crown;
Some say there are peers and parliament-men,
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers again.
Let them all take their swing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon instead of a string.
Now Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you ease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inve tions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pension
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.
Since this happy day
Now every man may
Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease
And every man round me may rob if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise;
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar.
But now, to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's cold:

For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

VI.

Some by public revenues, which pass'd through
their hands,
Have purchased clean houses and bought dirty
lands:
Some to steal from a charity think it no sin,
Which at home (says the proverb) does always
begin.
But if ever you be
Assign'd a trustee,
Treat not orphans like masters of the Chancery.
But take the highway, and more honestly seize;
For every man round me may rob, if he please.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his
brass,
Who would modestly make a few halfpennies pass!
The patent is good, and the precedent's old
For Diomede changed his copper for gold:
But, if Ireland despise
The new halfpennies,
With more safety to rob on the road I advise:
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

STREPHON AND FLAVIA.

WITH every lady in the land
  Soft Strephon kept a pother;
One year he languish'd for one hand,
  And next year for the other.

Yet, when his love the shepherd told
  To Flavia fair and coy,
Reserved, demure, than snow more cold,
  She scorn'd the gentle boy.

Late at a ball he own'd his pain;
  She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
With all the marks of high disdain,
  She'd never hear him more.

The swain persisted still to pray,
  The nymph still to deny;
At last she vow'd she would not stay;
  He swore she should not fly.

Enraged, she call'd her footman straight,
  And rush'd from out the room,
Drove to her lodging, locked the gate,
  And lay with Ralph at home.

THE QUIDNUNCKIS:

A TALE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE DUKE REGENT OF FRANCE.

How vain are mortal man's endeavours!
(Said, at Dame Elleot's,* Master Travers,)
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
O! may all statesmen die prepar'd!
I do foresee (and for foreseeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be disbanded.
—I wish the king were safely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land!
All France and England at a stand!
There's Meroweis—mark! strange work!
And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk—
The Pope——An India merchant by
Cut short the speech with this reply:
All at a stand? you see great changes?
Ah, sir! you never saw the Ganges:
There dwells the nation of Quidnunckis,
(So Monomotapa calls monkeys:)
On either bank, from bough to bough,
They meet and chat, (as we may now;)
Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug:
They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug:
And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends, or stroke them.
  There have I seen some active prig,
To shew his parts, bestride a twig;

* Coffeehouse, near St. James's.—H.

Lord! how the chatt'ring tribe admire!
Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous thing,
(For pow'r is but to have one's swing.)
From side to side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces:
Down the swift stream the wretch is borne!
Never, ah never, to return!
Z——ds! what a fall had our dear brother!
"*Morbleu!*" cries one; and "damme," t'other.
The nation gives a gen'ral screech;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to steal.
A while all eyes, intent and steady,
Pursue him whirling down the eddy:
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And bus'ness, on each monkey shore,
Runs the same track it ran before.

—o—

THE

LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH

FOR

THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

POPE writes to Swift, that the bookseller wished to print these following pieces before the second edition of Gulliver's Travels, but he refused his permission, as not liking them much. He mentions also commendatory verses from a horse to Gulliver, which do not appear.—See his letter to Swift, 8th March, 1726–7.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair;
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown,
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed:
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now,
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink; impervious to a mouse.

"Was it for this," she cried, "with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied;
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook!
Sure in that lake he dropt; my Grilly's drown'd!"
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast!
But little creatures enterprize the most,
Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear the marbles as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you!
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Versed in court tricks, the money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy,
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
Ah! never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slipp'ry round,
Perhaps, all maim'd, lie grov'ling on the ground?
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or, sunk within the peach's down, repose?
Within the kingcup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
O shew me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flow'r
Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r!
"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females and on little loves;

Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs:
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell and a straw thine oar?
Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm; of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstan anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head!
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
  She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobb'd a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief! those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

THE Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour, some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly complaining epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And waked, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou should'st "cleave unto thy wife;"
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan!
Be kind at least to these: they are thy own:
Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own.

Biddel,* like thee, might farthest India rove;
He changed his country, but retain'd his love.
There's Captain Pennel,* absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pennel's wife is brown, compared to me;
And Mrs. Biddel sure is fifty-three.

Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage bed?

Some say, the devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by pray'r.
Some think you mad, some think you are possest,
That bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appease!
That straw, that straw, would heighten the disease.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and shiv'ring with the frost,
Search all the house; my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise;
"Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where?"
The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare."

At early morn I to the market haste,
(Studious in everything to please thy taste;)
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose,
(For I remember you were fond of those;)

---

* Names of the sea-captains mentioned in Gulliver's Travels.—H.

Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses:
My only token was a cup-like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare preferr'd to me!
These for some moments when you deign to quit,
And at due distance sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know;
For pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest,
How did I tremble, when by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd theirs, increased my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death he sentenced me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when the giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I saw thee ramm'd,
Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heaven, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!

Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case:
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear proved death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by the best loved name!
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And hallooed in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you looked down on kings:
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thine ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name;
Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

TO

QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

In amaze
Lost I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size!
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told
When they said
Atlas' head
Propp'd the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!
See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake;
Lest his spurn
Overturn

Man and steed:
Troops take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest a host
Beneath his foot be lost!
Turn'd aside,
From his hide
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows:
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty poet! touch the sky.

—o—

A GENTLE ECHO ON WOMAN.

IN THE DORIC MANNER.

THESE verses were supposed, by the late Mr. Reed, to have been written either in imitation of Lord Sterling's Aurora, or of a scene of the old play, entitled, "The Hog has lost his Pearl." There is a similar scene in Webster's Duchess of Malfy, and every reader must remember the dialogue between the Bearward and Echo in Hudibras.

SHEPHERD.
ECHO, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly answer questions: shall I try?
ECHO. Try.
SHEPHERD.
What must we do our passion to express?
ECHO. Press.
SHEPHERD.
How shall I please her who ne'er loved before?
ECHO. Before.
SHEPHERD.
What most moves women when we them address?
ECHO. A dress.
SHEPHERD.
Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore?
ECHO. A door.
SHEPHERD.
If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
ECHO. Lyar.
SHEPHERD.
Then teach me, Echo, how I shall come by her?
ECHO. Buy her.

SHEPHERD.
When bought, no question, I shall be her dear?
ECHO. Her deer.
SHEPHERD.
But deer have horns: how must I keep her under?
ECHO. Keep her under.
SHEPHERD.
How shall I hold her, ne'er to part asunder?
ECHO. A—se under.
SHEPHERD.
But what can glad me, when she's laid on bier?
ECHO. Beer.
SHEPHERD.
What must I do, when woman will be kind?
ECHO. Be kind.
SHEPHERD.
What must I do, when women will be cross?
ECHO. Be cross.
SHEPHERD.
Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind?
ECHO. Wind.
SHEPHERD.
If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?
ECHO. Blows.
SHEPHERD.
But, if she bang again, still should I bang her?
ECHO. Bang her.
SHEPHERD.
Is there no way to moderate her anger?
ECHO. Hang her.
SHEPHERD.
Thanks, gentle Echo! right thy answers tell
What woman is, and how to guard her well.
ECHO. Guard her well.

EPITAPH.*

HERE continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first;
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity
of his manners, than successful in accumulating
WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only person of his time
Who could CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY;
Retain his primeval MEANNESS when possessed of
TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR;
And, having daily deserved the GIBBET for what
he did,
Was at last condemned to it for what he could
not do.†
O indignant reader!

---

* This epitaph on a man infamous for all manner of vices, was written by Dr. Arbuthnot.

† The Colonel, at a very advanced period of life, was tried for a rape.

Think not his life useless to mankind!
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable designs,
To give to after ages conspicuous PROOF and
EXAMPLE
Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the sight of
GOD,
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of
ALL MORTALS.

JOHANNES jacet hic Mirandula—cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges—forsàn et Antipodes.

APPLIED TO F. C.

HERE Francis Chartres lies*—be civil!
The rest God knows—perhaps the devil.

—o—

EPIGRAM.

PETER complains, that God has given
To his poor babe a life so short:
Consider, Peter, he's in Heaven;
'Tis good to have a friend at court.

---

* Thus applied by Mr. Pope:—"Here lies Lord Coningsby."—H.

ANOTHER.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

—o—

EPITAPH OF BY-WORDS.

Here lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd,
Ev'ry word she e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour;
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.
Though he talked much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other she found better fun:
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagined, to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despised ev'ry soul she met here;
And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but queer.

—o—

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

PRIOR.

Sir, I admit your gen'ral rule,
That ev'ry poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G—— lies under ground!
So there's an end of honest Jack.
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.*

—o—

EPIGRAM

ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB. ANNO 1716.†

WHENCE deathless KIT-CAT took its name,
Few critics can unriddle:
Some say from PASTRYCOOK it came,
And some, from CAT and FIDDLE.
From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen, or green wits;
But from this pellmell pack of toasts
Of old CATS and young KITS.

---

* It is strange that Goldsmith should have condescended to adopt this (not very excellent) epigram, in the lines printed in his works.—

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

† The Kit-cat Club, which was the point of convivial union among the friends of the Hanoverian succession, was sometimes said to have derived its name from Christopher Kat, a pastry-cook, remarkable for the excellence of his twopenny pies. Others supposed it was from a cat and fiddle, the sign of the tavern. But the epigrammatist, with no very pregnant humour, derives it from their toasts, upon each of whom they wrote verses, which were engraved upon the glasses consecrated to the health proposed.

TO A LADY,

WITH THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WHAT's fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd, in women, only reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

—o—

VERSES

To be placed under the Picture of England's Arch-Poet, [Sir Richard Blackmore,] containing a complete Catalogue of his Works.

SEE who ne'er was or will be half read!
Who first sung Arthur,* then sung Alfred;†
Praised great Eliza‡ in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cried Hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—,
And hang'd up Marlborough in arras:§
Then, hiss'd from earth, grew heavenly quite:
Made every reader curse the light;‖

---

* Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.
† An heroic poem, in twelve books.
‡ An heroic poem in folio, ten books.
§ Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver.
‖ Hymn to the Light.

Maul'd human wit, in one thick satire ;*
Next in three books sunk Human Nature ;†
Undid Creation‡ at a jerk ;
And of Redemption § made damn'd work.
Then took his Muse, at once, and dipp'd her
Full in the middle of the Scripture :
What wonders there the man grown old did !
Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded ;
Made David || seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought King Achish.
No mortal read his Solomon,¶
But judged R'oboam his own son.
Moses** he served as Moses Pharoah,
And Deborah as she Siserah ;
Made Jeremy†† full sore to cry,
And Job‡‡ himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow ?
Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo ?
Shall David as Uriah slay him ?
Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siserah him ?
Or shall Eliza lay a plot
To treat him like her sister Scot ?
Shall William dub his better end ? §§
Or Marlb'rough serve him like a friend ?
No, none of these—Heaven spare his life !
But send him, honest Job, thy wife.

---

* Satire against Wit.
† Of the Nature of Man.
‡ Creation, a poem, in seven books.
§ The Redeemer, another heroic poem, in six books.
|| Translation of all the Psalms.
¶ Canticles and Ecclesiastes.
** Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.
†† The Lamentations.
‡‡ The whole Book of Job, a poem, in folio.
§§ Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

AN EPISTLE FROM A DOG AT TWICKENHAM, TO A DOG AT COURT.

To thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send,
Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail, in wanton play
Now frisking this and then that way,
Chanced with a touch of just the tip
To hurt your lady-lapdog-ship:
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off!
Sure, Bounce is one you never read of.
  Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg,
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up strings and sticks.
We country dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come,
To fart and piss about the room,
To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
And, when they think not of you—snap!
The worst that envy or that spite
E'er said of me, is, I can bite;
That idle gipsies, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that, to touse such things as flutter,
To honest Bounce is bread and butter.
  While you and ev'ry courtly fop,
Fawn on the devil for a chop,
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat;
And, let me tell you, have a nose,
(Whatever stinking Fops suppose,)

That under cloth of gold or tissue
Can smell a plaster or an issue.
Your pilf'ring lord, with simple pride,
May wear a picklock at his side;
My master wants no key of state,
For Bounce can keep his house and gate.
When all such dogs have had their days,
As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays;
When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Venis,
And motley, squinting Harlequinis,*
Shall lick no more their ladies br—,
But die of looseness, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames, from either echoing shore,
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.
See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd
With thund'ring offspring all around;
Beneath, beside me, and at top,
A hundred sons, and not one fop!
Before my children set your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief!
Not one without permission feed,
(Though some of J—n's hungry breed:)
But, whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.
My eldest born resides not far,
Where shines great Strafford's glittering star:
My second (child of fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates:
A third majestically stalks
(Happiest of dogs!) in Cobham's walks:
One ushers friends to Bathurst's door;
One fawns, at Oxford's, on the poor.

* Alii legunt *Harvequinis.*

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race.
And, O would fate the bliss decree
To mine (a bliss too great for me!)
That two my tallest sons might grace,
Attending each with stately pace,
Iulus' side, as erst Evander's,*
To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders,
To let no noble slave come near,
And scare Lord Fannys from his ear,
Then might the royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at least a friend—or two;
A treasure which, of royal kind,
Few but himself deserve to find.
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.
And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
Except the sect of Pythagoreans,
Have immortality assign'd
To any beasts but Dryden's hind: †
Yet Master Pope, whom Truth and Sense
Shall call their friend some ages hence,
Though now no loftier themes he sings,
Than to bestow a word on kings,
Has sworn by Styx, the poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poets both,
Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

---

* Virgil, Æneid 8.

† "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged."
Hind and Panther, ver. 1.

ON

THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER.

PALLAS grew vap'rish once and odd;
She would not do the least right thing,
Either for goddess or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and "Use (he cried) those eyes
So skilful, and those hands so taper;
Do something exquisite and wise—"
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all Heaven a burning shame;
What does she next, but bids, on earth,
Her Burlington do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
The name of Saville and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shewn,
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown
Between John Overton and you!

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

BY MR. POPE.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon,
(Envy, be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible, soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults, then, (Envy says,) sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.*

---

* Equal in elegance to any compliment that Waller has paid to Sacharissa, especially the last stanza, and the answer to Envy. The lady addressed was Mrs. Howard of Marble Hill, bed-chamber woman to Queen Caroline, and afterwards Countess of Suffolk.—Thus far Warton.

"Lady Suffolk was early affected with deafness. Cheselden the surgeon, then in favour at Court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict, then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned, he would try it, and if he succeeded, would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the man's pardon, who was cousin to Cheselden, who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation, and no more was heard of the experiment. The man saved his ear too, but Cheselden was disgraced at court."—Lord Orford's Reminiscences, *apud* Works, IV. 303.

PROSE MISCELLANIES.

BY

SWIFT AND SHERIDAN.

ARS PUNICA, &c.

THIS piece was composed chiefly by Dr. Sheridan, of whose extensive learning and peculiar humour it bears evident tokens. Punning, as Stella said of him on a particular occasion, was his "blind side;" and we learn from Swift's evidence, that he had carefully amassed a large collecton of stories, from which he found it easy to illustrate the rules he has here laid down. The treatise, however, was enriched by the contributions of Swift, of Hammond, father to the poet, of Parnel, and of Delany. Like every other collection of mere jests, these protracted and strained efforts of mirth end in being tedious. Some of the rules, however, as well as of the examples, are very humorous.

It seems difficult to conceive how this trifle should have given offence to any one. Nevertheless, Dr. Tisdal, called Black Tisdal, who, as Dr. Swift remarks in a letter to Dr. Jenny, had been long engaged in a kind of flirting war of satiric burlesque verse with Sheridan, and other wags, chose to attack the author in the following satire, which I have printed, not on account of its merit, but as a specimen of the assaults to which Swift and his friends were exposed, and which naturally called down occasionally marks of his resentment.

TOM PUN-SIBI;

OR,

THE GIBER GIBED.

Mirandi novitate movebere monstri.—OVID.

TOM was a little merry grig,
Fiddled and danced to his own jig.
Good-natured, but a little silly;
Irresolute, and shally-shilly.

What he should do, he couldn't guess,
Swift used him like a man at chess;
He told him once that he had wit,
But 'twas in jest, and Tom was bit,
Thought himself second son of Phœbus,
For ballad, pun, lampoon, and rebus.
He took a draught of Helicon,
But swallowed so much water down,
He got a dropsy; now they say 'tis
Turn'd to poetic diabetes.
For all the liquor he has pass'd
Is without spirit, salt, or taste:
But, since it pass'd, Tom thought it wit
And so he writ, and writ, and writ:
He writ the famous Punning Art,
The benefit of piss and fart:
He writ the Wonder of all Wonders,
He writ the Blunder of all Blunders,
He writ a merry farce or poppet,
Taught actors how to squeak and hop it:
A treatise on the Wooden-man,*
A ballad on the nose of Dan;
The art of making April fools,
And four-and-thirty quibbling rules.
The learned say, that Tom went snacks
With Philomaths, for almanacks;
Though they divided are, for some say,
He writ for Whaley, some for Cumpstey.†
Hundreds there are, who will make oath,
That he writ almanacks for both;
And, though they made the calculations,
Tom writ the monthly observations!
Such were his writings, but his chatter
Was one continual clitter-clatter,
Swift slit his tongue, and made it talk,
Cry, cup o' sack, and walk, knave, walk!'
And fitted little prating Pall
For wier-cage in Common Hall:
Made him expert at quibble-jargon,
And quaint at selling of a bargain.
Pall, he could talk in different linguos,
But he could not be taught distinguos;
Swift tried in vain, and angry thereat,
Into a spaniel turn'd the parrot;
Made him to walk on his hind-legs,
He dances, fawns, and paws, and begs;
Then cuts a caper o'er a stick,‡
Lies close, does whine, and creep, and lick;
Swift put a bit upon his snout,
Poor Tom! he daren't look about;
But when that Swift does give the word,
He snaps it up, though 'twere a t——.

---

* "The wooden-man is a famed door-post in Dublin."
† "The famous Irish almanack-makers."
‡ "This is literally true between Swift and Sheridan.'

Swift strokes his back, and gives him victual
And then he makes him lick his spittle.
Sometimes he takes him on his lap,
And makes him grin, and snarl, and snap.
He sets the little cur at me;
Kick'd, he leapt up upon his knee;
I took him by the neck to shake him,
And made him void his *album Græcum*.
"Turn out the stinking cur, pox take him!"
Quoth Swift; though Swift could sooner want any
Thing in the world, than a Tanta-ny.
And thus not only makes his grig
A parrot, spaniel, but his pig.

'ARS PUN-ICA SIVE FLOS LINGUARUM.

THE

ART OF PUNNING;

OR,

THE FLOWER OF LANGUAGES:

IN SEVENTY-NINE RULES;

FOR THE FURTHER IMPROVEMENT OF CONVERSATION AND HELP OF MEMORY.

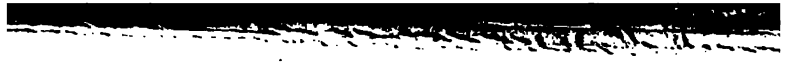
BY THE LABOUR AND INDUSTRY OF TOM PUN-SIBI.

"Ex ambiguâ dictâ vel argutissima putantur; sed non semper in joco, sæpe etiam in gravitate versantur.—Ingeniosi enim videtur, vim verbi in aliud atque cæteri accipiant, posse ducere."

Cicero, de Oratore, Lib. ii. § 61, 2.

"The seeds of Punning are in the minds of all men."

Addison, Spect. No. 61.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR JOHN SCRUB,

BART. AND WINE MERCHANT,

THIS DEDICATION IS HUMBLY PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR.

—o—

YOUR Honour's character is too well known in the world to stand in need of a dedication; but I can tell you, that my fortune is not so well settled but I stand in need of a patron. And therefore since I am to write a dedication, I must, for decency, proceed in the usual method.

First, I then proclaim to the world your high and illustrious birth: that you are, by the father's side, descended from the most ancient and celebrated family of Rome, the Cascas; by the mother's, from Earl Percy. Some indeed have been so malicious as to say, your grandmother *kill'd-her-kin:* But, I think, if the authors of the report were found out, they ought to be *hampered.* I will allow that the world exclaims deservedly against your *mother,* because she is *no friend to the bottle;* otherwise they would deserve a *firkin,* as having no *grounds* for what they say. However, I do not think it can sully your *fine* and *bright* reputation; for the *credit* you gained at the battle of *Hogshed,* against the

Duke of *Burgundy*, who felt no *sham-pain*, when you *forced* him to sink beneath your power, and gave his whole army a *brush*, may in time turn to your account; for, to my knowledge it put his highness much upon the *fret*. This, indeed, was no less *racking* to the king his master, who found himself *grosslee* mistaken, in catching a *tartar*. For the whole world allowed, that you brought him a *peg* lower, by giving him the *parting-blow*, and making all his *rogues in buckram* to *run*. Not to mention your great *a-gillity*, though you are past your *prim-age*; and may you never *lack-age*, with a *sparkling* wit, and *brisk* imagination! May your honour also *wear* long, beyond the common *scant-ling* of human life, and constantly proceed in your musical diversions of *pipe* and *sack-but*, hunting with *tarriers*, &c., and may your good-humour in saying, "*I am-phor-a-bottle*," never be lost, to the joy of all them that drink your *wine* for nothing, and especially of

Your humble servant,

TOM PUN-SIBI!

A SPECIMEN; *A SPICE I MEAN.*

—o—

PREFACE.

Hæc nos, ab imis Pun-icorum annalibus
Prolata, longo tempore, edidimus tibi.

FEST.

I've raked the ashes of the dead, to shew
PUNS were in vogue five thousand years ago.

THE great and singular advantages of PUNNING, and the lustre it gives to conversation, are commonly so little known in the world, that scarce one man of learning in fifty, to their shame be it spoken, appears to have the least tincture of it in his discourse. This I can impute to nothing, but that it has not been reduced to a *science;* and indeed Cicero seemed long ago to wish for it, as we may gather from his second book De Oratore,* where he has this remarkable passage:—Suavis autem est et vehementer sæpe utilis jocus et facetiæ cum ambiguitate—in quibus tu longè aliis, meâ sententiâ, Cæsar, excellis:

* Lib. ii. § 54.

quo magis mihi etiam testis esse potes, aut nullam esse artem salis, aut, si qua est, eam nos tu potissimum docebis." "Punning is extremely delightful, and oftentimes very profitable; in which, as far as I can judge, Cæsar, you excel all mankind; for which reason you may inform me, whether there be any Art of Punning; or, if there be, I beseech you, above all things, to instruct me in it." So much was this great man affected with the art, and such a noble idea did he conceive of it, that he gave Cæsar the preference to all mankind, only on account of that accomplishment.

Let critics say what they will, I will venture to affirm, that Punning, of all arts and sciences, is the most extraordinary: for all others are circumscribed by certain bounds; but this alone is found to have no limits, because, to excel therein requires a more extensive knowledge of all things. A punner must be a man of the greatest natural abilities, and of the best accomplishments; his wit must be poignant and fruitful, his understanding clear and distinct, his imagination delicate and cheerful; he must have an extraordinary elevation of soul, far above all mean and low conceptions: and these must be sustained with a vivacity fit to express his ideas, with that grace and beauty, that strength and sweetness, which become sentiments so truly noble and sublime.

And now, lest I should be suspected of imposing upon my reader, I must entreat him to consider, how high Plato has carried his sentiments of this art, (and Plato is allowed by all men to have seen farther into Heaven than any heathen either before or since.) Does he not say postively, in his Cratylus, "Jocos et dii amant," the gods themselves love punning? Which I am apt to believe, from Homer's ἄσβεστος γέλως, unextinguished laughter; because

there is no other motive could cause such continued merriment among the gods.

As to the antiquity of this art, Buxtorf proves it to be very early among the Chaldeans; which any one may see at large, who will read what he says upon the word צירז Pun, "Vocula est Chaldæis familiarissima," &c. "It is a word that is most frequently in use among the Chaldeans; who were first instructed in the methods of punning by their magi, and gained such reputation, that Ptolemæus Philopunnæus sent for six of those learned priests, to propagate their doctrine of puns in six of his principal cities; which they did with such success, that his majesty ordered, by public edict, to have a full collection of all the puns made within his dominions for three years past; and this collection filled one large apartment of his library, having this following remarkable inscription over the door, Ἰατρειον ψυχης, "The shop of the soul's physic."*

Some authors, but upon what grounds is uncertain, will have Pan, who, in the Æolic dialect, is called Pun, to be the author of puns; because, they say, Pan being the god of universal nature, and punning free of all languages, it is highly probable that it owes its first origin, as well as name, to this god: others again attribute it to Janus, and for this reason—Janus had two faces; and of consequence they conjectured every word he spoke had a double meaning. But, however, I give little credit to these opinions, which I am apt to believe were broached in the dark and fabulous ages of the world; for I doubt, before the first Olym-

* Vide Joseph. Bengor. Chronic. in Edit. Georg. Homedidæ. Seriem Godoliæ Tradit. Hebraic. Corpus Paradoseon Titulo Megill. c. i. § 8. Chronic. Samarit. Abulphetachi. Megillat. Taanit.

piad, there can be no great dependence upon profane history.

I am much more inclined to give credit to Buxtorf; nor is it improbable that Pythagoras, who spent twenty-eight years at Ægypt in his studies, brought this art, together with some arcana of philosophy into Greece; the reason for which might be, that philosophy and punning were a mutual assistance to each other: "for," says he, "puns are like so many torch-lights in the head, that give the soul a very distinct view of those images, which she before seemed to grope after as if she had been imprisoned in a dungeon." From whence he looked upon puns to be so sacred, and had such a regard to them, that he left a precept to his disciples, forbidding them to eat beans, because they were called in Greek πύννοι. "Let not," says he, "one grain of the seeds be lost; but preserve and scatter them over all Greece, that both our gardens and our fields may flourish with a vegetable, which, on account of its name, not only brings an honour to our country, but, as it disperses its effluvia in the air, may also, by a secret impulse, prepare the soul for punning, which I esteem the first and great felicity of life."

This art being so very well recommended by so great a man, it was not long before it spread through all Greece, and at last was looked upon to be such a necessary accomplishment, that no person was admitted to a feast who was not first examined, and if he were found ignorant of punning, he was dismissed with Ἐκὰς ἐστε, βεβηλοι, "Hence, ye profane."

If any one doubts the truth of what I say, let him consult the apophthegms of Plutarch, who, after he had passed several encomiums upon this art, gives some account of persons eminent in it; among which

(to shorten my preface) I choose one of the most illustrious examples, and will entertain the courteous reader with the following story:—"King Philip had his collar-bone broken in a battle; and his physician expecting money of him every visit, the king reproved him with a pun, saying, he had the key in his own hands." For the word κλεεις, in the original, signifies both a key and collar-bone.*

We have also several puns recorded in Diogenes Laertius's "Lives of the Philosophers," and those made by the wisest and gravest men among them, even by Diogenes the cynic, who, although pretending to withstand the irresistible charms of punning, was cursed with the name of an Abhorrer, yet, in spite of all his ill-nature and affectation, (for he was a tub-preacher,) he made so excellent a pun, that Scaliger said, "he would rather have been author of it, than king of Navarre." The story is as follows:—Didymus (not Didymus the commentator upon Homer, but a famous rake among the ladies at Athens) having taken in hand to cure a virgin's eye that was sore, had this caution given him by Diogenes, "Take care you do not corrupt your pupil." The word κορα signifying both the pupil of the eye and a virgin.†

It would be endless to produce all the authorities that might be gathered from Diodorus Siculus, Herodotus, Proconosius, Bergæus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Lycophron, Pindar, Apollonius, Menander, Aristophanes, Corinthus Cous, Nonnus, Demosthenes, Euripides, Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, &c.; from every one of which I should have produced some quotations, were it not that we are so unfortunate in this kingdom, not to have Greek types sufficient for such an undertaking; for want

* Vide Plut. Apoph. p. 177. † See Laërtius.

of which I have been put to the necessity, in the word κορα, of writing an *alpha* for an *eta*.

However, I believe it will not be amiss to bring some few testimonies, to show in what great esteem the art of punning was among the most refined wits at Rome, and that in the most polite ages, as will appear from the following quotations.—

Quinctilian says,* "Urbanitas est virtus quædam, in breve dictum, verum sensu duplici, coacta, et apta ad delectandos homines," &c. Thus translated, "Punning is a virtue, comprised in a short expression, with a double meaning, and fitted to delight the ladies."

Lucretius also,

Quo magis æternum da dictis, Diva, leporem.

Goddess, eternal puns on me bestow.

And elsewhere,

Omnia enim lepidi magis admirantur, amantque,
Germanis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt:
Verbaque constituunt simili fucata sonore,
Nec simili sensu, sed quæ mentita placerent.

All men of mirth and sense admire and love
Those words which like twin-brothers doubtful prove;
When the same sounds a different sense disguise,
In being deceived the greatest pleasure lies.

Thus Claudian,

Vocibus alternant sensus, fraudisque jocosæ,
Vim duplicem rident, lacrymosaque gaudia miscent.

* Institut. Orator. lib. vi. p. 265.

From word to word th' ambiguous sense is play'd;
Laughing succeeds, and joyful tears are shed.

And Martial,

Sit mihi, Cinna, comes, salibus dictisque facetus,
Qui sapit ambiguos fundere ab ore sonos.

Cinna, give me the man, when all is done,
That wisely knows to crack a jest and pun.

Petronius likewise will tell you,

Dicta, sales, risus, urbana crepundia vocum,
Ingenii facilis quæ documenta dabunt.

Jokes, repartees, and laugh, and pun polite,
Are the true test to prove a man is right.

And Lucan,

Ille est imperium risus, qui fraude leporis
Ambigua fallens, humeros quatit usque solutis
Nexibus, ac tremuli trepidant curvamina dorsi,
Et jecur, et cordis fibras, et pandit anhelas
Pulmonis latebras———

He's king of mirth, that slily cheats our sense
With pun ambiguous, pleasing in suspense;
The shoulders lax become, the bending back
Upheaved with laughter, makes our ribs to crack:
Ev'n to the liver he can joys impart,
And play upon the fibres of the heart;
Open the chambers of the longues,* and there
Give longer life in laughing, and in air.

But to come nearer home, and our own times; we know that France, in the late reign, was the seat of learning and policy; and what made it so, but the great encouragement the king gave punners

* Potiùs *lungs*, as a Dutch commentator would observe.—*Original Note.*

above any other men; for, it is too notorious to quote any author for it, that Lewis le Grand gave a hundred pistoles for one single pun-motto, made upon an abbot, who died in a field, having a lily growing out of his a—— :

Habe mortem præ oculis.
Abbé mort en prez au cu lis.*

Nor was his bounty less to Monsieur de Ferry de Lageltre the painter, (though the pun and the picture turned against himself,) who drew his majesty shooting, and at some distance from him another man aiming at the same fowl, who was withheld by a third person pointing at the king, with these words from his mouth,

Ne voyez vous le roy tirant?

Having now, from the best authorities, plainly proved the antiquity and excellence of the Art of Punning, nothing remains but to give some general directions as to the manner how this science is to be taught.

1. Let the husband teach his wife to read it.
2. Let her be appointed to teach her children.
3. Let the head servant of the family instruct all the rest, and that every morning before the master and mistress are up.
4. The masters and misses are to repeat a rule every day, with the examples; and every visiting-day be brought up to shew the company what fine memories they have.
5. They must go ten times through the book before they be allowed to aim at a pun.
6. They must, every day of their lives, repeat six

* Surely it was not necessary to be so brutally indecent, in order to be so extremely dull.

synonymous words, or words like in sound, before they be allowed to sit down to dinner. Such as,

Assent,	Ascent.	Alter,	Altar.
A lass,	Alas.	A peer,	Appear.
Bark,	Barque.	Barbary,	Barberrie.

They are all to be found in metre, most laboriously compiled by the learned author of "The English Schoolmaster," printed anno 1641, London edit. p. 52.

7. If any eldest son has not a capacity to attain to this science, let him be disinherited as *non compos*, and the estate given to the next hopeful child.

———*Si quid novisti rectius istis*
*Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.**

If any man can better rules impart,
I'll give him leave to do't with all my heart!

* Hor. 1. Ep. vi. 67.

A

PARAGRAPH OF THE FIRST PREFACE THAT WAS OMITTED;

WHICH THE READER (ACCORDING TO HIS JUDGMENT OR DISCRETION) MAY INSERT WHERE HE PLEASES.

—o—

THERE is a remarkable passage in Petronius Arbiter, which plainly proves, by a royal example, that punning was a necessary ingredient to make an entertainment agreeable. The words are these: "Ingerebat nihilominus Trimalchio lentissima voce, Carpe. Ego, suspicatus ad aliquam urbanitatem toties iteratam vocem pertinere, non erubui eum qui supra me accumbebat hoc ipsum interrogare. At ille qui sæpius ejusmodi ludos spectaverat, Vides, inquit, illum qui obsonium carpit, Carpus vocatur. Itaque quotiescunque dicit Carpe, eodem verbo et vocat et imperat." And it is farther remarkable, that every day of his life he made the same pun at dinner and supper.

A SECOND PREFACE.

LEST my modesty should be called in question, for venturing to appear in print, in an age so famous for politeness and ingenuity, I think I am bound to say this in my own defence, That these few sheets were not designed to be made public, as being written for my own private use; but what will not the importunity of friends conquer? They were no sooner discovered in my study, but my merry friend George Rochfort, my learned acquaintance Patrick Delany, and my much-honoured patron Jonathan Swift, all unanimously agreed, that I should do my own reputation and the world that justice, as to send "such a Treasure of Knowledge," (as they were pleased to express themselves,) to the press. As for the work itself, I may venture to say, it is a work of time and experience, and entirely unattempted before. For which reason, I hope the candid reader will be favourable in his judgment upon it, and consider that all sciences in their infancy have been weak and feeble. The next age may supply where I have been defective; and the next perhaps may produce a Sir Isaac in punning. We know that logicians first spun out reason in categories, predicaments, and enunciations; and at last

they came to wind up their bottoms in syllogisms, which is the completing of that science.

The Chaldeans began the mathematics; in which the Egyptians flourished. Then these, crossing the sea by the means of Thales the Milesian, came into Greece, where they were improved very much by Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, and Œnopides of Chios. These were followed by Briso, Antipho, Hippocrates, &c. But the excellence of the algebraic art was begun by Geber, an Arabian astronomer, (whence, as is conceived, the word *algebra* took its rise,) and was much since improved by Cardanus, Tartaglia, Clavius, Stevinus, Ghetaldus, Herigenius, Fran. Van Schooten, Florida de Beaune, &c.

But to return to the Art of Punning again; the progress and improvement of which, I hope, will be equal to the sciences I have mentioned; or to any superior to them, if there be such: reader, I must trespass a little longer on your patience, and tell you an old maxim, *Bonum, quo communius, eo melius.* "Good, the more common, the better it is." You see, I have, in imitation of the industrious bee, gathered my honey from various flowers; but yet I cannot say without some diminution and loss to the persons from whom I have taken the examples to my rules, who are likely never to use their puns again.

And here, to avoid the imputation of ingratitude, I must declare to the world, that my worthy friend Dr. R——, who is singularly remarkable for his unparalleled skill in punning, and a most industrious promoter of it, has been a very great instrument in bringing this work to light, as well by animating me to proceed in it, as by endeavouring to procure a good letter for the impression.

The favourable acceptance that my puns have met with in some private companies, makes me flatter

myself, that my labours therein will be candidly accepted, as they have been cordially intended to serve my native country.

TOM PUN-SIBI.

From my Study, up one Pair of Stairs, ill-contrived Street-wards, August 9th, 1719.

RECOMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO DR. SHERIDAN,

ON HIS ART OF PUNNING.

HAD I ten thousand mouths and tongues,
Had I ten thousand pair of lungs,
Ten thousand skulls, with brains to think,
Ten thousand standishes of ink,
Ten thousand hands and pens to write,
Thy praise I'd study day and night.
O may thy work for ever live!
(Dear Tom, a friendly zeal forgive,)
May no vile, miscreant, saucy cook
Presume to tear thy learned book,
To singe his fowl for nicer guest,
Or pin it on the turkey's breast.
Keep it from pasty baked or flying,
From broiling steak, or fritters frying,
From lighting pipe, or making snuff,
Or casing up a feather muff,
From all the several ways the grocer,
(Who to the learned world's a foe, sir,)
Has found in twisting, folding, packing,
His brains and ours at once a-racking,
And may it never curl the head
Of either living block or dead!
Thus, when all dangers they have past,
Your leaves, like leaves of brass, shall last.
No blast shall from a critic's breath,
By vile infection cause their death,
Till they in flames at last expire,
And help to set the world on fire.

THE ORIGINAL OF PUNNING:

FROM PLATO'S SYMPOSIACKS.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

ONCE on a time, in merry mood,
Jove made a PUN of flesh and blood;
A double *two-faced* living creature,
Androgynos, of twofold nature;
For back to back, with single skin,
He bound the male and female in;
So much alike, so near the same,
They stuck as closely as their name.
Whatever words the male exprest
The female turn'd them to a jest;
Whatever words the female spoke,
The male converted to a joke;
So, in this form of man and wife
They led a merry PUNNING life.
The Gods from Heaven descend to Earth,
Drawn down by their alluring mirth:
So well they seem'd to like the sport,
Jove could not get them back to court.
Th' infernal Gods ascend as well,
Drawn up by magic PUNS from Hell.
Judges and furies quit their post,
And not a soul to mind a ghost.
"Heyday!" says Jove; says Pluto too,
"I think the Devil's here to do;
Here's Hell broke loose and Heaven's quite empty,
We scarce have left one God in twenty.
Pray, what has set them all a-running?"—
"Dear brother, nothing else but PUNNING.

Behold that double creature yonder
Delights them with a *double entendre.*"
"Odds-fish," says Pluto, "where's your thunder?
Let drive, and split this thing asunder!"
"That's right," quoth Jove; with that he threw
A bolt, and split it into two;
And when the thing was split in twain,
Why then it PUNN'D as much again.
"'Tis thus the diamonds we refine,
The more we cut, the more they shine:
And, ever since, your Men of Wit,
Until they're *cut*, can't PUN a bit.
So take a starling when 'tis young,
And down the middle *slit the tongue*,
With groat or sixpence, 'tis no matter,
You'll find the bird will *doubly chatter.*
Upon the whole, dear Pluto, you know,
'Tis well I did not slit my Juno!
For, had I done't, whene'er she'd scold me,
She'd make the Heavens too hot to hold me."
The Gods, upon this application,
Return'd each to his habitation,
Extremely pleased with this new joke;
The best, they swore, he ever spoke.

FROM

MY MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND

AT HELDELVILLE. [DR. DELANY.]

HAIL to the sage, who, from his native store,
Produced a science never known before,
Science of words, once jargon of the schools,
The plague of wise men, and the boast of fools,
Made easy now and useful in your rules!
Where wit and humour equally combine,
Our mirth at once to raise and to refine,
Till now not half the worth of sounds we knew,
Their virtual value was reserved for you.
To trace their various mazes, and set forth
Their hidden force, and multiply their worth;
For if t' express one sense our words we choose,
A double meaning is of double use.
  Hail, sacred Art! by what mysterious name
Shall I adore thee, various, and the same?
The Muses' Proteus, skilled, with grateful change,
Through all the pleasing forms of wit to range
In quick succession, yet retain through all
Some faint resemblance of th' original.
  Hail, fairest offspring of prodigious birth,
At once the parent and the child of Mirth!
With Chloe's charms thy airy form can vie,
And with thy smiles as many thousands die:
The pleasing pain through all their vitals thrills,
With subtle force, and tickles as it kills.

Thee too, like her, the dying swains pursue,
As gay, as careless, as inconstant too;
To raise yet more thy merit and thy fame,
The Cyprian Goddess glories in thy name,
Pleased to be thought the laughter-loving dame.
Nor less thy praise, nor less thy power to wound,
Thou lovely, fleeting image of a sound.

THE ART OF PUNNING.

"PUNNATA dicuntur, id ipsum quod sunt, aliorum esse dicuntur, aut alio quovis modo ad aliud referuntur."

Puns, in their very nature and constitution, have a relation to something else; or, if they have not, any other reason why will serve as well.

THE PHYSICAL DEFINITION OF PUNNING, ACCORDING TO CARDAN.

Punning is an art of harmonious jingling upon words, which, passing in at the ears, and falling upon the diaphragma, excites a titillary motion in those parts; and this, being conveyed by the animal spirits into the muscles of the face, raises the cockles of the heart.

THE MORAL DEFINITION OF PUNNING.

Punning is a virtue that most effectually promotes the end of good fellowship, which is laughing.

N.B.—I design to make the most celebrated punners in these kingdoms examples to the following rules.

RULE 1. The Capital Rule. He that puns, must have a head for it: that is, he must be a man of letters, of a sprightly and fine imagination, whatever men may think of his judgment; like Dr. Swift,* who said, when a lady threw down a Cremona fiddle with a frisk of her mantua,

"Mantua, væ! miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

Or, if you would have a more obvious reason, St. Dennis never made a pun after his head was cut off. Vid. Popish Legends, tom. lxxviii. p. 15,000.

R. 2. The Rule of Forehead. He must have good assurance, like my Lord B——, who puns in all companies.

R. 3. The Brazen Rule. He must have better assurance, like Brigadier C——, who said, "That, as he was passing through a street, he made to a country fellow who had a hare swinging on a stick over his shoulder, and, giving it a shake, asked him whether it was his own *hair*, or a periwig?" Whereas it is a notorious Oxford jest.

R. 4. The Rule of Impudence. He must have the best assurance, like Dr. D——, who, although I had in three fair combats worsted him, yet had the impudence to challenge me a fourth time.

R. 5. Any person may pun upon another man's puns about half an hour after he has made them; as Dr. E—— and Mr. F—— frequently do.

I remember one day I was in company with them, and upon Major G—— saying, "That he would leave me the gout for a legacy;" I made answer, and told the company, "I should be sorry to have such a *leg as he*." They both snapped it up in

* In the early editions of the Tract, this admirable pun is ascribed to Dr. Delany.

their turns, and had as much applause for the pun as I had.

R. 6. The Rule of Pun upon Pun. All puns made upon the word *pun* are to be esteemed as so much old gold; *ex. gr.:* Suppose two famous *punsters* should contend for the superiority, and a man should wittily say, "This is a *Carthaginian* war."

Q. How, sir?

A. Why, sir, it is a *Pun-ick* war.

R. 7. The Socratic Rule is to instruct others by way of question and answer.

Q. Who was the first drawer?

A. Potifer.

Q. Which is the seat of the spleen?

A. The *hips.*

Q. Who were the first bakers?

A. The *Crustumenians.* (Masters of the Rolls, quoth Capt. Wolseley).

Q. Where did the first hermaphrodites come from?

A. Middle-sex.

Q. What part of England has the most dogs?

A. Bark-shire.

Q. From whence came the first tumblers?

A. From *Somerset.*

Q. Who were the first mortgagers of land?

A. The people of *Cumber-land.*

Q. What men in the world are the best soldiers?

A. Your red-haired men, because they always carry their *firelocks* upon their shoulders.

Q. Why should a man in debt be called a diver?

A. Because he is dipped over head and ears.

Q. Why are ladies of late years well qualified for hunting?

A. Because they come with a *hoop* and a *hollow.*

Q. Why are presbyterians, independents, &c., said to be vermin?

A. Because they are *in sects.*

Q. Where were the first breeches made ?

A. At *Thy-atira.*

Q. Who were the first gold-finders ?

A. The *Turditani.*

Q. What part of the world is best to feed dogs in ?

A. *Lap-land.*

Q. What prince in the world should have a boar for his arms ?

A. The Duke of *Tusc-any.*

Q. Where do the best corn-cutters live ?

A. At *Leg-horn.*

Q. Why are horses with grease in their heels the best racers ?

A. Because their heels are given to ***running.***

Q. What is the reason that rats and mice are so much afraid of bass-violins and fiddles ?

A. Because they are strung with *cat-gut.*

Q. If a lawyer is a Whig, and pretends to be a Tory, or *vice versa*, why should his gown be stripped off ?

A. Because he is guilty of *sham-party.*

Q. How many animals are concerned in the formation of the English tongue ?

A. According to *Buck*-anan, a great number ; (viz.) *cat-egorical, dog-matical, crow-nological, flea-botomy, fish-ognomy, squirril-ity, rat-ification, mouse-olæum, pus-ilanimity, hare-editary, ass-tronomy, jay-ography, stag-yrite, duck-tility.*

Q. Where were the first hams made ?

A. They were made in the temple of Jupiter *Hammon*, by the *Hamadryades ;* one of them (if we may depend upon Baker's Chronicle) was sent as a present to a gentleman in *Ham-shire*, of the family of the *Ham-iltons*, who immediately sent it to *Hampton* court, where it was hung up by a string in the

hall, by way of rarity, whence we have the English phrase *ham-strung*.

> Thus did great Socrates improve the mind,
> By questions useful since to all mankind:
> For, when the purblind soul no farther saw,
> Than length of nose, into dark Nature's law,
> His method clear'd up all, enlarged the sight,
> And so he taught his pupils with day-light.

R. 8. The Rule of Interruption. Although the company be engaged in a discourse of the most serious consequence, it is and may be lawful to interrupt them with a pun; *ex. gr.:* Suppose them poring over a problem in the mathematics; you may, without offence, ask them, "How go *squares* with them?" You may say too, "That, being too intent upon those figures, they are become *cycloeid*, *i.e.* sickly-eyed: for which they are a pack of *logarithms*, *i.e.* loggerheads." Vide R. 34.

R. 9. The Rule of Risibility. A man must be the first that laughs at his own pun; as Martial advises:—

> *Qui studet alterius risum captare lepore,*
> *Imprimis rictum contrahat ipse suum.*
>
> "He that would move another man to laughter
> Must first begin, and t'other soon comes after."

R. 10. The Rule of Retaliation obliges you, if a man make fifty puns, to return all, or the most of them, in the same kind. As for instance: Sir W—— sent me a catalogue of Mrs. Prudence's scholars, and desired my advice as to the management of them:—

> Miss-Chief, the ringleader.
> Miss-Advice, that spoils her face with paint.
> Miss-Rule, that does everything she is forbid.
> Miss-Application, who has not done one letter in her sampler.

Miss-Belief, who cannot say the Creed yet.
Miss-Call, a perfect Billingsgate.
Miss-Fortune, that lost her grandmother's needle.
Miss-Chance, that broke her leg by romping.
Miss-Guide, that led the young misses in the dirt.
Miss-Laid, who left her porringer of flour and milk where the cat got it.
Miss-Management, that let all her stockings run out at heels for want of darning.

For which I sent the following Masters :—

Master-Stroke, to whip them.
Master-Workman, to dress them.
Master-Ship, to rig them.
Master-Lie, to excuse them.
Master-Wort, to purge them.
Master-Piece, to patch them.
Master-Key, to lock them up.
Master-Pock, to mortify them.

If these can't keep your ladies quiet,
Pull down their courage with low diet.
Perhaps, dear sir, you'll think it cruel,
To feed them on plain water-gruel:
But take my work, the best of breeding,
As it is plain, requires plain feeding.
Vide *Roscommon.*

R. 11. The Rule of Repetition.§ You must never let a pun be lost, but repeat and comment upon it, till every one in the company both hears and understands it; *ex. gr.:* Sir, I have good wine to give you; excellent *pontack*, which I got *'pon-tick;* but, sir, we must have a little *pun-talk* over it; you take me, sir, you, and you, and you too, madam.—There is *pun-talk* upon *pontack* and *'pon-tick* too, hay!

R. 12. The Elementary Rule. Keep to your elements, whether you have fish, fowl, or flesh, for dinner: As for instance, Is not this fish, which Mr. *Pool* sent me, *ex-tream* sweet? I think it is *main*

good, what say you? On my *soal*, I never tasted better, and I think it ought to take *plaice* of any that swims: though you may *carp* at me for saying so, I can assure you, that both Dr. *Sprat* and Dr. *Whaley* are of my mind.—This is an excellent fowl, and a fit dish for high-flyers. Pray, sir, what is your *o-pinion* of this wing? As for the leg, the cook ought to be *clapper-clawed* for not roasting it enough. But, now I think of it, why should this be called the Bird of Bacchus? *A.* Because it was dressed by your drunken Cook. Not at all. You mistake the matter. Pray is it not a *grape-lover; i.e.* gray plover?—Are you for any of this mutton, sir? If not, I can tell you, that you ought to be *lamb-asted;* for you must know that I have the best in the country. My sheep bear away the *bell*, and I can assure you that, all *wethers*, I can treat my friends with as good mutton as this: he that cannot make a meal of it, ought to have it *ram-med* down his throat.

R. 13. The Rule of Retrospection. By this you may recall a discourse that has been past two hours, and introduce it thus: "Sir, as you were saying two hours ago—you bought these stockings in Wales; I believe it, for they seem to be *well-chose, i.e.* Welsh-hose."—"Sir, you were saying, if I mistake not, an hour or two ago, that soldiers have the speediest justice. I agree with you in that; for they are never without *red-dress.*"

R. 14. The Rule of Transition; which will serve to introduce anything that has the most remote relation to the subject you are upon; *ex. gr.:* If a man puns upon a *stable* you may pun upon a *corn-field*, a *meadow*, a *horse-park*, a *smith's* or *saddler's shop; ex. gr.:* One says, "his horses are gone to *rack.*" Then you answer, "I would turn *oat* the rascal that looks after them. *Hay*, sir! don't you think I am

right? I would *strike while the iron is hot;* and *pummit* the dog to some purpose."

R. 15. The Rule of Alienation; which obliges you, when people are disputing hotly upon a subject, to pitch upon that word which gives the greatest disturbance, and to make a pun upon it. This has not only occasioned peace in private companies, but has put a stop to hot wranglings in parliaments and convocations, which otherwise would not so soon come to a resolution; for, as Horace says, *Ridiculum acri*, &c.; and very often it is found so. Sir —— —— once, in parliament, brought in a bill which wanted some amendment; which being denied him by the house, he frequently repeated, "That he thirsted to mend his bill." Upon which a worthy member got up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, since that member *thirsts* so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his *draught*." This put the house into such a good humour, that his petition was granted.

R. 16. The Rule of Analogy is, when two persons pun upon different subjects after the same manner. As, says one, "I went to my *shoemaker's* to-day for a pair of *shoes*, which I bespoke a month ago; and, when *all* came to *all*, the dog *bristles* up to me with a thousand excuses, that I thought there would never be an *end* of his discourse: but, upon my calling him a rascal, he began to *wax* warm, and had the impudence to bid me *vamp* off, for he had not leisure now to talk to me, because he was going to dinner: which vexed me indeed to the very *soal*. Upon this, I jumped out of his shop in a great rage, and wished that the next bit he eat might be his *last*." Says another, "I went to a *tanner's* that owed me some money: and (would you think it?) the *pitiful* fellow was *fleshed* at it, insomuch that, forsooth, he could not *hide* his resentment, but told

me, that it was enough to set a man *horn* mad to be *dunned* so early in a morning: and as for his part, he would *curry* favour no longer with me, let me do my worst. Thus the unmannerly cur *barked* at me," &c.

R. 17. The Sophistical Rule is, fixing upon a man a saying which he never spoke, and making a pun upon it, as, "Ay, sir, since you say he was born in *Bark-shire*, I say he is a *son of a bitch*."

R. 18. The Rule of Train is a method of introducing puns which have been studied before; *ex. gr.:* By talking of *Truelock* the *gun-smith*, his very name will provoke some person in the company to pun. Then you proceed: "Sir, I smell *powder*, but you are plaguy weak in your *main-spring* for punning; I would advise you to get a better *stock*, before you pretend to *let off:* though you may think yourself *prime* in this art, you are much mistaken, for a very young beginner may be a *match* for you. Ay, sir, you may *cock* and look big; but *u-pan* my word, I take you to be no more than a *flash;* and Mrs. Skin-*flint*, my neighbour, shall pun with you for a *pistole*, if I do not *lose my aim*," &c.

R. 19. The Rule of Challenge. As for instance, when you have conned over in your mind a chain of puns, you surprise the best punner in company, after this manner: "Say *Tanpit*, if you dare."

R. 20. The Sanguine Rule allows you to swear a man out of his pun, and prove yourself the author of it, as Dr. S—— served Captain W——, who was told how a slater, working at his house, fell through all the rafters from top to bottom, and that upon this accident he said, "He loved to see a man go cleverly *through his work*."—"That is mine, by ——," said the doctor.

R. 21. The Rule of Concatenation is making a string of puns as fast as you can, that nobody else can

put in a word till you have exhausted the subject, *ex. gr.:* There was one John *Appleby*, a *gardener*, fell in love with one Mrs. *Curran*, for her *cherry-cheeks* and her *lily*-white hand; and soon after he got her consent to *graft* upon her *stock*. Mr. *Link* the parson was sent for, who joined the loving *pair* together. Mr. *Rowintree* and Mr. *Holyoak* were bride-men. The company were, my Lady *Joan Keel*, who *came-a-mile* a-foot to compliment them; and her maid *Sally*, remarkable for her *carrots*, that rid upon a *chestnut*. There was Dr. *Burrage* too, a constant *medlar* in other people's affairs. He was lately *impeach'd* for murdering Don *Quick-set*. Mrs. *Lettice Skirret* and Mrs. *Rose-merry* were the bride-maids; the latter sang a song to oblige the company, which an arch wag called a *funeral dirge;* but, notwithstanding this, our friend John began to thrive upon matrimony like a *twig* in a *bush*. I forgot to tell you that the tailor had so much *cabbage* out of the wedding suit, there was none at all for supper.

R. 22. The Rule of Inoculating is, when a person makes an excellent pun, and you immediately fix another upon it: as Dean Swift one day said to a gentlemen, who had a very little bob wig, "Sir, the *dam* of your wig is a *whisker;*" upon which I came in very *a-propos*, and said, "Sir, that cannot be, for it is but an *ear-wig*."

R. 23. The Rule of Desertion allows you to bring a man into a pun, and leave him to work it out: as, suppose you should hear a man say the word *incomparable*——Then you proceed, *in-com-in-com-par-par-rable-rable*——So let the other make his best of it.

R. 24. The Salick Rule is a pretence to a jumping of wits: that is, when a man has made a good pun, the other swears with a pun he was just coming out with it. One night, I remember, Mr. —— served Dr. ——— so. The former saying, over a bottle,

'Will, I am for my mistress here."—"How so?" says Tom.—"Why, I am for *Wine-if-red.*"—"By this crooked stick," * said Tom, "I was coming out with it."

R. 25. The Etymological Rule is, when a man hunts a pun through every letter and syllable of a word: as, for example, I am asked, "What is the best word to spend an evening with?" I answer, "*Potatoes;* for there is *po—pot—pota—potat—potatoe*, and the reverse *sot-a-top.*"

R. 26. The Rule of Mortification is, when a man having got the thanks and laugh of a company for a good pun, an enemy to the art swears he read it in "Cambridge Jests." This is such an inversion of it, that I think I may be allowed to make examples of these kind of people in verse:—

> Thus puppies, that adore the dark,
> Against bright Cynthia howl and bark;
> Although the Regent of the Night,
> Like us, is gay with borrow'd light.

R. 27. The Professionary Rule † is, to frame a story, and swear you were present at an event where every man talked in his own calling; *ex. gr.:* Major —— swears, he was present at the seizing of a pick-pocket by a great rabble in Smithfield; and that he heard

> A Tailor say, "Send the dog to *hell.*"
> The Cook, "Let me be at him, I'll *baste* him."
> The Joiner, "It is *plain* the dog was caught in the fact: I *saw* him."
> The Blacksmith, "He is a fine *spark* indeed!"
> The Butcher, "*Knock down* the *shambling* cur."

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* *Cane-a-wry, i.e.* Canary.

† An improvement on this Rule was adopted by Dr. Swift, in his "Full and True Account of Wood's Procession to the Gallows.'

The Glazier, "Make the *light shine through him.*"
The Bookseller, "*Bind* him over."
The Saddler, "*Pummel* him."
The Farmer, "*Thrash* the dog."
A Popish priest going by, "I'll make the *Devil fly out of him.*"

R. 28. The Brazen-head Rule is, when a punster stands his ground against a whole company, though there is not one to side with him, to the utter destruction of all conversation but his own. As for instance —says one, "I hate a *pun.*"—Then he, "When a *pun is meant*, is it a *punishment?*"—"*Deuce* take your quibbling!"—"Sir, I will not bate you an *ace, cinque* me if I do; and I'll make you know that I am a *sice* above you."—"This fellow cannot talk out of his *element.*"—"To divert you was *all I meant.*"

R. 29. The Hypothetic Rule is, when you suppose things hardly consistent to be united for the sake of a pun: as for instance—suppose a person in the pillory had received a full discharge of eggs upon every part of his face but the handle of it; why would he make the longest verses in the world? Ans. *Versos Alexandrinos, i.e.* All-eggs-and-dry-nose.

R. 30. The Rule of Naturalisation is, that punning is free of all languages: as for the Latin *Romanos*, you may say "Roman nose"—*Temeraria*, "Tom, where are you?"—*Oxoniæ prospectus*, "Pox on you, pray speak to us." For the French *quelque chose*, you may say in English "kick shoes." When one says of a thief, "I wish he was transported;" answer, "he is already *fur* enough." Dr. Swift made an excellent advantage of this rule one night: when a certain peevish gentleman in his company had lost his *spectacles*, he bid him "have a good heart; for, if it continued *raining* all night, he would find them in the morning."—"Pray how so?"—"Why, sir,

"Nocte pluit tota, redeunt *spectacula* manè."

R. 31. The Rule of Random. When a man speaks anything that comes uppermost, and some good pun-finder discovers what he never meant in it; then he is to say, "You have hit it!" As Major Grimes did: complaining that he staid at home by reason of an issue in a leg, which was just beginning to run, he was answered by Mr. ——, "I wonder that you should be confined who have such running legs." The Major replied, "You have hit it; for I meant *that*."

R. 32. The Rule of Scandal. Never to speak well of another punster; *ex. gr.*: "Who, he! Lord, sir, he has not sense enough to play at crambo;" or, "He does not know the meaning of synonymous words;' or, "He never rose so high as a conundrum or a carriwhichit."

R. 33. The Rule of Catch is, when you hear a man conning a pun softly to himself, to whip it out of his mouth, and pass it upon the company for your own: as for instance; mustard happened to be mentioned in company where I was: and a gentleman with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, was at *Mus—mus—sinapi—snap eye—bite nose*—One in company, overhearing him, *bit* him, and *snapped* it up; and said, "Mustard is the stoutest seed in the world, for it takes the greatest man by the *nose*."

R. 34. The Golden Rule allows you to change one syllable for another; by this, you may either lop off, insert, or add to a word: *ex. gr.*:

For { Church,—*Kirk*,
Bangor,—*Clangor*,
Presbyter,— *Has-biter*, *&c.*

This Rule is of such consequence, that a man was once tried for his life by it, The case was thus: A certain man was brought before a judge of assize,

for murder: his lordship asked his name, and being answered *Spillman*, the judge said, "Take away *Sp*, and his name is *Ill-man;* put *K* to it, and it is *Killman:* away with him, gaoler; his very name has hanged him."* This 34th Rule, on this occasion, became a rule of court, and was so well liked that a justice of peace, who shall be nameless, applied every tittle of it to a man brought to him on the same account, after this manner: "Come, sir, I conjure you, as I am one of his majesty's justices of the peace, to tell me your name."—"My name, an't please you, is *Watson*."—"O ho, sir! *Watson!* mighty well! Take away *Sp* from it, and it is *Illman*, and put *K* to it, and it is *Killman:* away with him, constable; his very name will hang him."

Let us now consider a new case; as for instance, "The Church of England, as by law established." Put a *T* before it, and it is *Test-ablished:* take away the *Test*, and put in *o*, and it is *Abolished.*

How much was (Tom Gordon) the late ingenious author of Parson Alberoni obliged to it, in that very natural story which he framed concerning the preacher: where he tells you, one of the congregation called the minister an *Humbassandor* for an Ambassador.†

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* A presbyterian preacher, of the last age, chose to exemplify the *golden rule*, by dissecting the name of the great enemy of mankind: "Take away D, and it is *Evil*, take away the E, and it is *Vile*, take away the V, and it is *Ill——Ill, Vile, Evil, Devil.*"

† The story here alluded to is told in a pamphlet, entitled, "A modest Apology for Parson Alberoni, Governor to King Philip, a Minor, and universal curate of the whole Spanish Monarchy," &c., by Thomas Gordon, Esq., 1719; and is as follows: "There is, in a certain diocese in this nation, a living worth about six hundred pounds a-year. This, and two or three more preferments, maintain the doctor in becoming ease and corpulency. He keeps a chariot in town, and a journeyman in the country; and his curate and his coach-horses are his equal

Give me leave, courteous reader, to recommend to your perusal and practice this most excellent rule, which is of such universal use and advantage to the learned world, that the most valuable discoveries, both as to antiquities and etymologies, are made by it; nay, farther, I will venture to say, that all words which are introduced to enrich and make a language copious, beautiful, and harmonious, arise chiefly from this rule. Let any man but consult Bentley's Horace, and he will see what useful discoveries that very learned gentleman has made by the help of this rule; or indeed poor Horace would have lain under the eternal reproach of making "a *fox* eat *oats*," had not the learned doctor, with great judgment and penetration, found out *nitedula* to be a blunder of the librarians for *vulpecula;* which *nitedula*, the doctor says, signifies a *grass-mouse*, and this clears up the whole matter, because it makes the story

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drudges, saving that the four-legged cattle are better fed, and have sleeker cassocks, than his spiritual dray-horse. The doctor goes down once a-year, to shear his flock and fill his pockets, or, in other words, to receive the wages of his embassy; and then, sometimes, in an afternoon, if his belly do not happen to be too full, he vouchsafes to mount the pulpit, and to instruct his people in the greatness of his character and dulness. This composes the whole parish to rest: but the doctor one day denouncing himself *the Lord's Ambassador* with greater fire and loudness than could have been reasonably expected from him, it roused a clown of the congregation, who waked his next neighbour, with 'Dost hear, Tom, dost hear?'—'Ay,' says Tom, yawning, 'what does he say?'—'Say?' answered the other; 'he says a plaguy lie, to be sure; he says as how he is my Lord's *Humbassandor;* but I think he is rather my Lord's Receiver-General, for he never comes but to take money.' Six hundred pounds a-year is, modestly speaking, a competent fee for lulling the largest congregation in England asleep once in a twelvemonth. Such tithes are the price of napping; and such mighty odds there are between a curtain lecture and a cushion lecture." See the collection of Tracts by Gordon and Trenchard, vol. I. p. 130.

hang well together; for all the world knows, that weasels have a most tender regard and affection to grass mice, whereas they hate foxes as they do fire-brands. In short, all various lections are to be attributed to this rule: so are all the Greek dialects; or Homer would have wanted the sonorous beauty of his oio's. But the greatest and best masters of this rule, without dispute, were the Dorians, who made nothing of saying *tin* for *soi*, *tenos* for *ekeinos*, *surisdomes* for *surizomen*, *&c.* From this too we have our *quasi's* in Lexicons. Was it not by rule the 34th, that the Samaritan, Chaldee, Æthiopic, Syraic, Arabic, and Persian languages were formed from the original Hebrew? for which I appeal to the Polyglott. And among our modern languages, are not the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, derived and formed from the Latin by the same power? How much poets have been obliged to it, we need no farther proof than the figures *prothesis*, *epenthesis*, *apocope*, *paragoge*, and *ellipsis*, trimming and fitting of words to make them more agreeable to our ears, Dionysius Halicarnassensis has taken notice of, in his book "De Compositione Vocum," where he pleasantly compares your polite reformers of words to masons with hammers, who break off rugged corners of stones, that they may become more even and firm in their places.

But after all, give me leave to lament, that I cannot have the honour of being the sole inventor of this incomparable rule: though I solemnly protest, upon the word of an author, (if an author may have credit,) that I never had the least hint toward it, any more than the ladies' letters and young children's pronunciation, till a year after I had proposed this rule to Dr. ——, who was an excellent judge of the advantage it might be to the public; when, to my great surprise, tumbling over the third tome of

Alstedius, p. 71, right loath to believe my eyes, I met with the following passage: "Ambigua multum faciunt ad hanc rem, cujusmodi exempla plurima reperiuntur apud Plautum, qui in ambiguis crebro ludit. Joci captantur ex permutatione syllabarum et vocum, ut pro *De*cretum, *Dis*cretum; pro *Me*dicus, *Men*dicus et *Mer*dicus: pro Poly*carpus*, Poly*copros*. Item ex Syllabarum ellipsi, ut ait Althusisus, cap. iii. civil. convers. pro Casimirus, *J'rus*, pro Marcus, *Arcus;* pro Vinosus, *Osus;* pro Sacerdotium, *Otium*. Sic, additione literæ, pro Urbanus, *Turbanus*." Which exactly corresponded to every branch and circumstance of my rule. Then, indeed, I could not avoid breaking out into the following exclamations, and that after a most pathetic manner: "Wretched Tom Pun-Sibi! Wretched indeed! Are all thy nocturnal lucubrations come to this? Must another, for being a hundred years before thee in the world, run away with the glory of thy own invention? It is true, he must. Happy Alstedius! who, I thought, would have stood me in *all-stead*, upon consulting thy method of joking! *All's tedious* to me now, since thou hast robbed me of that honour which would have set me above all writers of the present age. And why not happy Tom Pun-Sibi? did we not jump together like true wits? But, alas, thou art on the safest side of the bush; my credit being liable to the suspicion of the world, because you wrote before me. Ill-natured critics, in spite of all my protestations, will condemn me, right or wrong, for a plagiary. Henceforward never write anything of thy own; but pillage and trespass upon all that ever wrote before thee; search among dust and moths for things new to the learned. Farewell, study; from this moment I abandon thee: for, wherever I can get a paragraph upon any subject whatsoever ready done to my hand, my head shall

have no farther trouble than to see it fairly transcribed!"—And this method, I hope, will help me to swell out the Second Part of this work.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

—o—

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Second Part of this Work will be published with all convenient expedition; to which will be added, A small Treatise of CONUNDRUMS, CARRIWHICHITS, and LONG-PETITES; together with the WINTER'S-FIRE'S Diversion: The Art of making REBUSES; The Antiquity of HOOP-PETTICOATS, proved from Adam's two Daughters, Calmaan and Delbora, &c. &c. &c.

—o—

EDMUND CURLL, TO THE READER.

THERE has not, as yet, been any second part of this work published, nor do I believe was ever intended. But my friend Anthony Hammond, Esq., upon reading it over, sent me examples to three more rules of his own making, viz.:

Rule 35. The Rule of Blunder is, when any one, under the notion of a mistake, makes a pun which he may take notice of himself if the company do not; *ex. gr.:*

Captain J—— said to his kinsman, who was going to be married, "O, cousin, I hear you are about to

halter your condition." The company not taking notice of it, the captain corrected himself, "alter," says he, "I should have said."

Rule 36. The Rule of Sound is when the pun consists in the sound of the words only, without any relation to the thing signified; *ex. gr.:*

He who translated that ingenious poesy of a wedding ring, "Qui dedit, se dedit:" when "he did it, she did it."

Or, like that of the country parson, whom a Roundhead colonel thought to puzzle by asking him whether he could rhyme to "hydrops, nocthycorax, thorax, et mascula vervex." He immediately answered, "land tax, and army tax, excise, and General Fairfax."

Rule 37. The Rule of Equivocation is the innocent use of this jesuitical Art; *ex. gr.:*

As the famous Daniel Purcell, a nonjuror, was dabbling along the streets in the dirt and rain, and a friend of his passing by asked him why he did not take a coach—"Alas," says he, "this is not a *reign* for me to take a coach in."

Another time, one of Daniel's friends telling him that when King George landed at Greenwich, he heard he had a full view of him, for that he stood next to him at his coming ashore. Therefore, says he, you must know him. "Ay," replied Daniel, "though I know him very well, yet I can't *swear* to him."

Lastly, Daniel knocking, on a 30th of January, at the Crown Tavern door, in the Strand, was answered by the drawer, through the wicket, that he could not let him in, because it was fast-day, and his master and mistress were gone to church: "D—n your master and mistress," says he, "can't they be content to fast themselves, but they must make their doors *fast?*"

The learned Mr. Charles Bernard, serjeant-surgeon to Queen Anne, being very severe upon parsons having pluralities, a reverend and worthy divine heard him a good while with patience; but at length took him up with this question, "Why do you, Mr. Serjeant Bernard, rail thus at pluralities, who have always so many *sine-cures* upon your own hands?"

Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester, so eminent for his prophecies, when by his solicitation and compliance at court he got removed from a poor Welsh bishopric to a rich English one, a reverend dean of the church said, "That he found his brother Lloyd spelt Prophet with an *f*." *

* Mr. Curll adds in a note, "Most of the clergy follow this spelling."

THE HISTORY OF POETRY.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

[Said to be by Dean Swift.]

—o—

SIR,

IN obedience to your commands, I here send you the following short essay toward a History of Poetry in England and Ireland. At first it was a science we only began to CHAW SIR. A hundred years after, we attempted to translate out of the Psalms, but could not our STERN-HOLD. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, I think, there was but one DISPENSER of good verses; for his patron, though a great man, IS HID NIGH by the length of time. Yet, a little before her death, we attempted to deal in tragedy, and began to SHAKE SPEARS; which was pursued under King James the First by three great poets, in one of them many a line so strong, that you might make a BEAM ON'T; the second, indeed, gives us sometimes but FLAT CHEER, and the third is BENding a little to stiffness.

In the reign of King Charles the First, there was a new succession of poets, one of them, though seldom read, I am very fond of; he has so much salt in his compositions, that you would think he

had been used to SUCK-LING: as to his friend the author of Gondibert, I'D HAVE AN AUNT write better. I say nothing against your favourite, though some censure him for writing too COOLY; but he had a rival whose happier genius made him stand like a WALL OR a pillar against censure.

During the usurpation, we fell into burlesque; and I think whoever reads Hudibras, cannot BUT LEER. I have COT ONE more, who travestied Virgil, though not equal to the former.

After the Restoration, poets became very numerous; the chief, whose fame is louder than a MILITONE, must never be forgot. And here I must observe, that poets in those days loved retirement so much, that sometimes they lived in dens. One of them in a DRY-DEN: another called his den his village, or DEN-HAM; and I am informed that the sorry fellow, who is now laureat, affects to USE-DENS still; but, to return from this digression, we were then famous for tragedy and comedy; the author of Venice Preserved is seldom O'T AWAY; yet he who wrote the Rival Queens, before he lost his senses, sometimes talked MAD-LEE. Another who was of this kingdom, went into England, because it is more SOUTHERN; and he wrote tolerably well. I say nothing of the satirist, with his OLD DAM' verses. As for comedy, the Plain Dealer, W'ICH EARLY came into credit, is allowed on all hands an excellent piece: he had a dull contemporary, who sometimes shewed humour; but his colouring was bad, and he could not SHADE-WELL. Sir George, in my opinion, outdid them all, and was sharp at EITHER-EDGE. The duke is also excellent, who took a BOOK IN GAME, and turned it into ridicule, under the name of the Rehearsal. It is, indeed, no wonder to find poetry thrive under the reign of that prince; when by one of his great favourites, who was likewise an

excellent poet, there was a DORE-SET open for all men of wit. Perhaps you WILL-MUTT'er, that I have left out the Earl of Rochester; but I never was one of his admirers.

Upon the Revolution, poetry seemed to decline; however, I shall PRY O'R as many poets as I can remember. Mr. Montague affected to be a patron of wit, and his house was the poets' HALL-I-FAX for several years, which one of them used to STEP-NIGH every day. Another of them, who was my old acquaintance, succeeded well in comedy, but failed when he began to CON-GRAVE subjects. The rest came in a ROW.

The author of the Dispensary had written nothing else valuable, and therefore is too small in the GARTH. But may not a man be allowed to ADD IS OWN friend to the number? I mean the author of Cato.

To mention those who are now alive, would be endless; I will therefore only venture to lay down one maxim, that a good poet, if he designs to TICKLE the world, must be GAY and YOUNG; but if he proposes to give us rational pleasure, he must be as grave as a POPE.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

DECREE

FOR CONCLUDING THE TREATY BETWEEN

DR. SWIFT AND MRS. LONG, 1709.

MRS. or, according to modern phraseology, *Miss* Anne Long was sister to Sir James Long of Draycot, in Wiltshire, a lady of great beauty, accomplishment, and fashion. Swift seems to have become acquainted with her during his frequent visits at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and the following piece of humour is founded upon the respectful advances which, between jest and earnest, he demanded from the ladies, who were ambitious of his acquaintance. The treaty thus whimsically concluded, occasioned a sincere, though short friendship between the parties. Mrs. Long was, from the derangement of her affairs, forced to retire to Lynn in Norfolk, under a borrowed name, where she died 22d November, 1711. He wrote to the clergyman of Lynn a very interesting letter, communicating to him the rank and character of Mrs. Long, who had lived and died there under the name of Smith. In that letter, Swift proposes to erect a tablet to her memory, as a lady who had every valuable quality of mind and body, that could make her loved and honoured. It is dated 26th December, 1711.

WHEREAS it hath been signified to us, that there is now a treaty of acquaintance on foot, between Dr. Swift of Leicester Fields, on the one part, and Mrs. Long of Albemarle Street, on the other part: And, whereas the said Dr. Swift, upon the score of his

merit and extraordinary qualities, doth claim the sole and undoubted right, that all persons whatsoever shall make such advances to him as he pleases to demand,* any law, claim, custom, privilege of sex, beauty, fortune, or quality, to the contrary notwithstanding; And whereas the said Mrs. Long, humbly acknowledging and allowing the right of the said doctor, doth yet insist upon certain privileges and exceptions, as a Lady of the Toast,† which privileges, she doth allege, are excepted out of the doctor's general claim, and which she cannot betray without injuring the whole body whereof she is a member; by which impediment, the said treaty is not yet brought to a conclusion; to the great grievance and damage of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and her fair daughter Hessy:‡ and whereas the decision of this weighty cause is referred to us, in our judicial capacity, We, out of

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* "When I lived in England," says the Dean to Miss Hoadly, June 4, 1734, "once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril."

† The Kit-cat Club, which combined the most distinguished members of the Whig party, had a regular list of toasts, comprehending the names of the most fashionable and beautiful women, who were supposed favourable to their political opinions. Halifax, Garth, and other wits of the convivial association, combined to give honour and distinction to the selected fair ones, by writing a few lines in praise of each, which were engraved upon the glass specially consecrated to her health. Those in favour of Mrs. Long were written by the Earl of Wharton.

> Fill the glass; let hautboys sound,
> While bright Longy's health goes round;
> With eternal beauty blest,
> Ever blooming, still the best,
> Drink your glass, and think the rest.

Hence Mrs. Long's claim to dignity, privilege, and exceptions, as a Lady of the Toast.

‡ Esther Vanhomrigh, the unfortunate Vanessa.

our tender regard to truth and justice, having heard and duly considered the allegations of both parties, do declare, adjudge, decree, and determine, That the said Mrs. Long, notwithstanding any privileges she may claim as aforesaid, as a Lady of the Toast, shall, without essoine or demur, in two hours after the publishing of this our decree, make all advances to the said doctor, that he shall demand; and that the said advances shall not be made to the said doctor as *un homme sans consequence*, but purely upon account of his great merit. And we do hereby strictly forbid the said Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and her fair daughter Hessy, to aid, abet, comfort, or encourage her, the said Mrs. Long, in her disobedience for the future. And, in consideration of the said Mrs. Long's being a Toast, we think it just and reasonable that the said doctor should permit her, in all companies, to give herself the reputation of being one of his acquaintance;* which no other lady shall presume to do, upon any pretence whatsoever, without his especial leave and licence first had and obtained.

By special command, G. V. HOMRIGH.†

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* In the course of his Journal, Swift expresses himself very wrathfully against those who took the freedom of claiming his acquaintance on slight grounds, particularly against the Countess of Bellamont, and an old crooked Scotch lady of quality.

† The signature of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, mother of Vanessa.

A

DISCOURSE

TO PROVE THE

ANTIQUITY OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE,

SHEWING, FROM VARIOUS INSTANCES, THAT HEBREW, GREEK, AND LATIN, WERE DERIVED FROM THE ENGLISH.

DURING the reign of parties for about forty years past, it is a melancholy consideration to observe how philology has been neglected, which was before the darling employment of the greatest authors, from the restoration of learning in Europe. Neither do I remember it to have been cultivated, since the Revolution, by any one person, with great success, except our illustrious modern star, Doctor Richard Bentley, with whom the republic of learning must expire, as mathematics did with Sir Isaac Newton. My ambition has been gradually attempting, from my early youth, to be the holder of a rush-light before that great luminary; which, at least, might be of some little use during those short intervals, while he was snuffing his candle, or peeping with it under a bushel.

My present attempt is to assert the antiquity of our English tongue; which, as I shall undertake to prove by invincible argument, has varied very little for these two thousand six hundred and thirty-four years past. And my proofs will be drawn from etymology; wherein I shall use my readers much fairer than Pezro, Skinner, Verstegan, Camden, and many other superficial pretenders, have done: for I will put no force upon the words, nor desire any more favour than to allow for the usual accidents of corruption, or the avoiding a cacophonia.

I think I can make it manifest to all impartial readers, that our language, as we now speak it, was originally the same with those of the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, however corrupted in succeeding times by a mixture of barbarisms. I shall only produce at present two instances among a thousand from the Latin tongue. *Cloaca*, which they interpret a *necessary-house*, is altogether an English word; the last letter *a* being, by the mistake of some scribe, transferred from the beginning to the end of the word. In the primitive orthography, it is called *a cloac*, which had the same signification; and still continues so at Edinburgh in Scotland, where a man in a *cloac*, or cloak, of large circumference and length, carrying a convenient vessel under it, calls out, as he goes through the streets, "Wha has need of me?" Whatever customer calls, the vessel is placed in the corner of the street; the *cloac*, or a cloak, surrounds and covers him; and thus he is eased with decency and secrecy.

The second instance is yet more remarkable. The Latin word *turpis* signifies *nasty*, or *filthy*. Now this word *turpis* is a plain composition of two English words: only, by a syncope, the last letter of the first syllable, which is *d*, is taken out of the middle, to prevent the jarring of three consonants

together; and these two English words express the most unseemly excrements that belong to man.

But although I could produce many other examples, equally convincing, that the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans, originally spoke the same language which we do at present; yet I have chosen to confine myself chiefly to the proper names of persons, because I conceive they will be of greater weight to confirm what I advance; the ground and reason of those names being certainly owing to the nature, or some distinguishing action or quality in those persons, and consequently expressed in the true ancient language of the several people.

I will begin with the Grecians, among whom the most ancient are the great leaders on both sides in the siege of Troy; for it is plain, from Homer, that the Trojans spoke Greek as well as the Grecians. Of these latter, *Achilles* was the most valiant. This hero was of a restless, unquiet nature, never giving himself any repose either in peace or war; and therefore as Guy of Warwick was called a *kill-cow*, and another terrible man a *kill-devil*, so this general was called *A-kill-ease*, or destroyer of ease; and, at length, by corruption, *Achilles*.

Hector, on the other side, was the bravest among the Trojans. He had destroyed so many of the Greeks by *hacking* and *tearing* them, that his soldiers, when they saw him fighting, would cry out, "Now the enemy will be *hack't*, now he will be *tore*." At last, by putting both words together, this appellation was given to their leader under the name of *Hacktore;* and, for the more commodious sounding, *Hector*.

Diomede, another Grecian captain, had the boldness to fight with Venus, and wound her; whereupon the goddess, in a rage, ordered her son Cupid to make this hero to be hated by all women, repeating

it often that he should *die a maid;* from whence, by a small change in orthography, he was called *Diomede.* And it is to be observed, that the term *maiden-head* is frequently, at this very day, applied to persons of either sex.

Ajax was, in fame, the next Grecian general to Achilles. The derivation of his name from *A jakes,* however asserted by great authors, is, in my opinion, very unworthy both of them and of the hero himself. I have often wondered to see such learned men mistake in so clear a point. This hero is known to have been a most intemperate liver, as it is usual with soldiers; and, although he was not old, yet by conversing with camp-strollers, he had got pains in his bones, which he pretended to his friends were only *age-aches;* but they telling the story about the army, as the vulgar always confound right pronunciation, he was afterwards known by no other name than *Ajax.*

The next I shall mention is *Andromache,* the famous wife of Hector. Her father was a Scotch gentleman, of a noble family still subsisting in that ancient kingdom. But, being a foreigner in Troy, to which city he led some of his countrymen in the defence of Priam, as Dictys Cretensis learnedly observes, Hector fell in love with his daughter, and the father's name was *Andrew Mackay.* The young lady was called by the same name, only a little softened to the Grecian accent.

Astyanax was the son of Hector and Andromache. When Troy was taken, this young prince had his head cut off, and his body thrown to swine. From this fatal accident he had his name; which has, by a peculiar good fortune, been preserved entire, *A sty, an ax.*

Mars may be mentioned among these, because he fought against the Greeks. He was called the god

of war; and is described as a swearing, swaggering companion, and a great giver of rude language. For when he was angry, he would cry, "Kiss *my a—se*, *My a—se* in a bandbox, *My a—se* all over;" which he repeated so commonly, that he got the appellation of *My a—se;* and by a common abbreviation, *M'ars:* from whence, by leaving out the mark of elision, *Mars.* And this is a common practice among us at present; as in the words *D'anvers*, *D'avenport*, *D'anby*, which are now *Danvers*, *Davenport*, *Danby*, and many others.

The next is *Hercules*, otherwise called *Alcides.* Both these names are English, with little alteration; and describe the principal qualities of that hero, who was distinguished for being a slave to his mistresses, and at the same time for his great strength and courage. *Omphale*, his chief mistress, used to call her lovers *her cullies;* and because this hero was more and longer subject to her than any other, he was in a particular manner called the chief of *her cullies:* which, by an easy change, made the word *Hercules.* His other name, *Alcides*, was given him on account of his prowess; for, in fight, he used to strike on *all sides;* and was allowed on *all sides* to be the chief hero of his age. For one of which reasons, he was called *All sides*, or *Alcides;* but I am inclined to favour the former opinion.

A certain Grecian youth was a great imitator of Socrates; which that philosopher observing, with much pleasure said to his friends, "There is an *Ape o' mine own days.*" After which the young man was called *Epaminondas*, and proved to be the most virtuous person, as well as the greatest general of his age.

Ucalegon was a very obliging inn-keeper of Troy. When a guest was going to take horse, the landlord took leave of him with this compliment, "Sir, I

should be glad to see *you call again.*" Strangers, who knew not his right name, caught his last words: and thus by degrees, that appellation prevailed, and he was known by no other name even among his neighbours.

Hydra was a great serpent, which Hercules slew. His usual outward garment was the ***raw hide*** of a lion, and this he had on when he attacked the serpent; which, therefore, took its name from the skin; the modesty of that hero devolving the honour of his victory upon the lion's skin, called that enormous snake the *Hyderaw* serpent.

Leda was the mother of Castor and Pollux; whom Jupiter embracing in the shape of a swan, she laid a couple of eggs; and was therefore called *Laid a*, or *Leda.*

As to Jupiter himself, it is well known that the statues and pictures of this heathen god, in Roman Catholic countries, resemble those of *St. Peter*, and are often taken the one for the other. The reason is manifest: for when the emperors had established Christianity, the heathens were afraid of acknowledging their heathen idols of the chief God, and pretended it was only a statue of the *Jew Peter.* And thus the principal heathen god came to be called by the ancient Romans, with very little alteration, Jupiter.

The *Hamadryades* are represented by mistaken antiquity, as nymphs of the groves. But the true account is this: They were women of Calabria, who dealt in bacon; and living near the sea-side, used to pickle their bacon in salt water, and then set it up to dry in the sun. From whence they were properly called *Ham-a-dry-a-days*, and in process of time, misspelt *Hamadryades.*

Neptune, the god of the sea, had his name from the *tunes* sung to him by the *Tritons*, upon their shells,

every *neap* or *nep* tide. The word is come down to us almost uncorrupted, as well as that of *Tritons*, his servants; who, in order to please their master, used to *try* all *tones* till they could hit upon that he liked.

Aristotle was a peripatetic philosopher, who used to instruct his scholars while he was walking. When the lads were come, he would *arise to tell* them what he thought proper; and was therefore called *Arise to tell.* But succeeding ages, who understood not this etymology, have, by an absurd change, made it *Aristotle.*

Aristophanes was a *Greek* comedian, full of levity, and gave himself too much freedom; which made graver people not scruple to say, that he had a great deal of *airy stuff in his* writings: and these words, often repeated, made succeeding ages discriminate him *Aristophanes.* Vide Rosin. Antiq. l. iv.

Alexander the Great was very food of eggs roasted in hot ashes. As soon as his cooks heard he was come home to dinner or supper, they called aloud to their under-officers, *All eggs under the grate;* which repeated every day at noon and evening, made strangers think it was that prince's real name, and therefore gave him no other; and posterity has been ever since under the same delusion.

Pygmalion was a person of very low stature, but great valour; which made his townsmen call him *Pigmy lion:* and so it should be spelt; although the word has suffered less by transcribers than many others.

Archimedes was a most famous mathematician. His studies required much silence and quiet; but his wife having several maids, they were always disturbing him with their tattle or their business; which forced him to come out every now and then to the stair-head, and cry, "*Hark ye, maids;* if you will not

be quiet, I shall turn you out of doors." He repeated these words, *Hark ye, maids*, so often, that the unlucky jades, when they found he was at his study, would say, "There is *Hark ye, maids;* let us speak softly." Thus the name went through the neighbourhood; and at last grew so general, that we are ignorant of that great man's true name to this day.

Strabo was a famous geographer; and to improve his knowledge, travelled over several countries, as the writers of his life inform us; who likewise add, that he affected great nicety and finery in his clothes; from whence people took occasion to call him the *Stray beau;* which future ages have pinned down upon him very much to his dishonour.

Peloponnesus, that famous Greek peninsula, got its name from a Greek colony in Asia the Less; many of whom going for traffic thither, and finding that the inhabitants had but one well in the town of * * * *, from whence certain porters used to carry the water through the city in great pails, so heavy that they were often forced to set them down for ease: the tired porters, after they had set down the pails, and wanted to take them up again, would call for assistance to those who were nearest, in these words, *Pail up and ease us.* The stranger Greeks, hearing these words repeated a thousand times as they passed the street, thought the inhabitants were pronouncing the name of their country, which made the foreign Greeks call it *Peloponnesus*, a manifest corruption of *Pail up and ease us.*

Having mentioned so many Grecians to prove my hypothesis, I shall not tire the reader with producing an equal number of Romans, as I might easily do. Some few will be sufficient.

Cæsar was the greatest captain of that empire. The word ought to be spelt *Seizer*, because he seized on not only most of the known world, but even the

liberties of his own country: so that a more proper appellation could not have been given him.

Cicero was a poor scholar in the university of Athens, wherewith his enemies in Rome used to reproach him; and, as he passed the streets, would call out, *O Ciser, Ciser O!* A word still used in Cambridge, and answers to a servitor in Oxford.

Anibal was a sworn enemy to the Romans, and gained many glorious victories over them. This name appears, at first repeating, to be a metaphor drawn from tennis, expressing a skilful gamester, who can take *any ball;* and is very justly applied to so renowned a commander. Navigators are led into a strange mistake upon this article. We have usually in our fleet some large man-of-war, called the *Anibal* with great propriety, because it is so strong that it may defy *any ball* from a cannon. And such is the deplorable ignorance of our seamen, that they miscall it the *Honey-ball.*

Cartago was the most famous trading city in the world; where, in every street, there was many a *cart a going*, probably laden with merchant goods. See Alexander ab Alexandro, and Suidas upon the word *Cartago.*

The word *Roman* itself is perfectly English, like other words ending in *man* or *men*, as *hangman*, *drayman*, *huntsman*, and several others. It was formerly spelt *Rowman*, which is the same with *Waterman.* And therefore when we read of *jesta* (or, as it is corruptly spelt, *gesta*) *Romanorum*, it is to be understood of the rough manner of *jesting* used by the watermen; who, upon the sides of rivers, would *row man o'r um.* This I think is clear enough to convince the most incredulous.

Misanthropus was the name of an ill-natured man, which he obtained by a custom of catching a great number of *mice*, then shutting them up in a room,

and throwing a cat among them. Upon which his fellow-citizens called him *Mice and throw puss.* The reader observes how much the orthography has been changed, without altering the sound: but such deprivations we owe to the injury of time, and gross ignorance of transcribers.

Among the ancients, fortune-telling by the stars was a very beggarly trade. The professors lay upon straw, and their cabins were covered with the same materials: whence every one who followed that mystery was called *A straw lodger*, or a lodger in straw; but, in the new-fangled way of spelling, *Astrologer.*

It is remarkable, that the very word *dipthong* is wholly English. In former times, schoolboys were chastised with thongs fastened at the head of a stick. It was observed that young lads were much puzzled with spelling and pronouncing words where two vowels came together, and were often corrected for their mistakes in that point. Upon these occasions the master would *dip* his *thongs* (as we now do rods) in p—, which made that difficult union of vowels to be called *dipthong.*

Bucephalus, the famous horse of Alexander, was so called because there were many grooms employed about him, which *fellows* were always *busy*, in their office; and because the horse had so many *busy fellows* about him, it was natural for those who went to the stable to say, "Let us go to the *busy fellows;*" by which they meant, to see that prince's horse. And in process of time, these words were absurdly applied to the animal itself, which was thenceforth styled *Busy fellows*, and very improperly *Bucephalus.*

I shall now bring a few proofs of the same kind, to convince my readers that our English was well known to the Jews.

Moses, the great leader of those people out of Egypt, was in propriety of speech called *mow seas*, because he *mowed* the *seas* down in the middle, to make a path for the Israelites.

Abraham was a person of strong bones and sinews, and a firm walker, which made the people say, "He was a man (in the Scotch phrase, which comes nearest to the old Saxon) of *a bra ham;*" that is, of a brave strong ham, from whence he acquired his name.

The man whom the Jews called Balaam was a shepherd; who, by often crying *ba* to his *lambs*, was therefore called *Baalamb* or *Balam.*

Isaac is nothing else but *Eyes ake;* because the talmudists report that he had a pain in his eyes. Vide Ben Gouion and the targum on Genesis.

Thus I have manifestly proved, that the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews, spoke the language we now do in England; which is an honour to our country that I thought proper to set in a true light, and yet has not been done, as I have heard, by any other writer.

And thus I have ventured (perhaps too temerariously) to contribute my mite to the learned world, from whose candour I may hope to receive some approbation. It may probably give me encouragement to proceed on some other speculations, if possible, of greater importance than what I now offer; and which have been the labour of many years, as well as of constant watchings, that I might be useful to mankind, and particularly to mine own country.

THE

WONDERFUL WONDER OF WONDERS,

Being an accurate description of the Birth, Education, Manner of Living, Religion, Politics, Learning, &c., of Mine A—se. 1722.

—o—

THERE is a certain person lately arrived at this city, of whom it is very proper the world should be informed. His character may perhaps be thought very inconsistent, improbable, and unnatural; however, I intend to draw it with the utmost regard to truth. This I am the better qualified to do, because he is a sort of dependent upon our family, and almost of the same age; though I cannot directly say I have ever seen him. He is a native of this country, and has lived among us; but, what appears wonderful, and hardly credible, was never seen before* by any mortal.

It is true indeed, he always chooses the lowest place in company; and contrives it so, to keep out of sight. It is reported, however, that in his younger days he was frequently exposed to view, but always against his will, and was sure to smart for it.

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* You must understand that the posteriors lie under an absolute necessity, by their situation, never to be seen before, but always, as the schoolmen term it, *ex parte post.*—Original.

As to his family, he came into the world a younger brother, being of six children the fourth in order of birth;* of which the eldest is now head of the house: the second and third carry arms, but the two youngest are only footmen: some indeed add, that he has likewise a twin-brother, who lives over-against him, and keeps a victualling house;† he has the reputation to be a close, griping, squeezing fellow; and that when his bags are full, he is often needy; yet, when the fit takes him, as fast as he gets he lets fly.

When in office,‡ no one discharges himself, or does his business better. He has sometimes strained hard for an honest livelihood; and never got a bit till everybody else had done.

One practice appears very blameable in him; that every morning he privately frequents unclean houses, where any modest person would blush to be seen. And although this be generally known, yet the world, as censorious as it is, has been so kind as to overlook this infirmity in him. To deal impartially, it must be granted that he is too great a lover of himself, and very often consults his own ease,§ at the expense of his best friends; but this is one of his blind sides; and the best of men I fear are not without them.

He has been constituted by the higher powers in

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* He alludes to the manner of our birth, the head and arms appear before the posteriors and the two feet, which he merrily calls the footmen.—*Original.*

† The belly, which receives and digests our nourishment.—*Original.*

‡ Necessary-house, which he afterwards calls unclean houses.—*Original.*

§ This may be explained by the following ludicrous expressions: Better out than in: 'Tis an ill tenant that pays no rent: If these be your groans, the devil be your comforter, &c.—*Original.*

the station of receiver-general, in which employment some have censured him for playing fast and loose. He is likewise overseer of the golden mines,* which he daily inspects, when his health will permit him.

He was long bred under a master of arts,† who instilled good principles into him, but these were soon corrupted. I know not whether this deserves mention, that he is so very capricious, as to take it for an equal affront, to talk either of kissing or kicking him, which has occasioned a thousand quarrels; however, nobody was ever so great a sufferer for faults, which he neither was, nor possibly could be, guilty of.

In his religion he has thus much of the quaker, that he stands always covered, even in the presence of the king; in most other points a perfect idolater,‡ although he endeavours to conceal it; for he is known to offer daily sacrifices to certain subterraneous nymphs, whom he worships in an humble posture, prone on his face, and stript stark naked; and so leaves his offerings behind him, which the priests § of those goddesses are careful enough to remove, upon certain seasons, with the utmost privacy at midnight, and from thence maintain themselves and families. In all urgent necessities and pressures, he applies himself to these deities, and sometimes even in the streets and highways, from an opinion that

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* So called from the colour of the ore, and the common term of gold-finders.—*Original.*

† Meaning the belly, in allusion to that passage in Persius; *magister artis, ingeniique largitor venter.—Original.*

‡ In leaving offerings at the necessary-house, he alludes to the sacrifices offered by the Romans to the goddess Cloacina, president of all the chapels of ease.—*Original.*

§ Gold-finders, who perform their office in the night-time; but our author farther seems to have an eye to the custom of the heathen priests stealing the offerings in the night; of which see more in the story of Bel and the Dragon.—*Original.*

those powers have an influence in all places, although their peculiar residence be in caverns under ground. Upon these occasions, the fairest ladies will not refuse to lend their hands to assist him; for, although they are ashamed to have him seen in their company, or even so much as to hear him named; yet it is well known, that he is one of their constant followers.

In politics, he always submits to what is uppermost; but he peruses pamphlets on both sides with great impartiality, though seldom till everybody else has done with them. He lives from hand to mouth, but, however, the greatest and wisest people will trust him with all their ready money, which he was never known to embezzle,* except very rarely, when he is sacrificing to the goddesses below.

His learning is of a mixed kind, and he may properly be called a *helluo librorum*, or another Jacobus de Voragine; though his studies are chiefly confined to schoolmen,† commentators, and German divines, together with modern poetry and critics; and he is an atomic philosopher, strongly maintaining a void in nature, which he seems to have fairly proved by many experiments.

I shall now proceed to describe some peculiar qualities, which, in several instances, seem to distinguish this person from the common race of other mortals.

His grandfather was a member of the rump parliament, as the grandson is of the present, where he often rises, sometimes grumbles, but never speaks.

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* Too much haste on these pressing occasions, has often been the cause of dropping money out of our breeches.—*Original.*

† Here the author gives a clean wipe on these performances, as most contemptible in themselves; consequently most proper for the necessary-house.—*Original.*

However, he lets nothing pass willingly, but what is well digested.* His courage is indisputable, for he will take the boldest man alive by the nose.†

He is generally the first a-bed‡ in the family, and the last up; which is to be lamented; because when he happens to rise before the rest, it has been thought to forebode some good fortune to his superiors.

As wisdom is acquired by age, so, by every new wrinkle§ in his face, he is reported to gain some new knowledge.

In him we may observe the true effects and consequences of tyranny in a state: for, as he is a great oppressor of all below him, so there is nobody more oppressed by those above him; yet, in his time, he has been so highly in favour, that many illustrious persons have been entirely indebted to him for their preferments.‖

He has discovered, from his own experience, the true point wherein all human actions, projects, and designs, do chiefly terminate;* and how mean and sordid they are at the bottom.

It behoves the public to keep him quiet; for his frequent murmurs are a certain sign of intestine tumults.

No philosopher ever lamented more the luxury

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* The beauty of this expression lies in the ambiguity betwixt the digestion of thought and food.—*Original.*

† This is explained by the note §, p. 423.—*Original.*

‡ This refers to the proverb, "You rose with your a—se foremost, you are so lucky to-day."—*Original.*

§ This refers to another; "You have one wrinkle in your a—se more than you had before."—*Original.*

‖ I refer the reader for an explanation of this passage in Bembo's Lives of the Cardinals.—*Original.*

¶ I conceive the author means no more by this, than that our highest performances, either of hand or head, in plain words, amount to no more than a t——.—*Original.*

for which these nations are so justly taxed; it has been known to cost him tears of blood;* for in his own nature he is far from being profuse; though indeed he never stays a night at a gentleman's house, without leaving something behind him.

He receives with great submission whatever his patrons think fit to give him; and when they lay heavy burdens upon him, which is frequently enough, he gets rid of them as soon as he can; but not without some labour, and much grumbling.

He is a perpetual hanger on; yet nobody knows how to be without him. He patiently suffers himself to be kept under, but loves to be well used, and in that case will sacrifice his vitals to give you ease: and he has hardly one acquaintance, for whom he has not been bound;† yet, as far as we can find, was never known to lose anything by it.

He is observed to be very unquiet in the company of a Frenchman in new clothes, or a young coquette.‡

He is, in short, the subject of much mirth and raillery, which he seems to take well enough; though it has not been observed, that ever any good thing came from himself.

There is so general an opinion of his justice, that sometimes very hard cases are left to his decision; and while he sits upon them, he carries himself exactly even between both sides, except where some knotty point arises; and then he is observed to lean

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* Hemorrhoids, (*i.e.* the piles,) according to the physicians, are a frequent consequence of intemperance, which is here our author's meaning.—*Original.*

† This turn of humour depends on the different effects of being bound in law, and bound in the body.—*Original.*

‡ Their tails being generally observed to be most restless.—*Original.*

a little to the right or left, as the matter inclines him; but his reasons for it are so manifest and convincing, that every man approves them.

POSTSCRIPT.

GENTLE READER,

THOUGH I am not insensible how many thousand persons have been, and still are, with great dexterity handling this subject, and no less aware of what infinite reams of paper have been laid out upon it; however, in my opinion, no man living has touched it with greater nicety, and more delicate turns, than our author. But, because there is some intended obscurity in his relation; and curiosity, inquisitive of secrets, may possibly not enter into the bottom and depth of the subject, it was thought not improper to take off the veil, and gain the reader's favour by enlarging his insight. ARS *enim non habet inimicum, nisi ignorantem.* It is well known, that it has been the policy of all times, to deliver down important subjects by emblem and riddle, and not to suffer the knowledge of truth to be derived to us in plain and simple terms, which are generally as soon forgotten as conceived. For this reason, the heathen religion is mostly couched under mythology. For the like reason, (this being a FUNDAMENTAL in its kind,) the author has thought fit to wrap up his treasure in clean linen, which it is our business to lay open, and set in a due light; for I have observed, upon any accidental discovery, the least glimpse has given a great diversion to the

eager spectator, as many ladies could testify, were it proper, or the case would admit.

The politest companies have vouchsafed to smile at the bare name; and some people of fashion have been so little scrupulous of bringing it in play, that it was the usual saying of a knight and a man of good-breeding, that whenever he rose, his a—se rose with him.

THE

WONDER OF ALL THE WONDERS

THAT EVER THE WORLD

WONDERED AT.

FOR ALL PERSONS OF QUALITY AND OTHERS.

—o—

NEWLY arrived at this city of Dublin, the famous artist John Emanuel Schoitz, who, to the great surprise and satisfaction of all spectators, is ready to do the following wonderful performances; the like before never seen in this kingdom.

He will heat a bar of iron red hot, and thrust it into a barrel of gunpowder before all the company, and yet it shall not take fire.

He lets any gentleman charge a blunderbuss with the same gunpowder, and twelve leaden bullets, which blunderbuss the said artist discharges full in the face of the said company, without the least hurt, the bullets sticking in the wall behind them.

He takes any gentleman's own sword, and runs it through the said gentleman's body, so that the point appears bloody at the back to all the spectators: then he takes out the sword, wipes it clean, and returns it to the owner, who receives no manner of hurt.

He takes a pot of scalding oil, and throws it by great ladlefuls directly at the ladies, without spoiling their clothes or burning their skins.

He takes any person of quality's child from two years old to six, and lets the child's own father or mother take a pike in their hands: then the artist takes the child in his arms, and tosses it upon the point of the pike, where it sticks, to the great satisfaction of all spectators; and is then taken off without so much as a hole in his coat.

He mounts upon a scaffold just over the spectators, and from thence throws down a great quantity of large tiles and stones, which fall like so many pillows, without so much as discomposing either perukes or head-dresses.

He takes any person of quality up to the said scaffold, which person pulls off his shoes, and leaps nine foot directly down on a board prepared on purpose, full of sharp spikes six inches long, without hurting his feet or damaging his stockings.

He places the said board on a chair, upon which a lady sits down with another lady in her lap, while the spikes, instead of entering into the under lady's flesh, will feel like a velvet cushion.

He takes any person of quality's footman, ties a rope about his bare neck, and draws him up by pulleys to the ceiling, and there keeps him hanging as long as his master or the company pleases, the said footman, to the wonder and delight of all beholders, having a pot of ale in one hand and a pipe in the other; and when he is let down, there will not appear the least mark of the cord about his neck.

He bids a lady's maid put her finger into a cup of clear liquor like water, upon which her face and both her hands are immediately withered like an old woman of fourscore; her belly swells as if she were within a week of her time, and her legs are as thick as mill-

posts; but upon putting her finger into another cup, she becomes as young and handsome as she was before.

He gives any gentleman leave to drive forty twelve-penny nails up to the head in a porter's backside, and then places the said porter in a loadstone chair, which draws out every nail, and the porter feels no pain.

He likewise draws the teeth of half a dozen gentlemen, mixes and jumbles them in a hat, gives any person leave to blindfold him, and returns each their own, and fixes them as well as ever.

With his fore-finger and thumb, he thrusts several gentlemen's and ladies' eyes out of their heads, without the least pain, at which time they see an unspeakable number of beautiful colours; and after they are entertained to the full, he places them again in their proper sockets, without any damage to the sight.

He lets any gentleman drink a quart of hot melted lead, and by a draught of prepared liquor, of which he takes part himself, he makes the said lead pass through the said gentleman, before all the spectators, without any damage; after which it is produced in a cake to the company.

With many other wonderful performances of art, too tedious here to mention.

The said artist has performed before most kings and princes in Europe with great applause.

He performs every day (except Sundays) from ten of the clock to one in the forenoon: and from four till seven in the evening, at the New Inn in Smithfield.

The first seat a British crown, the second a British half-crown, and the lowest a British shilling.

N.B.—The best hands in town are to play at the said show.

A LETTER,

GIVING

AN ACCOUNT OF A PESTILENT NEIGHBOUR.

—o—

SIR,

YOU must give me leave to complain of a *pestilent* fellow in my neighbourhood, who is always beating *mortar*, yet I cannot find he ever builds. In talking he useth such hard words, that I want a *drug-german* to interpret them. But all is not gold that *glisters*. *A pot he carries* to most houses where he visits. He makes his prentice his *galley*-slave. I wish our lane were *purged* of him. Yet he pretends to be a *cordial* man. Every *spring* his shop is crowded with country-folks; who by their *leaves*, in my opinion, help him to do a great deal of mischief. He is full of *scruples;* and so very litigious, that he *files bills* against all his acquaintance; and though he be much troubled with the *simples*, yet I assure you he is a *jesuitical dog;* as you may know by his *bark*. Of all poetry he loves the *dram-a-tick* best. I am, &c.

A LETTER

TO

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pretended to be the dying speech of Tom Ashe, whose brother, the Reverend Dillon Ashe, was named Dilly.*

"Given to Dr. Monsey by Sir Andrew Fountaine; and communicated to Dr. Deane Swift by that ingenious, learned, and very obliging gentleman." [On the 29th June, 1711, Swift records in his Journal, that Dillon Ashe was four days in this country punning with him. Lord Pembroke's attachment to the jeu de mots, is occasionally mentioned in the Journal and Correspondence.]

—o—

TOM ASHE died last night. It is conceived he was so puffed up by my lord-lieutenant's *favour*, that it struck him into a *fever*. I here send you his dying speech, as it was exactly taken by a friend in short-hand. It is something long, and a little

* Thomas Ashe, Esq., descended from an ancient family of that name in Wiltshire, was a gentleman of fortune in Ireland. He was a facetious pleasant companion, but the most eternal unwearied punster that ever lived. He was thick and short in his person, being not above five feet high at the most, and had something very droll in his appearance. He died about the year

incoherent; but he was several hours in delivering it, and with several intervals. His friends were about the bed, and he spoke to them thus:—

My Friends,

It is time for a man to look *grave*, when he has one foot there. I once had only a *pun*nic fear of death; but of late I have *pun*dered it more seriously. Every fit of *coffing* hath put me in mind of my *coffin;* though *dissolute* men seldomest think of *dissolution*. This is a very great alteration: I, that supported myself with good *wine*, must now be myself supported by a *small-bier*. A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and said, This man is to be a great traveller; he will soon be at the *diet* of *Worms*, and from thence go to *Ratisbone*. But now I understand his double meaning. I desire to be privately *buried*, for I think a public funeral looks

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1719, and left his whole estate, of about a thousand pounds a-year, to his intimate friend and kinsman, Richard Ashe of Ashfield, Esq. There is a whimsical story, and a very true one, of Tom Ashe, which is well remembered to this day. It happened, that, while he was travelling on horseback, and at a considerable distance from any town, there burst from the clouds such a torrent of rain as wetted him through. He galloped forward; and, as soon as he came to an inn, he was met instantly by a drawer: "Here," said he to the fellow, stretching out one of his arms, "take off my coat immediately."—"No, sir, I won't," said the drawer. "Pox confound you," said Ashe, "take off my coat this instant."—"No, sir," replied the drawer, "I dare not take off your coat; for it is felony to strip an Ash." Tom was delighted beyond measure, frequently told the story, and said he would have given fifty guineas to have been the author of that pun. This little tract of Dr. Swift's, entitled, "The Dying Words of Tom Ashe," was written several years before the decease of Tom, and was merely designed to exhibit the manner in which such an eternal punster might have expressed himself on his death-bed.—D. S.

like *Bury*-fair; and the *rites* of the dead too often prove *wrong* to the living. Methinks the word itself best expresses the number, neither *few nor all.* A dying man should not think of *obsequies*, but *ob se quies.* Little did I think you would so soon see poor *Tom stown* under a *tomb-stone.* But as the *mole* crumbles the *mold* about her, so a man of small *mold*, before I am *old*, may *molder* away. Sometimes I've *rav'd* that I should *re*vive; but physicians tell me, that when once the great *artery* has drawn the *heart awry*, we shall find the *cor di all*, in spite of all the highest *cordial.*—Brother, you are fond of *Daffy's* elixir; but when death comes, the world will see that, in spite of *Daffy, down Dilly.** Whatever doctors *may design* by their *medicines*, a man in a *dropsy drops he* not, in spite of Goddard's *drops*, though none are reckoned such *high drops?*—I find death smells the blood of an Englishman: a *fee* faintly *fum*bled out will be a weak defence against his *fee-fa-fum. P. T.* are no letters in death's *alphabet;* he has not *half a bit* of either: he moves his *sithe*, but will not be moved by all our *sighs.* Everything ought to put us in mind of death: Physicians affirm, that our very food breeds it in us; so that, in our *dieting*, we may be said to *die eating.* There is something ominous, not only in the names of diseases, as *di*-arrhœa, *di*-abetes, *di*-sentery: but even in the drugs designed to preserve our lives; as *di*-accodium, *di*-apente, *di*-ascordium. I perceive Dr. *Howard* (and I feel *how hard*) *lay thumb* on my *pulse*, then *pulls* it back, as if he saw *lethum* in my face. I see as bad in his; for sure there is no *physic* like a *sick phiz.* He thinks I shall *decease* before the *day cease;* but before I die, before the bell hath *toll'd*, and *Tom Tollman* is *told* that little

* A nickname of Tom's brother, Dillon Ashe.

Tom, though not *old*, has paid nature's *toll*, I do desire to give some advice to those that survive me. First, Let gamesters consider that death is a *hazard* and *passage*, upon the turn of a *die*. Let lawyers consider it as a hard *case*. And let punners consider how hard it is to *die jesting*, when death is so hard in *digesting*.

As for my lord lieutenant, the Earl of *Mungo-merry*, I am sure he *be-wales* my misfortune; and it would move him to stand by, when the carpenter (while my friends grieve and make an *odd splutter*) *nails* up my coffin. I will make a short *affidavi-t*, that if he makes up my *epitaph*, *I* will take it for a great honour; and it is a plentiful subject. His excellency may say, that the art of punning is dead with *Tom*. *Tom* has taken all puns away with him, *Omne tulit pun-Tom.*—May his excellency long *live tenant* to the Queen in Ireland! We never *Herberd* so good a governor before. Sure he *mun-go-merry* home, that has made a kingdom so happy. I hear my friends design to publish a collection of my puns. Now I do confess I have let many a *pun go*, which did never *pungo*: therefore, the world must read the bad as well as the good. Virgil has long foretold it: *Punica mala leges.* I have had several forebodings that I should soon die; I have late been often at committees, where I have sat de *die* in *diem*. I conversed much with the *usher* of the *black rod*: I saw his *medals*; and woe is *me dull* soul, not to consider they are but dead men's faces *stamped over* and *over* by the living, which will shortly be my condition.

Tell Sir *Andrew Fountaine*, I *ran* clear to the *bottom*, and wish he may be a late *a river* where I am going. He used to *brook* compliments. May his sand be long a *running*; not *quick sand*, like mine! Bid him avoid *poring* upon monuments and

books; which is in reality but *running* among *rocks* and *shelves*, to *stop* his *course*. May his *waters* never be *troubled* with *mud* or *gravel*, nor *stopped* by any *grinding stone!* May his friends be all true *trouts*, and his enemies laid as flat as *flounders!* I look upon him as the most *fluent* of his *race;* therefore let him not des*pond*. I foresee his black *rod* will advance to a *pike*, and destroy all our *ills*.

But I am going; my *wind in* lungs is turning to a *winding* sheet. The thoughts of *a pall* begin to *apall* me. Life is but a *vapour*, car elle *va pour* la moindre cause. Farewell: I have lived ad amicorum *fastidium*, and now behold how *fast I di um!*

Here his breath failed him, and he expired. There are some false spellings here and there: but they must be pardoned in a dying man.

A LETTER

TO

MRS. SUSANNAH NEVILLE.*

June 24, 1732.

MADAM,

I WILL not trouble you with any grave *tophicks*, lest I should *discurmode* you; but rather write in a *farmiliar* and *jocosious* way.

You must know then, I was the other night at Mrs. Tattle's, and Mrs. Rattle came in to drink some *jocklit* with us, upon which they fell in a *nargiment* about the best *musicioners* in town. At last, Rattle told Tattle, that she did not know the *difrence* between a song and a *tympany*. They were going to *defer* the matter to me; but I said that, when people disputed, it was my way always to stand *muter*. You full would have thought they were both *intosticated* with liquor, if you had seen them so of outrageousness. However, Mrs. Tattle, as being a very *timbersome* woman, yielded to Rattle, and there was an end of the *disputement*. I wonder you do not honour me sometimes with your company. If

* This letter is fictitious, and was written by Dr. Sheridan.—D. S.

I myself be no *introducement*, my garden, which has a fine *ruval* look, ought to be one. My Tommy would be glad to see you before he goes for England, and so would I; for I am resolved to take the *tower* of London before I return. We intend to go to Norfolk or Suffolk, to see a clergyman, a near cousin of ours. They say that he is an *admiral* good man, and very *hospital* in his own house. I am *determ'd*, when this *vege* is over, never to set my foot in a stage-coach again; for the jolting of it has put my blood into such a *firmament*, that I have been in an *ego* ever since, and have lost my *nappetite* to such a degree that I have not eaten a *mansion* of bread put all together these six weeks past. They allow me to eat nothing at night but *blanchius manshius*, which has made a perfect *notomy* of me; and my spirits are so *extorted*, that I am in a perfect *liturgy;* for which I am resolved to take some *rubrick*, although the doctors advise me to drink *burgomy*. And what do you think? when I went to my cellar for a flask, I found that my servants had *imbellished* it all; for which I am resolved to give them some *hippocockeny*, to bring it up again.—I fear that I have been too *turbulent* in this long and tedious *crawl;* which I hope you will excuse, from your very humble servant,

MARY HOWE.

CONSULTATION

OF

FOUR PHYSICIANS UPON A LORD THAT WAS DYING.*

First Doctor. Is his Honor sick? Præ lætus felis pulse. It do es beat veris loto de.

Second Doctor. No notis as qui cassi e ver feltu metri it. Inde edit is as fastas an alarum ora fire bellat nite.

Third Doctor. It is veri hei!

First Doctor. Is his honour sick? Pray let us feel his pulse. It does beat very slow to-day.

Second Doctor. No, no, 'tis as quick as I ever felt; you may try it. Indeed, it is as fast as an alarum, or a fire-bell at night.

Third Doctor. It is very high.

---

* As Swift did not partake of the usual amusements of the world, for recreation, he indulged himself in various sports and whims of fancy. Among others he was fond of a new species of composition, which consisted all of Latin words, but by allowing for false spelling, and running the words into each other, the sentences would contain good sense in English. The present editor has added full versions of these nugæ, since, if worth being printed at all, they are worthy also of being interpreted.

Fourth Doctor. Noto contra dictu in my juge mentitis veri loto de. Itis as orto maladi, sum callet. [Here e ver id octo reti resto a par lori na mel an coli post ure.]

First Doctor. It is a me gri mas I opi ne.

Second Doctor. No docto rite quit fora quin si. Heris a plane sim tomo fit. Sorites Para celsus: Præ re adit.

First Doctor. Nono Doctor I ne ver quo te aqua casu do.

Second Doctor. Sum arso: Mi autoris no ne.

Third Doctor. No quare lingat pre senti de si re. His honor is sic offa Colli casure as I sit here.

Fourth Doctor. It is æther an atro phi or a colli casu sed: Ire membri re ad it, in Doctor me ades Esse, here itis.

Third Doctor. I ne ver re ad apage in it, no re ver in tendit.

Second Doctor. Fer ne is offa qui te di ferent noti o nas i here.

First Doctor. Notis ab ludi fluxit is vere plene.

Second Doctor. I fitis a fluxit me re qui re ac lis ter.

Fourth Doctor. Not to contradict you, in my judgment it is very slow to-day. It is a sort of malady, some call it.—[Here every doctor retires to a parlour in a melancholy posture.]

1st D. It is a megrim as I opine.

2d D. No, Doctor, I take it for a quinsey. Here is a plain symptom of it. So writes Paracelsus.—Pray read it.

1st D. No, no, Doctor, I never quote a quack as you do.

2d D. Some are so; my author is none.

3d D. No quarrelling at present, I desire. His Honour is sick of a colic, as sure as I sit here.

4th D. It is either an atrophy, or a colic, as you said. I remember I read it in Dr. Mead's Essay; here it is.

3d D. I never read a page in it, nor ever intend it.

2d D. Ferne is quite of a different notion, as I hear.

1st D. No, 'tis a bloody flux, it is very plain.

2d D. If it is a flux it may require a glyster.

Third Doctor. I a ver his casis veneri alas i disco ver edit in as hanc cor; an da poli pus in his nosce. An di fit be as I cetis, ago no rea me en sue.

First Doctor. It is ad ange rus casas ani.

Fourth Doctor. I must tellure alitis ago uti humor in his Bel li. Hi sto macto is empti.

First Doctor. It me bea pluri si; avo metis veri pro per fora manat his age.

Second Doctor. Ure par donat præsenti des ire; His dis eas is a cata ride clare it.

Third Doctor. Atlas tume findit as tone in his quid ni es.

Fourth Doctor. Itis ale pro si fora uti se. Præ hos his a poti cari; cantu tellus? Ab lis ter me bene cessa risum decens. Itis as ure medi in manicas es.

Third Doctor. I findit isto late tot hinc offa reme di; fori here his Honor is De ad.

Second Doctor. His ti meis cum.

First Doctor. Is it trudo ut hinc?

3*d D.* I aver his case is venereal, as I discovered it in a shanker, and a polypus in his nose. And, if it be as I say 'tis, a gonorrhœa may ensue.

1*st D.* It is a dangerous case as any.

4*th D.* I must tell you really, 'tis a gouty humour in his belly. His stomach, too, is empty.

1*st D.* It may be a pleurisy; a vomit is very proper for a man at his age.

2*d D.* Your pardon at present I desire. His disease is a catarrh, I declare it.

3*d D.* At last you may find it a stone in his kidneys.

4*th D.* It is a leprosy for aught I see. Pray, who's his apothecary, can't you tell us? A blister may be necessary some days hence. It is a sure remedy in many cases.

3*d D.* I find it is too late to think of a remedy; for I hear his honour is dead.

2*d D.* His time is come.

1*st D.* Is it true, do you think?

Fourth Doctor. It is veri certa in. His Paris his Belli sto ringo ut foris de partu re.

Third Doctor. Næ, i fis Ecce lens is de ad lætus en dum apri esto præ foris sole. His Honor has bina Cato liquor a de isti here.

First Doctor. Alor dis sum times as tingi as an usu reris.

Second Doctor. Api stolis alligo time a verbi mi at endans for a forte nite.

Third Doctor. O mei ne vera tendo na nil ordinis sic nes ani more.

Fourth Doctor. Api stolis ne a quin in a nil ordo fis qua liti; sum pes fore times more. It istos mala fito a Doctor o fis hic.

Second Doctor. Lætus paco fitis time.

First Doctor. Abigo ditis hi time, in de editis, forus alto fallas campe ringo fas fastas arato ut offa da iri; fori fera bea tinge veri minute: bimi solido. His lac quis, an das turdis aussi sto ut valet is re di forus.

4*th D.* It is very certain. His parish's bell is to ring out for his departure.

3*d D.* Nay, if his excellency is dead, let us send 'em a priest to pray for his soul. His honour has been a catholic or deist, I hear.

1*st D.* A lord is sometimes as stingy as an usurer is.

2*d D.* A pistole is all I got, I may aver, by my attendance for a fortnight.

3*d D.* Oh, may I never attend on any lord in his sickness any more.

4*th D.* A pistole is sneaking in any lord of his quality; some pays four times more. It is too small a fee to a doctor o' physic.

2*d D.* Let us pack off; it is time.

1*st D.* Ah, by God, it is high time, indeed it is, for us all to fall a-scampering off as fast as a rat out of a dairy; for I fear a beating every minute; by my soul, I do. His lacqueys and a sturdy saucy stout valet is ready for us.

Second Doctor. Ali feris ab ast in a do; fori here ano is at adis stans.

—o—

A LOVE SONG.

Apud in is almi de si re,*
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re,
Alo veri findit a gestis,
His miseri ne ver at restis.

—o—

AN EPIGRAM.

Dic, heris agro at, an da quar to fine ale,†
Fora ringat ure nos, an da stringat ure tale.

---

ad D. All I fear is a bastinado: for I hear a noise at a distance.

---

* A pudding is all my desire,
My mistress I never require,
A love I find it a jest is,
His misery never at rest is.

† Dick, here is a groat, and a quart o' fine ale,
For a ring at your nose, and a string at your tail.

—o—

TO SAMUEL BINDON, Esq.

Mollis abuti,*
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis.

O mi de armis tres,
Imi na dis tres.
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver?

—o—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

This gibberish is to be interpreted by a new arrangement of letters in each clause, when it resolves into what the Dean's post-script calls "as bad sense as you would desire."

"I am an ass; O let me suck calf; O so I do in summer; O but I had mum in all I supt; Minim o' time is tiresome; writes of any tall lass; I buss 'em? O soberer. Nan, sit, sit a top. O Tom am I so dull, I a cully? I so agen? I a madman? I've a memory son. I'm a sinner. 'Tis a part.

* Moll is a beauty,
Has an acute eye,
No lass so fine is,
Molly divine is.

O my dear mistress,
I am in a distress.
Can't you discover
Me as a lover.

"Is a cap a cure? O covet it o' men, tire me not; 'tis a loss in time and tide. I'm in a musing mood; I am kneeling in mire. A, but I see none, so I get never a rap."

The Latin must be read backwards.

"Emoveor aliquando paululum gravitate subjecti si habeas me excusatum."

October 12th, 1723.
Saturni die.

E RUDITISSIME DOMINI,

MI Sana, Telo me Flaccus; odioso ni mus rem. Tuba Dia pusilanimum: emit si erit mos minimo. Fecitne Latina Sal? I sub me? a robur os. Nantis potatis. Moto ima os illud a illuc? Ima os nega; I dama nam? Memoravi i nos; I ma eris nisi: sit parta.

Si paca eruca? voco Tite nemo! Emerit tono sit sola ni emit, na edit. Ima ni sum & dum. Ima nil ne ni erim! Tuba nisi no os tegi en parare.

HUMILIMUS, &c.

Excusatum me habeas si subjecti gravitate
paululum aliquando emoveor.

When you have puzzled your brains with reading this, you will find it as bad sense as you would desire.

Where do you dine to-day?
To-morrow with me.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

June 28, 1734.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN,

I EXPECTURE anser an da fullone abo ut mi monito de. Times a re veri de ad nota do it oras hi lingat almi e state. Mire se ver cannas vel res ad e villas a peni. Cursim I se fora prime minis ter. Cantu res a Sum at ab an cursu de an. Atri do. Uno mi de arde annuo me a gro at. It is hi time tot, hinc ope in it. I ama non est manicæ, ac nave is mi aversio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum io on damnat urnæ, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as ac at is at amo use, ora rati se, orabat.

Iambicum as mutas a Statu: as lænas ara que; as de a fas an ad aris; as hæ a vi as an assis: as quæras a duc: ast emas alam; as de ad as a do orna ilis; as insipidas de ad vi negaris; ora potato in me. I re membri vas o na time as qui casa fleat a lædis

---

DEAR MISTER DEAN,

I EXPECT your answer, and a full one, about my money to-day. Times are very dead, not a doit or a shilling at all my estate. My receiver can as well raise a devil as a penny. Curse him, I say, for a prime minister. Can't you raise a sum at a banker's, you dean. Ah, try do. You know, my dear dean, you owe me a groat. It is high time to think upon it. I am an honest man, I say; a knave's my aversion, I declare.

A dun is at my door, for a sum I owe one damned attorney, a bum-baillie come in at his arse, as ready as a cat is at a mouse, or a rat, I say, or a bat.

I am become as mute as a statue; as lean as a rake; as deaf as an adder is; as heavy as an ass is; as queer as a duck; as tame as a lamb; as dead as a door-nail is; as insipid as dead vinegar is; or a potatoe in me. I remember I was, on a time, as quick as a flea at a lady's belly; as merry as a filly; as full o'

belli; as meri as a Phili: as fullo pleas ac id; as fullo meretrix as ac it en is, oras ab a bonni na capis. I rite si miles use e, cantu ritum? Udi ne at urse de at mi o use. I vah belli fullo meato en ter tenus fit fora nil ordinis equi page. Uva stomachi me ope. Here is ab illo fare. Ago use. A paro dux. Sum fis his, as a paro soles. A paro places. Apud in. Afri casei. Arabit astu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pij fit fora minis ter o state. Acus tardis ast it abit as at artis. Afri teris mi de lite. Mi liquor istoc que, it costus api Stola quarti a verrit. A quartos ac. Margo use claret as fine as a rubi. Graves. Lac rima Christi. Hoc. Cote rotæ. Sum Cyprus. As fine Sidera se ver Id runcat at averne.

Præbe specus a Superaturus. Summas par a gusto eat. Sum colli flo ures, ac ab age lætis fora Sal ad. Invita lædito ac cum pani ure verens, nota præter nota coquet. A grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an da docter, an das cole mas ter.

---

play as a kid; as full o' merry tricks as a kitten is, or as a baboon in a cap is. I write similes you see; can't you write 'em? You dine o' Thursday at my house. I've a belly full o' meat to entertain us, fit for any lord in his equipage. You've a stomach, I may hope. Here is a bill o' fare; a goose, a pair o' ducks, some fishes, as a pair o' soles, a pair o' plaices, a pudding, a fricassee, a rabbit a-stewing, new peas, new beans, a lamb-pie, fit for a minister o' state. A custard is as tit a bit as a tart is. A fritter is my delight. My liquor is tokay, it cost us a pistole a quart, I aver it. A quart o' sack. Margoux claret, as fine as a ruby. Graves. Lacryma Christi. Hock. Cote-roti. Some Cyprus. As fine cyder as ever I drank at a tavern.

Pray bespeak us a supper at your house. Some asparagus to eat. Some collyflowers, a cabbage, lettuce for a sallad. Invite a lady to accompany your reverence, not a prater, not a coquette. A grave matron is proper for a grave dean, and a doctor, and a school-master.

I ritu a verse o na molli o mi ne,
Asta lassa me pole, a lædis o fine,
I ne ver neu a niso ne at in mi ni is,
A manat a glans ora sito fer diis,
De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is
As fer a sal illi, as reddas aro sis.
Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,
Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac ure pense exceptive illuc. I fi ple in gestitis fora negat eas ter. Notabit fora cardami, norabit fora di se i, as migra num has sed forti times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata illis o ver at Dan sic. In Itali an in Germani merce nari es desertum e veri de. O ne gener alis de ad ac an non bullit huc offis hæ ad. A fle et is præ par in fora se fite. Me ni Si eges ara carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hæ do es se a quæ cur a quæ cur a cur. Hæ is caper in in ac age

---

I write you a verse on a Molly o' mine,
As tall as a May-pole, a lady so fine,
I never knew any so neat in mine eyes,
A man at a glance, or a sight of her, dies;
Dear Molly's a beauty, whose face and whose nose is
As fair as a lily, as red as a rose is.
A kiss o' my Molly is all my delight;
I love her by day, and I love her by night.

If I go I must take a totum, and you must ransack your pence, except I've ill-luck. If I play in jest, it is for an egg at Easter. Not a bit for a card am I, nor a bit for a dice am I, as my grannum has said forty times.

I know no news of any moment to write you; but a battle is over at Dantzic. In Italy and in Germany mercenaries desert 'em every day. One general is dead, a cannon-bullet took off his head. A fleet is preparing for a sea-fight. Many sieges are a-carrying on at this time.

My Mag is as merry as an ape is. He does say, a quaker, a

me do Sali. Abit ob re ad is gener ali his super, ora livor offa lambis.

Miser visto alat o me, excuse mi has te; Fore ver an de ver ures,

TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studij.

IN like manner the Dean sometimes tried to write English words to be read into Latin, of which the following is an instance:—

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Terse I ow I ane you are wry.

AM I SAY VAIN A RABBLE IS,

GAUDY o tea rue ry dy you sale you tye in service he: Said lynk way more Ass, eat red Eyes, add nose sight O. Quipp ye knife all or tame Puss East. Tea Mary Tuck Sir: Tea may rent Family are ease. Anne lewd is cart is? Veal some no in dull jest I?

---

quaker, a cur. He is capering in a cage made o' sallow. A bit o' bread is generally his supper, or a liver of a lamb is.

My service to all at home; excuse my haste. For ever and ever yours,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

O' Friday at ten o'clock at my study.

Tertio Januarii.

AMICE VENERABILIS,

GAUDE ote ruri diu saluti inservisse; sed linque moras, et redi ad nos cito. Quippe ni fallor tempus est. Timeret uxor, timerent familiares. An ludis cartis? Vel somno indulges te? Anne

Anne Jo Cuz ty by place eat? Meer Rum spare O Freak went her Bib is: Lack Tea compleat: Ay'd is, ride ease, Lock were is, do neck fat I gat us ease. A wry Debt nay, Rage in a eat may right us tye by? Do my Tea here I eggs peck't have I; said may day say pist I. Usquebach come am Ass; Force an I buy ass he o buss East; Codd mark a Toryes nice Eye ass I dumb mine I may hay bent. Said post hose Dairy lick toes add noes vain I. You buy inn do mow Day can at us bon um Salt 'em by beam us, sign on Mealy o'r'em fall or no. Satyr nigh, dye ease nose ty feast us east. May come air is; Sigh mull seek ray to Carmen a Pan game us. Ride end 'um, buy, bend 'um e'r it come so dayly buss: nigh least carry us invite a.

Sick Dice it Whore ah see us:
Spare take um Sick way pot you it wag and Team
Fall e'er he tast a.
Et a lye by:
Back 'um in Ray mote is Carrmen are you Pyebuss.
Said;

---

jocus tibi placet? Merum spero frequenter bibis. Lac te complet. Edis, rides, loqueris, donec fatigatus es. Arridet ne regina et maritus tibi? Domi te heri expectavi, sed me decepisti. Usque Bacchum amas. Forsan ibi asse opus est. Quod mercatores ni scias idem minime habent. Sed post hos derelictos ad nos veni; ubi in domo Decanatus bonum saltem bibemus, si non meliorem Falerno. Saturni dies, nôsti, festus est. Mecum eris; simul secreto carmina pangemus. Ridendum, bibendum erit cum sodalibus; nil est carius in vitâ!

Sic dicit Horatius:
Spartacum si quæ potuit vagantem
Fallere testa.
Et alibi:
Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.
Sed:

For tune a lay to save an egg o show.
Sate I sope I nor sight ha' shown um; add fine em proper and 'um East. Valiant a Mice I Vestry, eat you in Shoe pair vally Ass.

Ah my Cuz vest are,

DAY CAN US.

—o—

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

Fy brew Harry 25, 1734-5.

RAVE E'ER END DAY ANN,

EYE fan see they Rake order is a deel a tory jant ill man, bee cause he mite heave scent his o pin eye on beef o'er this. Yew no eye heave sum mow knee too pea miss tear Hen a wry, And damn inn hay east tub ring Matt Eyrs twack on clue shun. Eye maid a nap point meant two Bee at they Dean a wry tun ey't, butt am pray vent head buy a ten ant in Jew red buy Ann at Urn I, buy home eye must and. Eye am ewer mow stob ay dy ant Ann dumb bell serve aunt,

TOM ASS SHE RID ANN.

Fortuna læto sæva negotio.
Satis opinor citationum, ad finem properandum est. Valeant amici vestri et tu insuper valeas.

Amicus vester,

DECANUS.

REVERENDE DEAN, February 25, 1734-5.

I FANCY the recorder is a dilatory gentleman, because he might have sent his opinion before this. You know I have some money to pay Mister Henry, and am in haste to bring matters to a conclusion. I made an appointment to be at the Deanery to-night, but am prevented by a tenant injured by an attorney, by whom I must stand. I am your most obedient and humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

May 26th, 1735.

DRDN,

YEW mare aim Ember, a bout Ann our Ah go, Ire it Sum Ann glow Ann Glee, I nim it ay shun off Ewers. Butt If here they rare mist eaks. I few fine day nigh, Eye may Kit mire eak quest Tom end dumb. They'll aid Eyes Name Lee Mad damn Harry Son, White Whey, Sigh Cann, air ray dye Two join new, Sow add Yew Too Ale even. Ewer Mow Stumble Add my rare,

THOUGH MASS SHE RID ANN.

Meath ay two went he Sick'st,
Wan thou Sand Say vain Hun dread, &c.

Tooth ay Revere End Dock tore Jo Nathan Dray Peer, Gull Liver, Inn They Dane a wry.

May 26th, 1735.

DEAR DEAN,

You may remember, about an hour ago, I writ some Anglo-Angli, in imitation of yours; but I fear there are mistakes. If you find any, I make it my request to mend 'em. The ladies, namely, Madam Harrison, Whitway, Sican, are ready to join you. So adieu to eleven.

Your most humble admirer,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

May the twenty-sixth,
One thousand seven hundred, &c.

To the Reverend Doctor Jonathan Drapier Gulliver,
in the Deanery.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

Julij 15, 1735.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN,

URIT tome sum time ago an diam redito anser it thus. A lac a de mi illinc, ducis in it, is notabit fit fora de an; it is more fit fora puppi. I lusit toti. Irritato ripam flet an Dicti toral e ver ibit. Dic is abest. Dic is a serpenti se. Dick is a turdi se. Dic is a fartor. Dic is pisti se. Dic is a vix en. Dic is as qui ter in nasti fusti musti cur. Dic is arantur. Dic is ab a boni se. Sed Ito Dicti cantu cum in as a dans in mas ter an dans ab ori ora minuet. Da me I fido sed Dic. Quis mi ars se diu puppi. Ure as turdi rufi an sed I. Ure a tori villa in sed Dic. Ure fit fora gallus sed I; an dume dia dans in. Ure aras calli cur sed Dic. Dicti sed I ure regis a farto me.

July 15, 1735.

DEAR MISTER DEAN,

YOU writ to me some time ago, and I am ready to answer it thus. Alack-a-day, my ill ink; deuce is in it; it is not a bit fit for a dean; it is more fit for a puppy. I'll use it to Tighe. I writ a Tory pamphlet, and Dick Tighe tore all, every bit. Dick is a beast. Dick is a serpent, I say. Dick is a turd, I say. Dick is a farter. Dick is pist, I say. Dick is a vixen. Dick is a squittering, nasty, fusty, musty cur. Dick is a ranter. Dick is a baboon, I say. Said I to Dick Tighe, can't you come in as a dancing-master, and dance a bory or a minuet? Damme if I do, said Dick. K—— my a——, said I, you puppy. You're a sturdy ruffian, said I. You're a Tory villain, said Dick. You're fit for a gallows, said I, and you may die a-dancing. You're a rascally cur, said Dick. Dick Tighe, said I, your rage is a fart to me.

Tanti vi sed I tanti vi
Hi fora Dic in apri vi.

Ime Dic as te mas amo use foralis angor. I recollecta piper, sed I, an dat rumpetur, an da sume cur, an ad rumor, an das qui re, an ab lac a more in ure cum pani, an da de al more me ac in a gesto uti. It is ali ad a me sed Dic, as suras istinc. Sensu cæso I cæno more.

I cum here formo ni. Itis apparent I canta ve mi mærent, mi tenentis tardi. I cursim e veri de nota peni cani res. I ambit. Mi stomachis a cor morante ver re ad ito digesta me ale in a minute. I eat nolam, nôram, no dux. I generali eat a quale carbone dedat super an da qualis as fine abit as arabit. I es ter de I eat atro ut at a bit. De vilis in mi a petite. A crustis mi de lite. (I neu Eumenides ago eat tuenti times more.) As unde I eat offa buccas fatas mi arsis. On nam unde I eat sum pes. A tu es de I eat apud in migra num edit.

Tantivy, said I, tantivy,
Hy! for a Dick in a privy.

I made Dick as tame as a mouse, for all his anger. I recollect a piper, said I, and a trumpeter, and a shoemaker, and a drummer, and a squire, and a blackamore in your company, and a deal more making a jest o' you, Tighe. It is all a lie, a damme, said Dick, as sure as I stink. Since you say so, I say no more.

I come here for money. It is apparent I can't have my Mayrent, my tenant is tardy. I curse him every day, not a penny can I raise. I am bit. My stomach is a cormorant, ever ready to digest a meal every minute. I eat no lamb, no ram, no ducks. I generally eat a quail carbonaded at supper, and a quail is as fine a bit as a rabbit. Yesterday I ate a trout at a bit. Devil is in my appetite. A crust is my delight. (I knew you, many days ago, eat twenty times more.) A' Sunday I eat of a buck as fat as my arse is. On a Monday I eat some peas. A' Tuesday I eat a pudding, my grannum made it. A' Wednesday I eat some

A venis de I eat sum pasti. Post de notabit. Afri de abit ab re ad. A satur de sum tripes.

Luis is mus ter in an armi an de sines carri in it as far as I tali, sum se germani. It do es alarum mus; De vel partum. I fani nues is fito ritu me directo me at cava ni Virgini a. Miservice tomi da ter an, Capta in Pari, Doctor de lanij, Major Folli ut; an mi complemento mi de armis tresses, especiali WRLL.

I amat ure re verens his cervice
fore ver an de ver.

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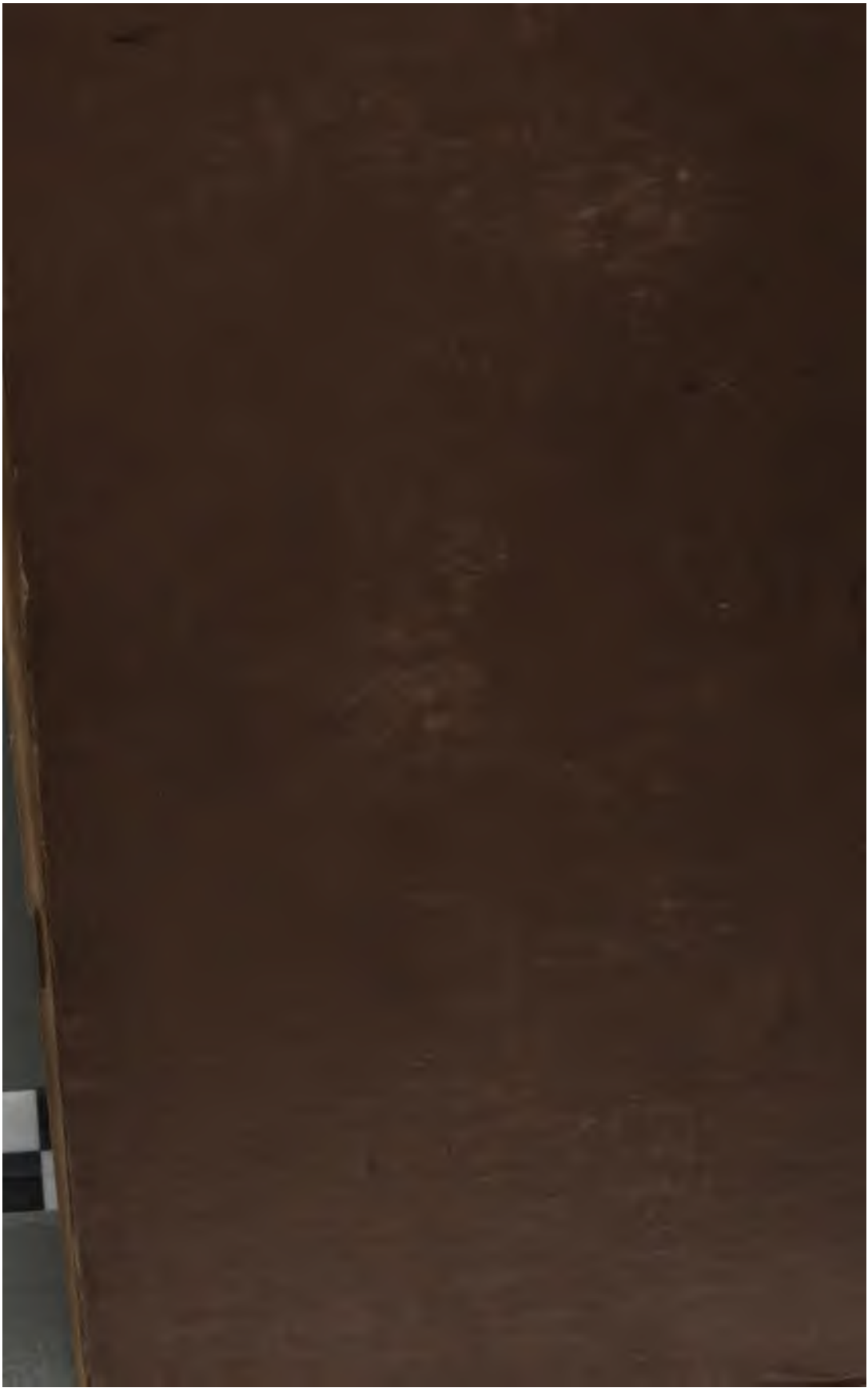
pasty. Post-day not a bit. A' Friday a bit of bread. A' Saturday some tripes.

Lewis is mustering an army, and designs carrying it as far as Italy, some say Germany. It does alarm us; devil part 'em. If any news is fit to write, you may direct to me at Cavan in Virginia. My service to my daughter Ann, Captain Parry, Doctor Delany, Major Folliot; and my compliment to my dear mistresses, especially Worrall.

I am at your reverence his service for ever and ever.

END OF VOL. XIII.

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EDINBURGH AND LONDON.